SEPTEMBER 1935

McCALL'S

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

SEPTEMBER
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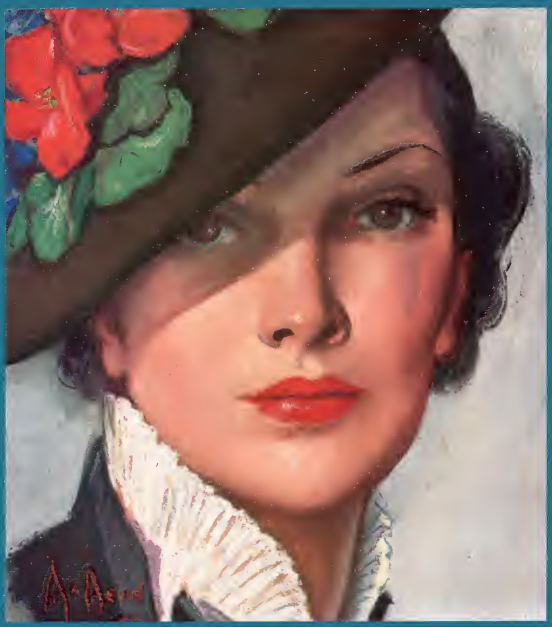

Beginning Norma Patterson's

DRUMS OF THE NIGHT

BROOKE HANLON • BOOTH TARKINGTON

McCALL'S

Vol. LXII, No. 12

"Being a BIG OUTDOOR MAN *isn't enough*

—strenuous outdoor work is a big aid to health. But we men know the value of a good, husky meal, too. Dad and I always insist upon Shredded Wheat for breakfast—because it gives us energy and helps build strong muscles."

* * *

Young man, let's put the tape measure on those muscles right now. For delicious Shredded Wheat, with fresh fruits and milk, gives you the most perfectly balanced cereal diet that Nature has devised for feeding a lusty young body.

Of all grains Mother Nature blessed wheat with the richest abundance of vital health elements. And Shredded Wheat is *whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away!* Steam cooked, then baked to a crisp, golden-brown. The tender strands of Shredded Wheat are porous—each tiny vital cell is burst open, giving you wheat in its most digestible form.

You'll get those strong bones, sound teeth and sturdy muscles, young Mister Outdoor Man. Nothing can stop you when Mother Nature has you under her wing—with the big outdoors and her most energizing food—Shredded Wheat, milk and fruit.

SHREDDED WHEAT

The NATIONAL *Breakfast*

Because—Shredded Wheat with milk is the most delicious, satisfying breakfast you can eat. *Because*—it contains the health-building elements the body needs—bran, mineral salts, calcium, carbohydrates, proteins, vitamins, phosphorus and iron. Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N. B. C. Uneeda Seal.

A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY "Uneeda Bakers"

How to tell a girl an unpleasant thing about herself

HAVEN'T you often wanted to tell a girl or woman something about herself which you felt she ought to know for her own good? And yet, because you did not want to hurt her, you kept silent—and let the fault hurt her.

It's a rather common experience, for instance, to meet a girl whose attractive traits entitle her to social success, but who has one fault which holds her back. A fault which the socially refined cannot forgive—the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on person and clothing.

We wonder impatiently how she can be so careless. Or how she can be unconscious of it. It is hard to see.

It is doubtless due to the fact that she thinks her daily bath protects her from this danger. And yet, of course, all soap and water can do is to wash away the traces of *past* perspiration. It cannot protect in the hours to come.

There is just one way to be safe at *all* times, and that is to make underarm perspiration odor *impossible!*

The way two million smart, busy women do this is by the daily Mum habit.

They use Mum because it's quick, it's easy, it's sure. Takes just half a minute and gives all-day protection.

You can use Mum any time. If you forget to use it before you dress, use it afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

You'll like the way you can use Mum right after shaving your underarms, too. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin.

You can count on Mum *always* to prevent every trace of unpleasant underarm odor without affecting perspiration itself. Use it on sanitary napkins, too. Its deodorant service here is such a comfort!

BE AN UNKNOWN FRIEND TO SOME GIRL WHO NEEDS ADVICE

It isn't an easy thing to tell a woman that she is a victim of underarm perspiration odor. Perhaps it isn't even wise to try. But here is a suggestion. If there is someone you wish knew about Mum, ask us to send her a dainty little package, free, and a folder of facts about perspiration odor. Just write her name and address (not yours) in the coupon. Some day she will want to thank her unknown friend!

Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. L-95
75 West St., New York

Please send sample package of Mum, free, to

MUM

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

McCALL'S

OTIS L. WIESE, EDITOR

SEPTEMBER • 1935

THREE WHO STAR IN THE SEPTEMBER FICTION PROGRAM

MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON is, herself, a part of her inspired September story, "Cup Brimming Over." In it, you glimpse a reflection of her own charming life as she moves through that little Indiana town called Spencer by its founders and home by Mrs. Jackson. Here her neighbors do not hail her as one of America's most able fiction writers but simply as one of them. For unlike many another talented woman, Mrs. Jackson is more concerned with the happiness of her editor-husband, their three lively children, her home and the endless absorbing small-town affairs, than with the advancement of the outstanding career she has achieved without, in her own words, "employing system—or even enterprise."

NORMA PATTERSON whose enchanting novel "Drums Of The Night" brings enchantment to September, sketches this brief but illuminating picture of herself: "I'm just one more fictionist enjoying a sojourn and a ringside seat in this crowded, swift-moving American life; thrilled to be here; thrilled to dip my pen in the rapid current; thrilled to have McCall's wire across a nation 'Okay.' A Texan, which means I keep stepping. I live bent over a desk surrounded by paper, and long to get out. But once out, I break all speed records leaping back again. I started writing during the war and have written every day since. Not that I am a person to roll up a sleeve and rush, beaming, into hard jobs. Far from it! But once having given your heart to this most wistful, most tantalizing of all occupations on earth, there is no backing down. Ever." One glance at Miss Patterson's triumphs shows that, for her, it has been a steady going forward. Already two best sellers, and many short stories that have been widely acclaimed, bear her by-line. And yet she says, "All my future is before me."

DALE EUNSON, as you might guess from the accompanying portrait, is quite young enough to admit his age. And not quite old enough, even by today's measure of accomplishments, to have completed, reasonably, the bright record that stands to his credit. Yet his first novel, "Life Begins Tomorrow," which appeared in these pages, was written when he was under thirty. Before that, Wisconsin-born Mr. Eunson lived in Montana, was educated in California. Later, in New York, he became a staff member of a great, popular magazine. And it was while editing the work of other writers, he decided to reverse the order. And so you have "Jake, I Need Help!"—Mr. Eunson's first McCall short story.

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STILL *her* ADORER

THE years are adding up . . . soon their children will be grown . . . yet he is still her adorer . . . she holds him as completely as when they were first married. More women should know her secret.

* * * *

How wise is the woman who realizes the importance of keeping the breath always sweet, wholesome and agreeable! After all, nothing mars a personal relationship like halitosis (bad breath) whether occasional or habitual. It is ridiculously easy to keep the breath inoffensive. Simply use Listerine, that's all—a little in the morning, a little at night, and between times before social engagements. Listerine instantly halts halitosis; deodorizes longer than ordinary non-antiseptic mouth washes. Keep a bottle handy in home and office.

LISTERINE *halts halitosis* (BAD BREATH) *Deodorizes longer*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE FIRST LADY

To her friends she is "E. R." To America, she is a legend. But to the readers of McCall's she becomes, here, the fascinating subject of one of the most brilliant portraits ever to grace these pages.

BY HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

ONE of the forms of courage is the courage to make oneself appear slightly absurd at times. This has been possessed by a great many energetic people, including Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt and her Uncle Theodore. That morning when her horse stumbled in Potomac Park and the First Lady went off in the mud, she came straight to her press conference and described the incident, adding with just a shade of emphasis: "Washington may just as well get used to it, because I do it regularly." Of course, she went right on riding.

Several years ago when a couple of her sons were still in school, she used to drive to Groton, of all places, wearing a trouser costume which was appropriate for changing a tire or building a fire by the side of the road. Groton was amused, and since the young are always decorous, the boys were rather shocked. The White House has not subdued her. Today if she wants the attention of a roomful of women, she will stand up herself and shrill: "Ladies! Quiet, please!" until she gets it. Her nervously high-pitched voice does not carry well, and she could command a ruffle of drums or a masculine voice to call for silence if she chose. To over-sensitive spectators the seconds crawl while silence is being obtained—but she herself is not a bit perturbed if the ladies are slow to hear.

She makes no secret of her clinging to common humanity, her determination not to be set apart by her position as First Lady. To the humble she gives a charming, reckless warmth. On an official motor trip through New York in the spring of 1933 she had, much against her will, a motorcycle escort. She hates riding behind motorcycles, is always "simply petrified" for fear something will happen. This time it did. A police officer's wheel caught in a car track. She followed when he was taken to the hospital, waited outside the operating room until they could assure her that he was only slightly hurt. Later in the day the officer, his head wrapped in bandages, was being driven home in an automobile when he met her procession. Everybody came to a halt, and the wounded victim came running down the road to greet her.

"Mercy! I won't let that man run to meet me," she cried, whereupon she hopped out of her car and was off up the road to meet *him*.

The gossips have been so busy barking up other trees they have pretty nearly missed it, but Mrs. Roosevelt dominates the feminine side of her husband's party organization, and she decides most of the appointments of women under this administration, which has shown unusual recognition to women. She has a vast knowledge of the welfare field, where most appointees of her sex come from, and through years of political work in New York she knows the difference between a Democrat and a Republican—although she sometimes ignores it.

There is no question about the President's respect for her judgment. For years friends have noticed how he reacts when some woman's fitness for a job is under discussion. He will nod and say: "Yes, Eleanor thinks the world of her," or "Yes, I know. She's a friend of Eleanor's," as though that settled his own opinion.

People have generally forgotten what a career in politics Mrs. Roosevelt has had on her own account. From 1922 until 1928, when her husband was elected governor of New York, she was vice-chairman and treasurer of the women's division of the Democratic state committee, and she led the girls in clamoring, without immediate effect, for "a real voice in the organization." Up to 1928 her activities were confined to the lady-lady politics of the women's wing, but in that year she was given charge of organizing women for Smith's Presidential campaign.

This meant that she was a member of the central board of strategy at Democratic headquarters; that she shared in the closest fashion the behind-the-scenes conferences, the drama and the emotions of that strenuous campaign with such leaders as the present Governor Lehman, the present Senator Wagner, and Governor Smith himself. They liked her and respected her ability. In these deep waters she was a newcomer, however, and she knew it. She got on well with her co-workers. She was always running downstairs to ask the advice of the enigmatic Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, Smith's closest political adviser. "Mrs. M.," who was a long way from being anybody's fool, took in all the implications of this gesture, and commented that Eleanor Roosevelt was a sound woman and a subtle one.

MRS. ROOSEVELT no longer has, of course, any position with the Democratic National Committee. In the matter of appointments she works with Miss Mary W. Dewson, the head of the women's division. When a woman is to be named to a federal board or bureau, she and Miss Dewson make up a small eligible list—often there is only one name on it—and send it to Jim Farley. Typical of their selections is Fay Bentley, the present Juvenile Court judge for the District of Columbia. Miss Bentley was a nominal Republican who had failed to get the job under President Hoover, but was thought to have the best qualifications.

Other women who have been picked by the two ladies include federal Judge Florence Allen, the first woman to be elevated to the Circuit Court of Appeals, one step below the Supreme Court; Josephine Roche, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury supervising the Public Health Service, who was once a social service co-worker of Mrs. Roosevelt. Miss Dewson and Miss Perkins in New York. The list goes on and on; the assistant head of the United States employment service, the assistant head of the Government Printing office, the assistant head of the Division of Labor Standards, the woman member of the Labor Advisory Board, the director of adult education under Harry Hopkins—these are among the many Mrs. Roosevelt women in federal office.

The appointment of Frances Perkins as Secretary of Labor—a triumph for feminism which has been widely credited to Mrs. Roosevelt—was rather a special case. The Perkins story really begins in the late fall of 1928, when Franklin Roosevelt had just been elected governor. Miss Dewson called up Mrs. Roosevelt, then as now a short cut for worthy causes to her husband's ear, singing the name of Frances Perkins. Could Franklin be persuaded to appoint her Industrial Commissioner? What would Eleanor advise doing about it?

Mrs. Roosevelt answered: "I'd get right on a train for Warm Springs and talk to him now before he gets involved."

Having had Miss Perkins as his Industrial Commissioner for four years Mr. Roosevelt, in choosing a Secretary of Labor, which is the same thing, was not in doubt as to her qualifications. But he was under heavy pressure from organized labor to name one of its representatives, or at worst, not a woman! It was hinted that if he was to name Miss Perkins there would have to be counter pressure. Inspired by this hint, and actively abetted by Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Dewson saw to it that admirers of Miss Perkins from one end of the country to the other wrote letters to the President. It was a case of the right hand persuading the left.

In connection with all this there is a story which, while not absolutely certified as Gospel, is admitted by high authorities to be in character. Sometime after the 1932 election, when the President-elect was at Warm Springs, a delegation of labor representatives came to urge the appointment of one of their men. Mr. Roosevelt had already made up his mind about Miss Perkins. After the delegation had gone Mrs. Roosevelt expressed sympathy for the bad hour he must have put in.

"Oh, that's all right," he replied. "I'd rather have trouble with them for an hour than have trouble with you for the rest of my life."

It is not without interest that Molly Dewson is herself a Mrs. Roosevelt woman. This indicates a good deal about the First Lady's place in her husband's political life. Miss Dewson is the head organizer of women for Roosevelt and has been since 1931. She is now stamped as the FRBC woman—but she was For Roosevelt Before [*Turn to page 33*]

"Who says Judy can't make jelly!"

Here's how she made that grape jelly Jim brags about . . . eleven glasses in less than 15 minutes after her juice was prepared!

"NOW," said Judy to herself . . . "here's where I show that husband of mine that I *can* make jelly!"

She opened a little recipe book that came under the label of a bottle of Certo . . . and turned to the recipe for Ripe Grape Jelly. "Mary says

"MARY SAYS ANYONE WITH A LITTLE INTELLIGENCE IS BOUND TO SUCCEED"

anyone with a little intelligence, who follows this recipe exactly, is sure to have success!"

She placed the recipe book on the kitchen table where she could see it while she worked . . . "Well, here goes," she said.

First she brought out the bottle of Certo . . . then a bowl of grape juice, which she had prepared just as the recipe book told her . . . and last, a large saucepan.

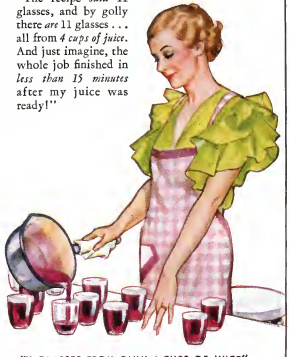
Into the saucepan she carefully measured exactly 7½ cups of sugar. She added 4 cups of grape juice, also carefully measured . . . mixed them well with a long-handled wooden spoon, and placed the pan on the stove. Then, taking a final look at the recipe, and muttering "bring to boil over *hottest* fire," Judy turned the gas up high!

"ADD CERTO AS SOON AS IT BOILS"

"Nothing much to this!" thought Judy . . . stirring the mixture gaily. "Let's see . . . the book says to add Certo as soon as it boils . . . well, it's beginning to boil!" She quickly added ½ bottle of CERTO, stirring all the while . . . "Certo, do your stuff . . . *Make Judy's jelly jell!*"

Then she quickly brought the mixture to a boil again . . . this time a full, rolling boil that she couldn't stir down . . . and boiled it hard for exactly ½ minute . . . *Presto*, Judy took it off the fire and put it on the kitchen table . . . where she skimmed it in the wink of an eye, and poured it into the waiting glasses.

"Well, seeing is believing!" exclaimed Judy. "The recipe *said* 11 glasses, and by golly there *are* 11 glasses . . . all from *4 cups of juice*. And just imagine, the whole job finished in *less than 15 minutes* after my juice was ready!"



"11 GLASSES FROM ONLY 4 CUPS OF JUICE"

That night at dinner, Judy had her real triumph. She watched Jim gingerly taste the jelly . . . then beam with delight! "Who says Judy can't make Jelly?" he challenged the world!

"Well," said Judy modestly, "Judy and *Certo!*"

★ ★ ★

What *is* this wonderful Certo, that makes jelly and jam making so *easy* . . . gives so much better texture and flavor . . . the real flavor of the fresh fruit itself?

Certo is just natural fruit pectin . . . the jellying substance in fruit. When you add Certo to your fruit and sugar mixture, you are just adding as much jellying substance as that particular fruit needs to make it jell. And with Certo, *any* fruit (even canned fruit juice) jells *perfectly* . . . Jellies made with Certo are firm yet tender, clear and sparkling . . . Jams are just right.

You can buy Certo at any grocer's. It is a product of General Foods. © 1935, G. F. Corp

Grape Jelly
HEAR LANNY ROSS IN CERTO'S SUNDAY CONCERTS
Don't miss Lanny Ross in his new radio show . . . Every Sunday evening—July 21st through September 1st. NBC nation-wide hook-up. Consult local paper for time.
CERTO
89 TESTED RECIPES
Underneath the label on every Certo bottle is a book of jam and jelly recipes. Different fruits require different handling. That's why Certo gives you separate recipes for each fruit . . . 89 in all! Be sure to follow each recipe exactly.

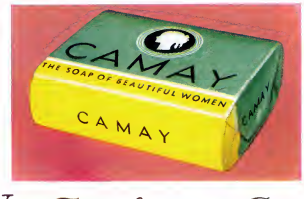
Doubly dear to the Man she Marries

THE BRIDE WITH THE CAMAY COMPLEXION

WHY envy beauty? Why not BE beautiful? Why wish for a lovely skin? Why not GET it, and keep it, for yourself?

If your mirror tells you—"not a good complexion, my dear...not good at all"—then let Camay show you how to give new freshness and clarity to a dull, drab skin.

Camay takes away the oily film that holds the dust-dregs and air-dregs—the film that clouds your skin. And then Camay goes *below* this masking veil of impurities to bring your natural beauty to light. It gives you the "deep-skin" cleansing that is the basis of true skin beauty. Camay's luxuriant, creamy-white lather that cleanses so mildly and so gently is the beginning of beauty. Its bubbles are beauty bubbles. Its skillfully blended, delicate oils make a lather that soothes and smooths the skin and is a beauty treatment in itself.



For Camay is a beauty soap. Designed to create beauty—to care for it—to guard it. Its touch is like a beauty cream. Its soothing softness is like a beauty lotion. And its exquisite fragrance is like those expensive perfumes that put the final, flower-like touch upon your loveliness.

All women want a beautiful skin. All men are attracted by it, value it, notice it, like it...And the way to find it is to begin now—today—to make the Soap of Beautiful Women your own year-round formula for loveliness.

Copr. 1935, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY *The Soap of Beautiful Women*

TONY SAID, "I WANT US TO KEEP THIS MADNESS THAT'S ON THE EARTH TONIGHT. THIS REVERENCE FOR EACH OTHER"

Drums of the Night

By Norma Patterson

AT THE top of sloping green lawns it stood—a house of dignity and years and quiet charm. A gravel drive went in at one corner of the grounds, curved past the tall columns and came down to the street again at the other corner. Box and lilac, azalea and lavender and flowering willow bordered the half-circle driveway; and ancient elms rose, vivid and dramatized, against the cream brick mellow walls and the great chimneys.

On this summer morning the air was drenched in a sunlight so gorgeous and deep that where it touched the trees or the hedge or the eaves of the house, gold dripped out in little globules and a faint delicate tracing. But under the hedge it was dark and dreaming and always cool.

Movement and color and a timeless peace were here; and the years were not stacked heavily upon the walls but laid with a light glancing touch, as from generations of men who took things easy, finding living more pleasure than not. But there was a strange and slightly comical effect to the house. When you looked closely you saw it. A crack ran down its forehead between the eyes, a crack that neither mortar nor paint could quite hide; a perplexed frown on the face of a house that had always looked in one direction, now must look in another.

It was nearing noon, and Saturday. Mandy was bawling at the ice man about the extra twenty-five pounds:

"An' anybody thet don't know any better than to leave a cake of ice at Mister Stuart Progresses' house that's got a big white streak in it. . . ."

The house was quiet now so that the scratching of a pen in the library was clearly audible—a nervous pen that ceased with startled abruptness when the front screen banged, and then resumed its flustered scratching when this was found to be only a small boy delivering meat market circulars. Deborah, who kept house for her brother, Stuart Progress, was adding the weekly accounts, doing sums on her fingers, eyes shut, getting deeper and deeper involved, forcing her mind through the intricate tangle of add and subtract, pushing her agitated hair out of her eyes, growing more and more frantic as the hands of the clock moved with stern inevitability to twelve. Stuart came home at twelve Saturdays. Thinking she heard Stuart's car. . . . sure she heard it. . . . then grabbing at the brief reprieve when the car passed.

She couldn't do figures. There was no use trying.

But Stuart insisted that she learn. "You've got to run a house like a business."

Always on Saturdays he asked to see her account books.

Upstairs a door flew open and a girl with bright hair came dashing through the sunny halls, a blue silk robe caught about her and floating out behind, feet shoved into blue mules, long thin legs flying. She had a bath towel over one shoulder and a cake of soap in one hand, and under the tangle of brilliant hair was a most bewitching and piquant small face only lately come from sleep.

She moved with a supple swiftness, and every inch of her was wide awake and atune to happiness.

She rattled the knob of the bathroom door. "Hurry. I've got to get my bath and dress before lunch. I'll bet you're reading in that tub."

THEY WERE NEW TO LOVE AND LOVE WAS NEW TO THEM...THEIR STORY IS THIS GLEAMING NOVEL OF ECSTATIC YOUTH

There was a splash, and the thud of something hitting the floor. "Sacred cow! A fella can't have any peace in this world. They ain't any places left where women ain't rattlin' the door knobs of it and saying hurry."

Her retort to this bitterness was an extra vigorous, "Hurry! And don't you leave any black rim round that tub for me to scrub off either."

"Sacred cow!"

Christobel floated back down the hall, the blue cloud floating behind her. It was simply ridiculous of Uncle Stuart not to have another bathroom put in, and expecting everybody to be on time all the time. She finished this thought with lighthearted honesty. . . . "even when they stay out most of the night and sleep till twelve."

In her room she laid out her clothes on the bed, and mentally went through a little drill of leaping from garment to garment; and she believed she was the fastest dresser in this town, picturing such a contest between all the people she knew and finding it funny.

A green roadster with red wire wheels shot past and toe-re-looed at the house. Chris dashed to the window, but caught only a glimpse of colorful commotion in the rumble. Just some of the gang saying hello, but she did wish they wouldn't everlastingly screech at the house. It made Stuart wild.

What a day! There were ruffles in the air. And little trailing veins of silken light threaded downward through the transparent leaves, and the earth rose and breathed in a soft pagan murmur. Edges of objects were all outlined in color—blue and crystalline and a faint pouring green, and vibrant red, and lavender turning to silver. And some little birds in some branches spoke tranquilly of all this. Things would happen today!

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Brub shouted at her to make her jump. "Mooning at the windows. I've been out a long while."

"It's time." She grabbed her soap.

"Say, listen, Sis." He was fat and not very tall for nearly thirteen. His scrubbed grin and wet locks shone above an old bathrobe of toweling that had once been a color, and in the pocket of which he thought he was hiding a book. When he wanted your attention he frowned and made a little square two-fingered gesture. "I got out, didn't I? Well, now, say. . . ."

"Always some low bribing."

"Aw—you get him to let me go out to the lake with Floyd this afternoon, see, and I won't spill about you being in that runkus at the Golden Glow Night Club."

"What runkus?"

He saw it was a wrong lead, but he said stoutly, "Don't I know about that bunch that got stood up out there the other night? Now you tell him how safe it is on Floyd's boat and—"

"I won't. Fight your own battles, mister. I've got wars of my own." But seeing how sunk he was, she added, "It wouldn't do the slightest good, Brubby, once he's made up his mind. You know how he feels since that boy was drowned. And it isn't only Uncle Stuart—all the parents have clamped down. Half that suicide fleet's been hauled in. Get your swimming honors, and then stick him."

He looked after the flying mules with respect. Very cute of Chris. She had a straight way of thinking for a girl. As a last resort he could, of course, do just that; but the important thing was how to get out to the lake this afternoon and help Floyd with the boat, as he'd promised he would.

He strolled across the hall to his room wondering what Uncle Stuart *would do* if he just walked out, regardless. Have I got the nerve? He stood before his mirror and puffed out his chest and flexed his right arm and felt that he had the nerve. He faced his Uncle Stuart—and felt that he didn't have it. . . .

Christobel hurried. Under the shower and out; a quick rub, a leap back to her room, into a couple of gauzy garments, a crisp frock over her head, a dash of powder, a comb run through her burnished hair, and there she was, leaving all the other citizens struggling in a tangle of stockings.

From below a voice spoke. "Is anyone using this ceiling fan?"

Stuart Progress had come home.

THE light switches had a loud indignant click when Stuart snapped them off. If he found an unnecessary light burning or a fan going, he stood with his finger poised and spoke of it, wishing everyone to know that he was having to turn off lights.

Deborah's murmured exclamation started in the back of the hall and went hurrying along to the front of the hall. Stuart's voice went on:

"Nothing is ever done right in this house. I found the new swirling lawn sprinkler left practically on the front sidewalk for anybody to pick up—been there all night. It wouldn't be any trouble to tell Adam to put these things back in the garage." It was a voice accustomed to giving commands, and the tone indicated there were no answers. Even when he asked questions there were no answers. "I do think you might manage a little better, Deborah."

"I do try, Stuart."

How loyal were voices, thought Chris. These four little gentle words pictured Deborah—always flustered, always at fault, knowing beforehand that she was going to be; her thoughts continually divided—thrown ahead into the moment that was coming and that was going to be wrong, and trying to pick up the broken pieces of the present distracted situation. . . . riding the wash of these two storms. Yet sorry to displease so fine a man as Stuart, wishing she *could* remember better.

"That's what discourages me," said Stuart sadly. "I've heard it so many times, and these things continue."

When he spoke to Deborah like that, Chris wanted more than anything in the world to give Stuart a push in the face, see him sit down hard. Then she could go and help him to his feet and brush him off and love him.

The truth of it was she had always worshiped Stuart. He was a grand-looking person, and she was proud that he was important and spoken of as the town's leading citizen. When she was a child there had been two Uncle Stuarts, and the other one was just like this one, but he smiled at her and told her tales and he often told timid little Deborah what a splendid housekeeper she was. He was the one Chris went to with a mashed finger, walking right into his study; or if she wanted a quarter, or something explained. And he answered her in warm, amusing, friendly sentences that twinkled brownly at the edges, instead of didactic statements with a point.

LUCAS DE WEESE
FOUR-FLUSHER, GAMBLER . . .
OBJECT OF STUART'S SCORN
AND DEBBY'S TENDER PITY

DEBORAH DE WEESE
. . . ALWAYS TERRIFIED OF
STUART'S COLD CONDEMNATION
. . . TIMID, WITLESS, HAUNTED

She had kept this Stuart for a long while. Even now the old childish game persisted; even now he sometimes looked like a shining god to her. Yet just as she got him shoved up almost into the throne of greatness, he tripped on a little wrinkle in a little rug and fell flat on his face. No doubt this was due to her estimates, which really had no system. Stuart would say, but they were very cheerful estimates, and they were hers. They always gave a sinner another chance.

DEBORAH was a little autumn leaf blown before the gusts of Stuart's displeasure, denied even the protection of gravity. "I'd like to tell Stuart what a so-and-so I think he is . . . always bawling Debby." But if you took a thing up with Stuart he blamed Debby for *that*. "You've never tried to help me control the children, or teach them manners."

Chris thought, "If we were a regular family we could come right out and say things and have perfectly grand fights and clear the air and then all kiss and make up."

But they were an odd household. Six years ago Debby, who had made an unfortunate marriage,

CHRISTOBEL PROGRESS
BEWITCHING...PIQUANT. TACITLY ADORED BY STUART, IN REBELLION AGAINST HIM
BRUB PROGRESS
SOON TO BE THIRTEEN... SUFFERED BY CHRIS, A SOLEMN CHARGE TO STUART
STUART PROGRESS
WHO WIELDED HIS FORTUNE AS A SWORD...WHO NEVER FORGAVE AND NEVER FORGOT
LINDA PROGRESS
LOVELY, VITAL, WARM. THE TRUSTED GUARDIAN OF DALE'S DARK SECRET
DALE PROGRESS
TO STUART, A BAFFLING RIDDLE. TO EVERYONE ELSE, A BELOVED FRIEND

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FALTER

had come home from that marriage to keep house for Stuart and the two orphaned children of their dead brother John. And though Stuart gladly gave Debby a home, he had never forgiven the ignominious fact that, against his wishes, she had eloped with Lucas DeWeese, when she might have married a man like Ben Walton. Every time Stuart looked at her he thought of this; when he spoke to her it was in his voice, as if by constant reiteration he could alter the past.

It had been a sad error of judgment on Debby's part, but then it looked as if everyone married somebody funny.

"But not me," said Christobel. And her heart gave a wild sweet hop. "And the more Uncle Stuart says he *is*, the more I say he's not!"

SATURDAY afternoon. The whole world keyed to a holiday. Picnic crowds, groups of shouting boys, cars with brilliant bathing suits streaming from door handles; voices and shouts and sirens; all worked into a gorgeous material of running color and changing design and intricate webbing.

"But if you'd just do it the way I've shown you, Deborah. . . ."

It was about the account books. Holiday or no holiday, these were gone over. And they were wrong again. Deborah hadn't expected they would be right, but she had come upon a happy system of balancing them, so that the totals totaled up; and since she simply couldn't do it the other way . . . . and what she wanted was to get past the dread Saturday afternoon sessions. . . . But Stuart had caught on at a glance and had been upset.

With quite unbelievable patience he had kept her at it while he looked on. But if arithmetic was difficult in secret, it was impossible under the searchlight of Stuart's cold condemning gaze. She could scarcely hold the pencil. And it was such a simple thing. She knew exactly how Stuart felt about her stupidity, but her wits scattered and she could not think. Sometimes after these account book arguments she had quite a violent attack of acute indigestion, which Stuart could not sympathize with since evidently she had eaten the wrong things again.

There was bright movement in the air, and Chris came down the stairs. She passed through a shaft of sunlight that fell from a tall window on the landing, and it set fire to the lights in her hair and upon her face, and kindled among the flounces of the green organdie dress and the transparent green straw of her hat.

SHE said, "It goes on this column, darling," tucking Deborah under her wing, for though Deborah was twenty-nine and Chris eighteen, Deborah was the younger of the two.

"Oh, of course. I can't imagine why I . . . ." Deborah never quite finished sentences, leaving little tail ends of them strewn untidily about through the rooms as she passed. "I knew it ought to go there . . . . last week I had it . . . . but . . . ."

"Throw the old book away. School is out." Chris heaved it in a corner.

"She could do it if she'd put her mind on it," said Stuart stubbornly. He was the epitome of efficiency; he saw Deborah as the most spineless, unreliable person on earth. She couldn't remember the slightest thing.

Chris wanted to tell him that you couldn't make a timid little shadow with startled faun eyes into an adding machine. She said it another way. "Oh, I don't know. Do you suppose you could learn to tat, Stuart? Some day [*Turn to page 34*]

"I CANNOT DO THAT. I HAVE NOTHING TO REPENT. I AM NOT AWARE OF ANY SIN"

A GREAT many people in Hilltown rise in the morning by the sound of the mill whistle. But I have an old neighbor who lives up the hollow behind me, to whom the mill whistle means nothing. She rises at four-thirty, every morning all summer, and at a quarter to five in the winter, without fail. If anyone is ill or if we are going on a trip (the only occasions when the people of my household are stirring at such an hour) her light can be seen in her window, or her figure in the garden. I protested to her once about such early rising when she had only herself and her husband to look after, and she said,

"Land, child, you can't expect me to change my habits at my age." She is eighty-six years old and quite deaf. Her husband, Luther Ashe, sold his farm during the war and they bought the little place back of us, and put the money left over into Liberty Bonds. They have an income of about six hundred dollars a year on which they live in the greatest comfort. The old lady likes living in town. She says it is sociable, now that she and Luther don't work so hard. Sometimes she comes to see me. Talking to her is a strenuous business, but she loves to visit. And she's the only person in town for whom I'll lay aside my work.

She came up the other morning and into the kitchen, where Mary Ellen was washing the dishes. I heard her ask, "Is she home?" Mary Ellen shouted that I was. Then she thrust her snowy head in at my door.

"Writing your stories this morning?" she asked. "My, it does seem funny to see a woman doing a thing like that in the middle of the morning. I've red up my house and baked a pie already."

I laughed and got up from my typewriter and took her into the living room, where we sat down by the fire. She cupped one hand behind her ear and looked at me expectantly.

I shouted, "How are you getting along, Mrs. Ashe?"

"I'm fine," she said with satisfaction. "I'm just fine. I was telling Luther yesterday there's not a thing wrong with me except I'm deef. I don't have an ache or a pain. The doctor told my grandson, Beeb, that I've got high blood pressure and ought to be more quiet-like, but shoot, I figure I'm bound to have high blood pressure at my age and I don't aim to be quiet any more than I c'n help. I'd die twice as quick if I didn't get out every day. I told Beeb, 'Nature wants me to have high blood pressure. I need it, at my age!' "

I could well believe that she wouldn't live long if her activity was restrained.

"What was you writing about?" she asked.

I was astonished to find I had forgotten. so I said it didn't amount to much.

"Of course not, not like putting up preserves, or bathing a baby," she agreed amiably and then, afraid that she might have hurt my feelings, she added, "But it's kind of pretty for a woman to do something like that. And they say you get paid for it." (An outrage, obviously. But I have no quarrel with Mrs. Ashe because she reads my stories dutifully when they are published.)

"Luther," she told me now, "had a cousin that painted chiny when we were all young. She was a great artist. She made the prettiest teacups and salad plates I ever saw. And she sold her chiny, too. She made enough to pay her hired girl. Of course, you could get a good hired girl that would milk the cow, and chop kindling, too, for a dollar and a quarter a week. But, on the other hand, a dollar was kind of hard to come by. I can see Maizie yet. She married John Krespy that afterward owned the bank at Sugar Creek, and he was daft about her. She was a mighty pretty woman, and she was a rare one. I used to run into her house to borry, now and then, and there she'd be in the middle of the morning painting pictures."

SHE evidently expected me to be astonished at such performance, and I said I guessed that was a little unusual in those days.

"It was," she assured me. "Nobody had hired girls except those that wasn't well or had their

Cup Brimming Over

BY MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

babies awful fast. But I never could figger Maizie out. Because they needed so many things, and if she had stuck to her chiny-painting, she could have bought herself lace curtains and a new range and a parlor carpet. But she'd just paint enough dishes to get the money for her girl, and then she'd paint pictures. Her pictures gave her a lot of trouble. She never seemed to feel satisfied with them and I used to wonder why she bothered. I've got two of her pictures and my grandchildren are all just crazy about them.

"I've got some cups she made for me, too. I've had them sixty years. You come over some day and I'll give you a cup of tea in one of them. Luther had her paint them for me for a Christmas present one year. I said if I could just have six of Maizie's teacups I'd be satisfied, so Luther got them for me. Each one is different. Yet they belong in a set. Spring flowers, she called them. She used to put on her husband's four-buckle galoshes, and go out into the woods in the spring, and get the wild flowers. One of my cups has two hepaticas on it that look as though they'd just stuck their noses out of the moss, all wet and new, clear to this day. And one has violets, and there's a May apple on another. She used to take lots of pains and she'd make your dishes different from anybody's. Wasn't nothing too much bother for her, if it was something she was painting."

I felt a queer pang of sympathy for this long-ago artist who found nothing too much trouble if it were connected with her work.

"What happened to her?" I asked. Mrs. Ashe shook her head sorrowfully.

"I'll tell you all about it some day," she said. "You might make a story about her. I've always been sorry I didn't get the plates to go with my teacups. Luther was going to get them for me, but the next Christmas he was too hard up, and then the next year she'd quit painting, and wouldn't touch a brush. I kind of begged her, once, just to do my plates. I said I'd tell people she'd done 'em before she had her trouble, but she flamed out at me in a way I didn't like a bit, so I never named it to her again. But I knew she loved me so I didn't hold it."

Mrs. Ashe rose to go.

"I'm piecing a quilt for Beeb's wife," she told me. "She is going to have a baby, you know, and I'm making a crib quilt. The blocks is real tiny. You come over, and I'll show it to you. And I'll show you Maizie's pictures and the cups. I've not got a thing I'm prouder of than those cups, yet when she did them we all pretended she had given them to me for a present. Her husband was awful ashamed of her taking money for her painting. Luther says that's one reason he got to be a rich man—so's Maizie could give her work away. That is, it's one reason he got started. Because after they had all the money they could spend, she never cared about her work."

She left, in her usual manner, precipitously, and I returned to my work. But my mind was all taken up with the girl of long ago whose husband had been ashamed of her taking money. I felt something deep in my heart, some debt that I owed to Maizie.

IT WAS only a day or two later that I went up to Mrs. Ashe's house in the late afternoon for the promised cup of tea. Sunset glory filled the world. Up the hollow behind the little house, the sky was heliotrope above the dun-colored hills. The blackberry canes in Mrs. Ashe's garden were already purple. Soon the spring flowers would be in the woods and we'd all go, my husband and the children and myself, hunting hepaticas. I had stout walking shoes of my own for such an excursion and wouldn't need my man's four-buckle galoshes.

Mrs. Ashe's house is beautiful with cleanliness. That is its only beauty, but it is enough. The house suits her and Luther. He was reading the county paper with two pairs of glasses on his nose. He looked up and nodded at me. He is nearly ninety, and very frail. He never tries to talk to a woman. He thinks they are all as deaf as his wife. Mrs. Ashe was, she said, "real pleased" to see me, and she went into the kitchen and put the kettle on. She showed me the quilt she was making for Beeb's expected child. The pieces were not more than an inch square, and Mrs. Ashe was putting into the task a wealth of love. When we had admired the quilt, she took me into the parlor.

MAIZIE'S pictures were different from other people's," Mrs. Ashe said. "See, this one—that's the way artists used to paint when I was young." She showed me a horror of green mountain and static waterfall with outlandish trees. I have seen such pictures about the county before in old houses. Then she turned me about, and there, facing the light, was as pretty a water color as I'd ever seen. It was in an old gilt frame with a gilt mat, and it represented a group of children, playing in a sand box. The short bright pinafores, the spots of color that were sunbonnets or tousled heads, the pails in the sand, and the green grass beyond, with a hint of flowering trees—it was a miniature of childhood, a suspended exquisite moment. I drew my breath quickly.

"Oh, I'd love to have that," I said. "It is beautiful."

"I've promised it to Beeb," she said. "When I die, he gets it, and my granddaughter Ruth that works in New York, she gets the other one. This is a picture of Maizie's little boy."

The light was not quite so good on the other wall, but I could see the delicate features of the child, the round innocent brow which dominated the painting with its purity, the limpid brown eyes, and the crown of corn-colored curls.

"He looked like her," Mrs. Ashe told me, and if he did she must have been very beautiful indeed. I said as much, and Mrs.

[*Turn to page 25*]

IN THAT STRANGE SILENCE MIKE LOOKED FROM HIS GOD TO HIS GODDESS. "I'VE DONE MY PART." A YAWN. "WHEN'S HE GOING HOME?"

ILLUSTRATED BY MORGAN DENNIS

"HOW—" Barby questioned Officer Mike seriously—"would you like to be a really big-time dog?" There were lights compounded of one part rapture and nine parts anticipation back of the seriousness in Barby's blue eyes and Mike jumped, he capered, he rolled over on his back and let his small tongue loll out in hair-trigger response to this favorite mood. "How would you like to go walking on Park of all avenues? How would you like a platinum collar, say, studded with emeralds, with rubies, with the Kohinoor rock itself set up in it, mayhap?" She roughed him.

"All right with me," Officer Mike signaled frantically. "Anything you say." On a May day like this, he reported in a gusty succession of barks, he could take the wealth of the Incas in his stride.

"Wait a minute, you two. Wait a minute." Long Jack Tenny's tousled head appeared from behind six layers of sports prints. "This isn't Park Avenue stuff, my dear Barbara. There's no platinum indicated. Do you mind keeping your little heels in mother earth for just a while yet?"

"My little run-down and rebuilt and patched and remodeled heels." Barby swooped upon him and went down in a crash of newspaper. She struggled around crushed sheets and succeeded in implanting a kiss just below long Jack's ear and just above the head of a paper golf pro. "Don't you know figures of speech when you meet up with them, darling? And you a publicity man? The Kohinoor diamond at the present moment to me means just three new pairs of shoes. Look at them—" She stretched out slender silken legs and stared ruefully down. "They're the original buckles," she claimed proudly. "Otherwise there's not a stitch or a sliver of the original boot left. And oh, look at that—" She hitched and squirmed a little so that the skirt of her faded print silk was edged down to cover a telltale mended run. "It's so thoughtful of them when they start at the top," she opined. "When they start at the bottom you can't do a thing. You will admit, Mr. Tenny, that the wife of the new publicity director of Wayco, Inc., will be able to have a new slipper or two. Snakeskins," she breathed ecstatically.

"Sweet," Jack breathed for no reason, and no other word was spoken for some moments.

They seemed to be having quite a lot of fun with that paper, Officer Mike decided. He'd been out of this long enough. He leaped and the crackling

Big Time ALL THE TIME

THE TENNYS WERE DOG FANCIERS, BUT THEY FANCIED ONLY ONE DOG. WHICH DECIDED PREFERENCE, YOU MIGHT SAY, DECIDED THEIR FUTURE

BY BROOKE HANLON

of paper, the flaying of arms and legs and paws became more furious. It all ended with Barby on the floor, with Jack halfway there, with torn papers scattered far and wide and Officer Mike in frenzied combat with a couple of paper tennis champions.

"Rouff—" Mike subsided, panting, and watched them. It was good to see a little of this sort of roughhouse around here again. Things had been altogether too quiet for quite a while now. He didn't know what the hilarity of the past week was all about, but in his opinion it was all to the good.

They got rather more seriously to their feet, his lanky god and his trim goddess. "We haven't got it yet," they said solemnly and in unison. The fingers of Barby's right and left hands crossed slowly and Jack's followed suit. "Cross your paws, Officer," Barby bade him. "There, that's right. Hold it."

Mike scrambled into position. He dropped his head on his crossed paws and closed his eyes. When he opened one eye, looking for applause, he found them staring at him, still caught in that queer solemnity.

"Bless his heart," Barby said. "You'd think he knew. Get him a biscuit, Jack."

"I'll get him two biscuits." Jack strode kitchenward.

"Besides," Barby said at bedtime, "you practically have it, Jack. Three lunches in two weeks. He must like you."

"Now, wait—" Jack struggled with his tie. "That bird doesn't like anybody. He's just looking over the field. It's a big job and he's looking for the right man—"

"Which is you," Barby put in between strokes of the hairbrush.

"Candidly, I think so myself. I think I could handle it. I've got Royce Stickney pulling for me, too." Jack gazed into the mirror. He tried conscientiously to look skeptical and dubious and anxious and, failing in all those things, he grinned. "Oh, boy," he breathed, "what a leg up. I thought it was never coming. I thought I was going to be one of the mice in the game for keeps. Especially these last few—"

"Yes," Barby agreed seriously, "these last few years. It was fun in a way, though. Worse for you than for me."

THEY were speaking of the lean years. How many of them now? They'd almost lost count. Years of going down and down and reaching an all-time low and staying there.

"Well, we held on to the house," Jack remembered.

"We kept the car on its feet—I mean wheels."

"We stayed well, too."

A sort of solemnity was upon them, reviewing the somewhat meager blessings of the barren years. There was a post-mortem quality about it and they had to try to keep from grinning. It was as though Mr. Darrell R. Thompson had already said his abracadabra and Jack was sitting on top of the world in the position of nation-wide publicity man for Wayco, Inc.

"Now, look here—" Jack caught them both up superstitiously—"we mustn't count on it."

"Of course not," Barby said dutifully.

"We just won't think about it."

"As though we could think of anything else." Barby giggled into her pillow. "Snakeskins," she murmured sleepily. "Suedes. Patent leather operas. White pigskins with ties."

"The big thing will be the dinner Thursday night." Jack was up on one elbow. "Stickney told me to invite him out. He's a queer duck, Thompson. Seems he likes to have a look at the prospect's home life. Sort of a crusty old bachelor. Habitat Long Island."

"Leave him to me." Barby yawned luxuriously. "I'll put my best foot forward, scuffed though it may be."

WE MUSTN'T count on it," Barby kept warning herself carefully all through the week. "We just won't think about it, will we, Mike? But how would you like to have—oh, dear—"

Mike yipped vociferously, but Barby had gone into a sort of trance, eyes shining. It wasn't silly little luxuries she was thinking of—it was life on the old terms again. A little of that comfortable margin which meant taking up Jack's lapsed insurance, and buying a bond or two from time to time. It meant, most of all, relief from two terrible fears, the one that Jack's diminished income would be cut entirely away, the other that the little house would spread its wings and take off from them forever. "It isn't only shoes, and a new evening dress, and theater tickets once in a while," she mused honestly. "It goes deeper than that. It means Jack's head up in the air and his shoulders back and—and all sorts of things." She bit the end of her pencil dreamily and looked down at the scattered scraps of paper which held tentative menus for the Darrell R. Thompson dinner.

"I think a rather simple meal is best, don't you, Officer?" she pondered.

"I go for the simple things myself." Officer Mike's eyes were serious, gazing up at her.

"A crusty old bachelor—h'm. What do crusty old bachelors like? You're a bachelor, Mike, my hearty. Why don't you help me out? Crown roast of lamb. How's that?"

"Perfect, perfect," Mike's animated tail signaled. "Such nice crunchy bones."

"And would you have Tillie in and stick a cap and apron on her, or just not try to put on dog?"

Dog? Mike was on his feet. He scampered. He sniffed.

"Come back here, nitwit," Barby said severely. "I need your moral support." She scribbled furiously. "There, it's all set." She brushed back her unruly short curls and sighed. "I won't change it again. Not an iota. And I'll dispense with Tillie. What Mr. Thompson will see will be the sweet and docile—more or less—little homebody, working with her own tender—more or less—little hands in the kitchen. He'll be touched—or will he? Anyway Tillie costs two dollars."

She shined the little house from stem to stern Wednesday and sat conscientiously for two hours with almond cream on her hands. "No, it's not to be licked off." She had to hold her hands aloft at times when Mike's exuberance got the better of him. "It's important."

Why all this passivity? Mike seemed to want to know. Let's stir around like we did this morning. Let's get that electric floor monster out again. Bet I can growl him down this time! Mike's tongue was out and he seemed to have absorbed some of the expectancy that hung over the little house.

"You're not to shed a hair," Barby warned him. "Not a single hair. There's nothing people dislike more than other people's dog's hairs, if you know what I mean. Oh, dear, if I could just afford a manicure. But no, I can't. We—we haven't got it yet." She picked Officer Mike up, forgetting the almond cream, and held him tight. "Oh, don't," she breathed to someone somewhere, "let anything go wrong. It means so much to Jack. He's worked so hard, and for less and less all the time. It's getting him down. We don't care about ourselves, do we, Mike?"

SHOULDN'T have told Barby about it," Jack was worrying to himself at that moment, speeding out to them on the five forty-six. "It doesn't matter about me, but if anything slips up now— Barby—"

"There's no sense in getting ourselves into a stew," he proclaimed at nine-thirty that evening. He hadn't spent ten minutes in his chair since dinner, but had paced from one room to another.

"Of course not. We'll just take it in our stride." Barby had manicure things out. "We'll pretend this is just like any other evening."

She'd had to remove the pink glaze from one index finger three times, however, and was it possible her hands were shaking a little? Well, if it had been just an ordinary job, she excused herself, just one step up, it wouldn't have got her so dithery. This thing, viewed in the light of the past few years, practically staggered the imagination. [*Turn to page 87*]

"JAKE."

BY DALE EUNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

THE Hotel Breckinridge (made of red brick, red plush and horsehair, as an early twentieth century wag remarked) had been the most prominent rendezvous of New York's original Four Hundred. One of the first hotels to lure the *beau monde* before the envious gaze of the merely moneyed, it played its subtle part in the breaking down of social walls, then pulled its slightly tattered, altogether respectable cloak about itself and settled into comfortable obscurity. It is remembered only by those few old-timers for whom its ballroom, to this day decorated with tarnished gold and silver cupids, still echoes with Strauss waltzes.

A stranger venturing through its portals today might justifiably mistake it for an Old Folks' Home, except that the elderly men and women who now live there are usually bedecked in a manner which betrays wealth and a disregard for fashion which no inmate of a state institution would dare. Its frayed elegance, in contrast with the harsh and forbidding sweeps of chromium, malachite and bakelite in most modern hostelries, is its greatest asset, its direct lighting a source of satisfaction for those who, like Mrs. Cora Meredith, still prefer to know where light originates. Mrs. Meredith did not see any too well and when she read she liked to have the light on the page and not on the ceiling or behind a fish bowl.

Mrs. Meredith liked the Breckinridge. She wished that Mr. Murray, the desk clerk, was not quite so ancient, and she wished on these cold winter nights that the doorman could be retired on a pension. Barney must have been at least seventy-five years old, an age which Mrs. Meredith from the haven of her sixty-eight called "venerable." He had assisted the great ladies of the nineties from their carriages, and would tell anyone who stopped to pass the time of day how a certain Mrs. F. had preferred to take his arm from the carriage to the door, rather than that of her Inverness-cloaked escort.

There were a number of things about the Breckinridge which Mrs. Meredith didn't like—the water in the tub, for instance, was apt to run rusty when first turned on, and the telephone operator, Miss Foster, a lady of Mrs. Meredith's own years, was prone to fall asleep over her switchboard, a mechanism which she had never quite understood or mastered.

But these were trifling items. It was homy, and to Mrs. Meredith, whose home had recently been broken up when Todd, her son, had married and gone to live in Los Angeles, that was enough. After all, she didn't need to use the first water that ran from the tap, and she seldom used the telephone. Her rooms, which overlooked a quiet side street instead of the confusion of Fifth Avenue, were large and drafty, like those in the old town house on Gramercy Square, and she could wear a shawl without feeling uncomfortably warm in the winter.

Mrs. Meredith had lived at the Breckinridge for five months and had never made a complaint. There were countless other places in New York where she might get better service, but she knew she would never feel at home in them, and, after all, she was the one to be pleased. It was her money which paid her keep and she would not have Todd ordering her around. He had asked her to come to California to live with him and Sally, and when she would not he had suggested several fashionable hotels. But after looking over all the hotels for herself, Mrs. Meredith had chosen the Breckinridge and she had not regretted it.

It was ten o'clock and Mrs. Meredith had just finished her weekly letter to Todd. She could ring for the boy to come and mail it for her, but she hated to disturb him—his rheumatism had been nagging him on cold days for the last few years. No, she might just as well mail the letter herself and see that it *was* mailed; besides, she needed to move around a bit before she went to bed or else she wouldn't sleep.

Her room was on the second floor but Mrs. Meredith had only once, four months ago, walked down the grand staircase to the main lobby. She rang for the elevator, waited for at least a minute and then rang again. Willie sometimes dozed over his evening paper and had to be prodded. When after another minute there was no movement below, she walked with some slight annoyance to the staircase. It looked even longer and steeper than she remembered, but, after taking a deep breath, she grasped the rail and commenced the descent.

SHE had reached the first landing and was silently congratulating herself that so far her legs had not buckled under her, when a man's voice came from the shadows beside her:

"Where d'ya think you're goin', Gramaw?"

Mrs. Meredith had never been a grandmother, but she hoped that she soon would be. After all, it was nice to think of your line being carried on, especially when such excellent stock as the Meredith-Stilson blood lines were represented in it—Mrs. Meredith had been Cora Stilson back in the nineties, and had been painted by Sargent. She often thought it would be very pleasant to have that painting hanging in a grandchild's home and have him point it out to his friends, explaining, "That was my grandmother. Wasn't she lovely?"

She stopped precipitately now and, adjusting her bifocals, turned to peer into the shadows. At first she could

SHE HAD REACHED THE LANDING WHEN A MAN'S VOICE CAME FROM

OUT THE SHADOWS. "WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOIN', GRAMAW?"

I need help!"

"GAY NINETIES BELLE CAUGHT IN CRIME DRAGNET," THE TABLOIDS SCREAMED. MRS. MEREDITH SMILED—AND JAKE WINKED

make out nothing, then she saw a man standing there, a short stocky person wearing a dark overcoat, its collar turned up about his face, and a snap brim hat pulled low over his eyes. She could not imagine what interest this stranger might have in her, but Mrs. Meredith made a point of being polite to strangers, so she took a step toward him and extended the letter.

"I was just walking downstairs," she said, "to mail this letter to my son, Todd. He's married and lives out in Los Angeles, California. He's an optometrist—you know—an eye specialist. He's just been—"

She was going to tell this man how Todd had only recently been married and gone there to live, but he interrupted her:

"Never mind about what he is. Here, give me the letter—I'll mail it for you. And you get back up to your room and not a peep out of you, see! This joint's bein' stuck up."

Mrs. Meredith knew what that meant, but she abhorred the use of such terms. She didn't know what was going to happen to the King's English in a few years if the young people persisted in talking so—well, so vulgarly.

"Young man, now see here. It's very nice of you to offer to mail my letter, and perhaps you don't realize you're making a grave mistake in using such—"

"Scram," he said, and advanced toward her.

IT WAS only then that Mrs. Meredith realized what was happening to her, what was happening to the hotel. She glanced out over the lobby. There in a line against the wall, their hands over their heads, stood Barney, the doorman, Miss Foster, the telephone operator, Mr. Murray, the desk clerk. Willie, the colored man who ran the elevator, and Terrence, the bell boy. Before them stood a tall, thin man, holding something that looked very much like a revolver in his hand.

It *was* a revolver. Behind the desk she could see a third stranger going through the safe.

Mrs. Meredith's heart was suddenly pounding in her ears. "You mean you're *robbing* this hotel?" she gasped.

"Sure," he said. "But you won't get hurt if you beat it back to your room. Get goin' now."

Mrs. Meredith involuntarily thrust the letter in his hand and got going. She hadn't climbed stairs so fast in twenty-five years. She scuttled along the hall, let herself stealthily into her apartment, locked the door behind her, and sat down heavily in the nearest chair. Then she got up quickly and hurried into the bedroom. She pulled open the top drawer of the bureau to make sure that her rings were safe. They were. She snatched them out and looked frantically about the room for a place to put them, and then thought of the kitchenette. No one would think of looking for them in the little refrigerator where she kept her fruit, so she stuffed them into the meat of a half-eaten banana. Then, with a look of satisfaction on her face, she returned to the living room

BUT surely there must be something she could do. Why, the robbers, the—the gangsters, were right downstairs this minute, and here she was wasting time when she might be doing something to help catch them. She opened the door onto her balcony, but it was snowing and the street was deserted below. Far to the left on the Avenue a few taxis rolled by, but she knew she could not scream loudly enough to attract attention. Besides, she was always hearing screams from neighboring buildings, and nobody ever seemed to pay the slightest attention to them.

But there was the telephone. Of course, why hadn't she thought of that! She lifted the receiver and listened, then jiggled the hook, but there was no answer. And then she remembered that she had seen Miss Foster standing with her hands extended over her head, and Mrs. Meredith dropped the receiver.

She was a prisoner in her own apartment, and there wasn't a thing she could do about it. She could scream the house down, nobody would hear her—the walls had been built in the days before space was at such a premium—and besides, that old doddérer, Clayton Bemis, who had the apartment next door, would probably faint on her hands if he discovered what was happening.

So she sat there, and the longer she sat the easier she felt. That man had said she would come to no harm, and she believed him. At least, she wanted to believe him.

Mrs. Meredith sat up very straight. It came over her suddenly that she was living, that she was in the center of things, for the first time in many years. She was important enough to be ordered upstairs. Could it have been because those men were afraid of her? She was important enough, too, for that man in the midst of his villainy to offer to mail her letter. He couldn't be all bad or he wouldn't have done that. He must have realized she was somebody. That was it. He didn't want her to go downstairs because he was afraid she would be able to identify his gang, and yet he didn't want to hurt her.

The taut muscles of Mrs. Meredith's face slowly relaxed in a smile. She was still smiling when the buzzer rang and she opened the door for Terrence, the bell boy, who commented upon that fact later when the sergeant of police arrived to investigate. [*Turn to page 51*]

What's

THE MOVIE GUIDE

A check list of the worth-while pictures of the month, with a supplementary selection of the best productions scheduled for second-run and neighborhood theaters. Those pictures marked with an asterisk are, in the judgment of the editors, unsuitable for small children because of mature themes, scenes of violence or horror.

CHINA SEAS

A blustering romantic melodrama of war-torn China, with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable and Robert Benchley, the erstwhile critic, in a notable characterization of a dipsomaniac.

DIAMOND JIM

A broad, almost slapstick re-creation of the life and times of James Buchanan Brady, with Edward Arnold in the title rôle, and Jean Arthur and Binnie Barnes as the two ladies who brightened his life.

SHE

A spectacle made from Rider Haggard's fantasy of an immortal goddess, with Helen Gahagan ably playing the part of the ancient lady, and Randolph Scott, the boy she almost takes out of the world.

TOP HAT

Another one of those light musical comedies with elaborate girl and song routines, but with Fred Astaire, the screen's new idol, again turning ballroom dancing into higher art.

Neighborhood Notes:

ACCENT ON YOUTH

A faithful adaptation of last season's successful play in which Sylvia Sidney is the youngster who has her troubles falling in love with a not-too-older man, Herbert Marshall.

LOVE ME FOREVER

A routine back-stage success story, distinguished by Grace Moore's soprano voice and Leo Carillo's acting.

Also recommended: *Oil For the Lamps of China, The Informer, Escape Me Never, Public Hero,* No More Ladies, Alibi Ike,* and *Who Killed Cock Robin.*

WITH THE WILY GODS OF WAR—AND LOVE—HOVERING OVER CHINA WALLACE BEERY HAS A WORD WITH CLARK GABLE AND JEAN HARLOW

HERE YOU SEE ROBERT DONAT, STAR OF "39 STEPS," IN ONE OF THE RARE MOMENTS WHEN HE IS NOT TRYING TO ELUDE MADELEINE CARROLL

Going on this Month

MOVIES

By Pare Lorentz

IT LONG has been a theatrical tradition that as soon as dog days set in the entire country suffers a mental collapse, during which period even a Brain Truster finds it impossible to count above ten, read anything more erudite than the baseball scores or discuss anything more profound than the weather. As a result, most theaters are now exhibiting childish adventure or mystery tales, such as *Unknown Woman, Charlie Chan in Egypt, The Secret Agent, The Great Scotland Yard Mystery, The Clairvoyant, She, Front Page Woman* and *The Raven.* While I shan't attempt to deal with all of them at length, the general fault in these productions is that the producers not only have made their hot-weather fare simple, but have put no care or thought into their material.

There is one fine exception to this hot-weather rule of mediocrity—a picture called *39 Steps.* Written by the distinguished Scot now Governor-General of Canada, John Buchan, the picture is well-played, skillfully directed, beautifully photographed and is in every way the best production of the month.

The picture starts as any salty adventure tale should, with a "Bang! Bang! and two Indians bit the dust," when an amiable young man rescues a strange woman from a music hall riot, only to have her, an hour later, fall murdered over his bed. All he has learned in the meantime is that the woman is a spy and that by rescuing her he himself became suspect, which means that for the rest of his exciting adventures he is sought as a murderer by the police and as a dangerous agent by a syndicate of spies.

The real virtue of the picture, above all else, is in the neat story design; scene leads into scene easily and smoothly and there are at least two climaxes which will bring you up sharp in your seat. And, just because it deals with spies, don't think *39 Steps* has much to do with spying. The hero at no time has any idea where his spies are or what they look like, and for the most part concerns himself with trying to get away from a young lady to whom he is perforce handcuffed, and who, despite his strenuous objections, insists on considering him a murderer. There is, too, one of the most amusing scenes of the year in the picture, during which the young man temporarily avoids capture by wandering into a political meeting and making an inspired campaign speech for a parliamentary candidate.

You will not, however, learn from any bare plot outline of *39 Steps* that every line of dialogue is civil and polished and charming; that even one brief scene, in a dour highlander's home, has at once a romantic, religious and melodramatic flavor in it, or that Robert Donat makes a better picaresque young man than most juvenile actors you have seen this year.

I can tell you that most of the picture was taken in the grim, gnarled Scottish Highlands; that Madeleine Carroll and Godfrey Tearle give Mr. Donat more support than he needs; and that the chubby Cockney who directed it, Alfred Hitchcock, has fulfilled the promise of a few years ago and for his work with *The Man Who Knew Too Much,* and now with *39 Steps,* proved himself one of the best movie-makers in the business.

PROBABLY the only pleasant thing you can say about *The Raven* is that it will give you a nostalgic recollection of the old days when movies were very young, and when, if the film didn't break twenty times or burn up, you considered it a satisfactory evening.

Based on the unique theory that a doctor becomes so bewitched by Poe's tales of horror that he constructs a private torture chamber, the picture concludes with a storm, a great many off-stage screams, and an attempt on the part of the doctor to kill off an entire week-end party at once in his gaudy playroom.

Boris Karloff has a new face, but the same old grunts in this one, and Bela Lugosi plays the goofy doctor —as for the rest of the cast, it would be kinder to their memory never to mention them again.

BOOKS

By Alexander Woollcott

TIME was when your correspondent was under contract to go each night to the theater and report for the next morning's paper on the new plays as they made their appearance on Broadway. It was seldom I could relax in the luxury of lingering to the end. Rather would I stay only for the penultimate moment when the highest-paid actor in the cast and the highest-paid actress come together at the center of the stage for that biological clinch without which few American playwrights are bold enough to bring down the final curtain. Taking that orthodox convergence as an exit cue, I would reach for my hat, trample over women and children on my ruthless way to the street, race with the speed of a glacier through seven or eight maddeningly congested blocks of New York traffic, and, in an appointed Western Union office, fling myself upon a waiting typewriter.

Close at hand a telegraph operator was crouched for action. When my first faltering paragraph was finished, this stern ally would snatch it from me. As I was writing the second, he would be tapping the first onto a wire leading downtown to the composing-room of the "World." I suppose this breathless journalism is appropriate enough to great emergencies—the verdict in a Hauptmann case, let us say, or the assassination of some sufficiently prominent personage—but such rush publication of measly little essays about excruciatingly unimportant plays did seem to me at the time a bit too much like engaging Balto to carry macaroons to Nome. At least I retreated to more leisurely endeavors in the belief that such a curious blend of *belle-lettres* and the hundred-yard dash should be entrusted, if to anyone, only to the young and strong.

Yet in retrospect the life of a dramatic critic on a morning newspaper seems to me a rosy and nonchalant occupation compared with the dreadful bondage of those men who, week in and week out, on each of the newspapers in the great cities, must write a column a day about some new book. Aside from such symptoms of eye strain, repletion and mental collapse as would, you might think, make even a bookworm turn, they must, by the time the year has run but half its course, be afflicted by a sense of having so squandered their stock of adjectives that they have nothing left wherewith adequately to describe a really notable book when it comes along.

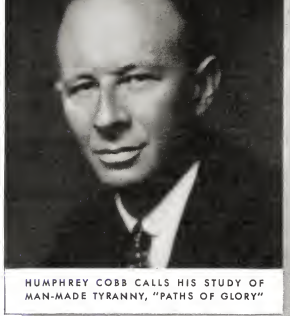
Such a book, for example, as this lean, unique and devastating war story called *Paths of Glory* which, in the first week of June, made famous overnight a silent and brooding fellow named Humphrey Cobb. Mr. Cobb is an American but he earned his spurs—those spurs which he now digs so energetically into the flanks of your torpid forgetfulness—by serving with the Canadian forces in France. After nearly twenty years of silence, something inside him has moved him to tell a tale marked by the same cold anger you may have encountered in an earlier war story which was written, significantly enough, by a soldier from the same battle-scarred Canadian regiment and of which the acrid and long-smoldering resentment found expression in the title *Generals Die in Bed.*

The reader of Cobb's story is permitted to sit back and watch the effort of an exhausted French regiment to capture by storm an impregnable position which the boastful *communique* issued from G. H. Q. had carelessly reported as having already been taken. It is the kind of attack for which the adjutant blandly prepares by cutting in half his ration requisition for the next day, so dismally certain is it that before another sundown there will be at least that many fewer mouths to feed. But not that chilling detail nor the nightmare shambles of the actual attack, nor even the grisly moment when, peering down into a moonlit shell-hole, we follow the death agonies of a mangled young lieutenant —not even these preliminaries can touch the enthralling horror of the final chapters toward which Master Cobb's whole creation moves.

There was a time when, with furrowed brows, a committee sat in judgment upon a score of titles from which *Paths of Glory* was finally chosen. One of those rejected (over my dead body) was "A Medal for the General," for the failure of the attack was a bitter blow to the fire-eating commander who had been more than half promised a shiny new decoration for his martial bosom in the event of its success. To satisfy him in his disappointment—or at least to appease him a little—three quite bewildered *poilus* are plucked from the decimated ranks, court-martialed for cowardice without even a pretense of evidence and shot at sunrise. All this is set down mercilessly with the cold anger aforesaid—the eternal anger of the buck private.

Now much of what Cobb himself saw and felt and smelt in the trenches has found its way at long last into this his first book, but the wanton and sadistic cruelty behind the lines which he dramatizes so unforgettably is a tale he dredged up from French war records. And if he was driven to costume his pitiable and monstrous puppets in *horizon bleu,* it was because, when he came to put pen to paper, he found himself unable to imagine anything quite like it as ever having happened in the army of which he himself was once a part and which would, of course, have been easier for him to employ as his setting.

AND if I cannot echo those who couple this indisputable masterpiece with *All Quiet on the Western Front* as one of the great war stories, it is just because it does deal with so extreme and special a case. Although we caught a fleeting glimpse of just such a reign of terror in Hemingway's magnificent picture of the Italian rout in *Farewell to Arms,* the Cobb story is really a tale spun from an evil that was not peculiar to the Great War nor especially characteristic of it. At least it would be my guess that the luckless ones in Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany have seen more of that evil than any people experienced between 1914 and 1918. Indeed, you might almost say that, in essence, *Paths of Glory* was not a war story at all. Rather is it a study of the kind of thing that is bound to happen in time of war or in time of peace whenever and wherever under the contemptuous sun men, for little or for long, hold undisputed power over their fellows. It is, in short, a study of tyranny, and if you could be stunned even by the impact of Mr. Cobb's yarn into thinking of tyranny as a flower that blooms only when guns are firing across frontiers, then it is high time that someone put you on your guard.



HUMPHREY COBB CALLS HIS STUDY OF MAN-MADE TYRANNY, "PATHS OF GLORY"

OFTEN A BEST MAN

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

ILLUSTRATED BY BENTON CLARK

WALLY JERARD was an adventurer, born with the call of far places ringing in his ears, as sea shells have the surge of waves forever in them. He was born wanting to rove, wanting the whole glamorous map of the world under his feet; he schemed all his life for it; and just when he had tied up his gay future in a red bandanna and slung it over his shoulder, ready to be off, he stumbled over a girl. He took two steps, then glanced back at her . . . . and then going was misery, and staying was misery, too.

Being in love with ink and maps and his own mad plans had always protected him from girls. He'd scribbled his way through college, always a little shabby and out at the elbows, always greedy to see everything and wring a description out of it, before he dropped it like a drained orange skin. His intoxication about writing had made girls seem tame adventure, so he had never really been in serious danger from them.

Then, too, his pal, Click McGee, who was the best camera man in the city, kept women away. From the first assignment they'd had together, Click knew this was the buddy he'd waited twenty years to find. This was the guy with the words, he said to himself; and *he* was the guy with the pictures. During the years he'd chased stories, with a camera hunched on his back, Click had seen a lot of reporters. They all thought they were going to write novels when they began; the good ones hung on, running down news and borrowing from each other until pay day; the others became ad-writers and got fat with money.

But once in a hundred there's a Wally, who talks in one-syllables, but when he's pushed his hat back on his curly, untidy head, and switched on the light over his desk, and starts pecking at his typewriter, he can make rainbows rise over mud puddles. Once in two hundred, maybe.

After the paper had been put to bed, they'd go out for doughnuts and coffee, and Click would get out some pictures he happened to have with him. He'd begin talking about strange places he'd been, and about places he intended going to. He'd talk about the ant gynasty he'd seen in the Galápagos, about the animals he'd seen in Africa; he'd describe the way they brought up the thirty-foot coral tree from the Pacific and boxed it for the Field Museum so that it came three thousand miles with never a twig scratched. . . . He'd talk and talk, and Wally would listen, and in his eyes you could see pirate ships setting sail, and jungles blooming.

"Listen, baby," Click would say, leaning close over the coffee, "join me, and see the world."

"Darn right," Wally answered, and he'd pull an envelope from his pocket and begin outlining some features they might do sometime.

"There's things to see, boy," Click would say.

"And we'll see 'em," Wally would mutter, almost religiously, as a man does when he feels unwritten words pulsing in him.

There was a chance promised them by Allied Syndicate, as soon as things "pick up." Click knew of a story about Mayan gold down in Brazil, the kind of treasure story that makes men, reading the magazine section of Sunday papers, squirm in their armchairs and wish things had been a little different.

He'd queried Allied on it, every month or so, just to sort of keep their promise boiling on the back of the stove.

"Keep your shirt on," Allied would say. "We'll let you do it, Click. But we can't lay out the expenses just yet. We'll take a chance, one of these days—and then it's yours."

But just when they had everything in their pockets, practically, Suzie came along. And the ridiculous part of it was that Click, who should have protected Wally from her, was really the one who sold them to each other. She came on the paper looking very small and helpless, so that everybody wanted to take care of her.

Everybody, that is, but Wally. Wally didn't believe in having women on newspapers. She was supposed to write human interest stories. . . . the oldest cop has a great-grandchild, the best-loved dog in town—stuff like that. Wally hated it, and told her so in a kind, brutal way.

"You write like a college girl," he said. "And that's as bad as anything I could say, darling."

Suzie was so meek and sweet about it, that it made him furious, and he tried to think of worse things to say. Every time she saw him, the big, powerful, helpless giant with the poet's eyes and the hard young mouth, she looked a little more forgiving, and that kept on making him madder.

So, when she found out that Click was his pal, she discovered that she was terribly interested in pictures. That, alas, was what threw poor Click entirely off guard. She admired his work! (The life-story of many a catastrophe is told in those words!) So it just naturally happened then that Click found himself waving his arms eloquently over the coffee and doughnuts, for the wide lovely eyes of a girl instead of the narrowed, enraptured boy's eyes.

WHEN Wally elbowed his way into these conversations, almost jealously, Suzie wasn't pleased. "Can't we just go alone, Click?" she said. "He interrupts when you're telling me things." And poor old Click, thoroughly disarmed, looked foolish and pleased, the way a homely, lonely little chap does when a friendly youngster likes having him around.

"Oh, Wally's a good kid, Suzie," he said. "After you know him, he's really a grand guy."

"Maybe," Suzie said indifferently. "But I wish they'd send him away somewhere on a story. He's all over the place."

"You're jealous because he knows how to write," Click said. "Everybody feels like that."

But he couldn't help bragging a little to Wally, the good-looking guy who always had a string of girls' telephone numbers to sweep off his desk into the waste basket, always snubbing them when they crashed in on him!

"Hey, you're slipping, boy," he said. "The little Suzie knows what's the matter with you."

"Zattso. What is?"

"Everything," he said, nudging him. "She likes older men."

"And scrawnier, and bald-headed, and illiterate," Wally said. "Well, takes all kinds."

It seemed to Click's simple eye to be rather a shame that they didn't like each other. Two nice youngsters like that. . . . So the next week he was saying very earnestly to each of them:

"You two ought to be friends. You've got a lot in common."

"What, besides you in our hair?" Wally asked.

"Well, she's got appreciation. She likes adventure." he said uneasily. Wally was annoyed at the simple-mindedness of this reply.

"Whyn't you get yourself a day nursery to mop up after?" he said angrily. "But count me out of it."

THERE was poor old Click, the watchdog who should have been guarding Wally and saving him for the future, selling him into trouble, blindly and busily. It wasn't until long afterward, when it was too late, that he suspected that all this resistance, all this opposition on Suzie's part, had been just one of those long canters at which good chess players—and bad little girls—are so skilled. No crude pouncing on the prey, for them. They take a long roundabout route, and get you interested in it that you scarcely notice where it's leading. . . .

As a person—not as a danger to a man who has big jobs ahead of him—she was such a darling. Everyone in the office loved her in a one-big-happy-family way. She was more like a nice, clean-faced youngster going to school, than a girl a man could get romantic about, and that was another thing that threw Click off the track. That, and the fact that Wally was so bored with her, that he just didn't see how willing, and cheerful and cunning she was.

"They oughtn't allow women on newspapers," he said. "They can't write anyway. All they want to do is make the public get a lump in its throat. They ought to be home minding the next generation."

"But Suzie is different," Click said. "Too bad she's a girl. She'd have made a great reporter herself, if she'd been a man."

"Oh, I don't know," Wally said. "She's probably better workmanship just as she stands. She's all right, only she's out of her place. She'll make a nice little wife for a business man."

Click, the poor romantic, was pleased by this, taking it as an indication that Wally liked Suzie a little better, never remembering that that wasn't the point anyway. And Suzie, about this time, began to be a little more tolerant of Wally.

"I see what you mean about Wally," she said apologetically one night, as they were walking home through a snowstorm. It was nice and chummy, with her hand in his pocket. Their shadows looked like a man and his little boy, Click thought, and that was okay with him, too.

"I can see you've done a lot to develop him," she said thoughtfully. "I guess that's why you're proud of him. He's sort of your own piece of work, and you want people to like him."

"Well, I never thought of it like that," Click said. "'Course I never taught him how to write. But I did show him how to see a story when he looks at a mess of facts. Lots of writers don't know that—lots of camera men, too. It's something you're born knowing, you might say." He would have begun a lecture on news-seeing, but before he had a chance Suzie had switched back to Wally.

IF YOU DON'T THINK TWO CAN LIVE AS DANGEROUSLY AS

SUZIE PUT HER FACE AGAINST WALLY'S COAT AND WEPT. "LISTEN, YOU TWO," CLICK SAID. "WHAT'S THE USE OF WASTING TIME? WHY DON'T WE ALL GET MARRIED TONIGHT AND START LIVING THIS WONDERFUL LIFE YOU TELL ME ABOUT? I'LL MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS"

"But don't let him fall in love with some girl, will you, Click?"

"Durn right, I won't," he said confidently.

"Marriage is suicide to men like Wally," she said earnestly. "Once they get their feet in felt slippers, they're finished."

"Oh, I don't know." Click said. "Marriage isn't so terrible. I liked it, when I had it."

"What happened, honey?"

"I wonder, myself. Well, don't let me take down my hair, baby."

Suzie patted his hand. "You're better off," she said. "No family to hold you down. No ties to interfere with you."

"Nobody to come home to," he said. "Nobody to give a damn. Great." But suddenly he stopped and looked at her in surprise. Something was wrong with this conversation; he found himself saying the very opposite of the things he usually said. Dimly he sensed that this was an unconscious, feminine trick of Suzie's. He'd been saying her lines for twenty years, and now she had grabbed them, and left him nothing but the other part to speak.

"A man needs his freedom," Suzie was saying. "A man with talent, of course."

"But he needs other things, too," Click said, and ripped off a chapter on loneliness, things he never said. It amused him to be saying these things he'd listened to and denied all his life. Maybe it was the snow, and that little warm hand in his pocket. And maybe it was the shadow that looked like a man and his little boy going home together. Anyway, he talked about what a man misses when he has no home, and it didn't sound crazy to him, but pretty sweet.

"Well, maybe so, for some men," Suzie said, very sensibly. "But not for writers, like Wally."

"Writers are men, too," he reminded her.

"You know what Charles Dana said," she laughed. "When a writer makes a marriage, that's nothing. But when a marriage makes a writer, that's news."

ALL of them went around those days making para-phrases on the when-a-man-bites-a-dog theme, and pretending old Dana was the father of them all.

But what *wasn't* news to anybody in the city room, except Click, was that suddenly Wally and Suzie were going around looking very starry-eyed. They had all the symptoms and poor old Click couldn't see them. In fact, he was so far behind them that he was still trying to sell them to each other, and still being pleased when they were courteous to each other.

Suddenly, then, in one swift flash, everything was clear to him, and he saw in what grave danger Wally was. They were all having supper at Joe's, and Click was just leaning back, a little tired, not saying much. Getting a side view of the conversation, he suddenly saw what was happening, and that Suzie was doing the same thing to Wally which she had done to him. She said what you generally thought, and that forced you into saying what she thought! Then, she'd let you persuade her, and soon everyone agreed. Suzie knew how to give a man her own way!

It had amused him when it had been himself, but now it was Wally she was trying the sleight-of-hand on, and Wally, the big six-foot idiot, was believing what he was saying! They were prattling along about living dangerously, that same old conversation so favored by the young.

"That's my only motto," Suzie was saying, all soft-eyed and wistful. "Live dangerously."

Wally leaned across and laughed into her eyes. "But two can live as dangerously as one," he said.

"That's a nice epigram, mister," she said breathlessly. "But it doesn't work. Excess baggage slows danger down to a walk."

"The only danger worth bothering with," Wally said, "is the devilment two people can conjure up between them."

"Like what, for instance?"

"Well—er. the mystery of personality." Wally stuttered a little, trying to avoid complete banality. "Love, sort of—"

"Love? What danger is there in that," Suzie said scornfully.

"There's all that splendid mystery of whether, and how much," Wally told her beldly. "Suzie, darling, listen to me—" He'd even forgotten Click was there; they both had forgotten.

"Oh, for Pete's sake," Click cried. "Not that!"

But that it was. And they all knew it. Wally and Suzie tried to laugh, and to talk about matter-of-fact things, but as soon as they decently could they said good night to Click and went home with bubbles in their hearts. But Click went home with rage in his eye. How in heck had he let this happen to Wally? Why, it would take him two years to recover from this marriage—for already it was a marriage in his pessimistic reasoning. In a frenzy, he jumped up and got out his maps; now or never.

He sent a wire to Spike Murphy on the Allied Syndicate saying they'd go without salary, take a chance on bringing back a story good enough for Allied to buy. "Wire expenses and we will go on spec immediately," he said desperately.

WALLY came to the office looking like a character in a love story; stars all but glitzered in his eyes. Even when Click told him about the telegram, he didn't rouse up much from his dizzy dream.

"Sounds great," he said listlessly. "But what's all the rush?"

"All right," Click said angrily. "Go ahead and marry the girl, and get fat, and pay an income tax."

"Marriage isn't the end of everything," Wally said, in a shamed voice.

"Durn right, it isn't," Click told him. "It's the beginning of a lot of grief you don't know the names of."

"A lot of people pick it, Click."

"And look at 'em," he cried. "Caught in traps, and paying their little two cents to read what free guys write, so they'll forget themselves for five minutes!" He knew he wasn't saying the right things; he should have borrowed a plate from Suzie's camera; he should have said the opposite things, so that Wally would have to argue on this side. But he was too earnest to be clever. "Boy, you'll forget this stuff when you see something new. Come away [*Turn to page 28*]

ONE, THEN REGARD THIS STORY AS THE COMPLETEST FICTION

The LORENZO BUNCH

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

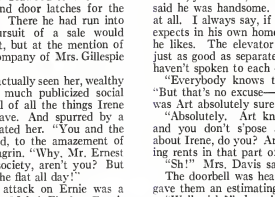
Part 3

BETWEEN *Irene* and *Ernie Henderson* all disputes remained forever unsettled. And as a result, they quarreled endlessly. They had had, however, the wisdom to confine their bickering within their own four walls, until that night when *Mabel* and *Art Finch* had invited the Hendersons to dinner in the Finches' apartment—an uninspiring replica of every other apartment in the middle-class Lorenzo. *Kay* and *Roy Parker*, sponsors of the Hendersons at their début into the Lorenzo bunch, had dropped in during the evening and through an unfortunate introduction of *Ben Raphael's* name, a storm had broken between the Hendersons.

It wasn't that Ben Raphael, an alert, ambitious bachelor who also lived in the Lorenzo and who was openly enamoured of Irene, was of importance to any of the bunch. It was that, in the conversation about Ben, Ernie Henderson's several calls upon *Mrs. Gillespie Ives*, at her Oldwood estate, had been revealed. Ernie, as a representative of the Old Windsor Hardware store, had gone to Oldwood to offer Mrs. Ives a selection of hinges and door latches for the new studio she was building. There he had run into Ben. Ordinarily Ernie's pursuit of a sale would have occasioned no comment, but at the mention of Ernie's having been in the company of Mrs. Gillespie Ives, Irene had flared.

Although Irene had never actually seen her, wealthy Mrs. Ives, an artist and a much publicized social leader, had become a symbol of all the things Irene wanted in life and didn't have. And spurred by a consuming jealousy, Irene hated her. "You and the Gillespie Iveses!" she scoffed, to the amazement of the bunch and to Ernie's chagrin. "Why, Mr. Ernest Henderson, you're right in society, aren't you? But your wife has to sit around the flat all day!"

The bitterness of Irene's attack on Ernie was a source of secret pleasure to Mabel Finch. For it was Mabel who, putting her head together with *Lida Rixe*, had ferreted out a fact even Irene did not know: that the good-looking, dapper young man who had persisted in following Irene on the street when she and other ladies of the Lorenzo had gone to the Garfield Theater, was Mr. Gillespie Ives!



"I'VE GOT HIM EATING OUT OF MY HAND"

And it was Mabel Finch toward whom Irene directed her suspicions when, a few weeks later, on her way home from the drugstore, Gillespie Ives stepped out of his car and accosted her. "Oh, Mrs. Henderson," he said, extending his hand. "Ah, just a moment—" She shook hands with him; then inquired. "How'd you know my name?" He took an envelope from his pocket. "It wasn't you who sent me this?" "Well, of all!" Irene exclaimed when she saw her name and address written there. "Somebody's certainly taking liberties—" Finally Ives suggested, "There's a lovely little tea house out on the Midland Road. I thought perhaps you'd be willing—" Irene hesitated. "Don't say you aren't coming," he begged. And Irene, flattered by his eagerness, answered, "I'll come."

IN HIGH quarters, the middle and the low the same agitations prevail within most of the ladies of a group when the trouble one of their number has with her husband becomes noticeable. Mabel Finch hadn't allowed Carrie Davis and Lida Rice to go uninformed as to Irene's outbreak of feeling at the Finches' small dinner party. Mabel had told both of them about it that same night. Thereupon the trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Henderson had become the Lorenzo's chief private topic, and, fed by subsequent evidence of more such trouble, this popular subject grew every day more exciting, every day less private.

At all times Mabel Finch was Irene's eager defender. "I won't stand for anybody's blaming Irene!" she said staunchly to Lida and Carrie. "That night when they had dinner with us and Ernie told about Mrs. Gillespie Ives first sending for him, why, right away it showed a weakness in his character. I thought he had a weak face and I said so the first time I ever—"

"No, you didn't," Carrie Davis interrupted. "You said he was handsome. I don't think Ernie is weak at all. I always say, if a man can't find anything he expects in his own home, he has a right to go where he likes. The elevator girl told me herself they're just as good as separated right now. She says they haven't spoken to each other for weeks and—"

"Everybody knows that," Mrs. Rice interposed. "But that's no excuse—not for her, anyway. Mabe, was Art absolutely sure?"

"Absolutely. Art knows Gillespie Ives by sight, and you don't s'pose anybody could be mistaken about Irene, do you? Art just happened to be collecting rents in that part of town and—"

"Sh!" Mrs. Davis said.

The doorbell was heard; Kay Parker came in and gave them an estimating glance.

"Well, girls?" she said. "At it again today?"

The three, naturally piqued by this greeting, felt that they had a little triumph in store for themselves as well as some additional excitement; they would see how Kay "took" some news they hadn't found opportunity to test her with until now. "Maybe you wouldn't be so high-hat, Kay," Lida said, "if you knew a few of the things that we know."

"Wouldn't I? What things?"

"Merely this," Mabel informed her. "Don't think I blame Irene for it—not for a minute, the way her husband's behaving! You can say all you want for him, that he's just a small-town fellow that's got his head turned, first by his boss taking an a fancy to him and promoting him, and then by a society woman making a pet of him; but if I had a husband acted that way I'd—"

"That all?" Kay said. "I thought you said you knew something that I don't."

"I guess we do! Art just happened to be collecting rents down on the South Side yesterday, and he saw Gillespie Ives sitting in a car and wondered what he was doing parked down in that part of town. Next thing he saw Irene get out of a bus at the corner and walk along quick till she came to the car; then she jumped in and they drove off like a streak!"

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Kay looked at her three friends, beheld six eager eyes fixed upon her hopefully and gave herself at least the pleasure of disappointing them; she laughed cheerfully. "Probably Art's near-sighted. Probably just somebody that looked like Irene." She turned quickly back to the door. "I just came in to see if Carrie wanted to go somewhere with me; but I see she's busy—no place important. G'by."

She left them staring at the vacant doorway, strode immediately to the elevator, descended to the fourth floor, rang the bell of the Henderson apartment, went in and found Irene not quite dressed. "You going out, Irene?"

"Pretty soon. What's the matter? You look serious, Kay."

"I am. I've got to talk to you."

"Oh, you do?" Serious, too, Irene pulled on a new green cloth skirt over her head, fastened it round the waist of her ivory-colored silk blouse, sat down before her mirror, and began to adjust a little black hat. "What's up?"

"How'd you meet Gillespie Ives?"

"Who? Mr. Ives?" Irene with great coolness satisfied herself that the hat's effect was proper, then looked inscrutably at Kay. "You don't mean you object to his knowing other girls besides you, do you?"

KAY winced, then recovered herself and said quietly. "I knew I took a chance of your thinking that—because I tried to keep him from meeting you downtown that day and got out of telling you his name. I'll tell you now why I did it. I did it because my husband and your husband are friends and because I saw you're really a small-town girl—"

"Oh, I am, am I?"

"Don't get mad, Irene."

"Mad? I'm laughing! Go on, Kay. Did you have any other reason for trying to keep Mr. Ives from getting acquainted with me when he wanted to?"

"It was because he's no good."

"Oh, isn't he? You know him so well, yourself?"

"I did once," Kay said. "I used to know him and some others like him, if you want to know the truth—and I guess I better tell you—before I got to knowing Roy."

"Oh, you stopped then?"

"Yes, I did," Kay said, a little tremulously. "Roy Parker's a square fellow and I was square with him. From the day I said I'd marry him I've never done anything that ought to worry him. The trouble was, I had to keep on being cashier at the Griswold Restaurant where I'd met all these fellows—Roy and I couldn't get along without the money—and he knew that the crowd I'd gone with still hung around there. It used to make him sick and after we could afford it and I had quit, he said, 'Don't ever tell me anything that brings it up. I can stand it if you never say anything about it; but if you ever do, I can't.' Do you understand what I'm trying to tell you, Irene?"

"I don't know. What's it got to do with anything?"

Kay sat down; looked at Irene gently and with a sad meekness. "I'll try to show you. The Griswold crowd couldn't understand for a while that I wasn't having anything more to do with them. Even yet, when I run across one of them, I have to tell him I don't go on parties—I try to do it casually, if I can. Some of 'em are right nice fellows and I was good friends with 'em once." Kay faltered, found difficulty in continuing, but persisted. "I expect—I—well, when it happens I run across any of 'em like that, I don't speak about it to Roy."

"No, I bet not!"

ERNIE TURNED ANGRILY UPON HIS MOCKING WIFE. "HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT SHE SUFFERS? HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT A WOMAN SUFFERS—WITH A HUSBAND LIKE HERS—" "WHAT? HAS SHE GOT A HUSBAND?"

AS CHANCE MOLDS MANY A MIRACLE, SO DESTINIES ARE SWAYED BY THE COOL DESIGN OF A CLEVER WOMAN

"I would," Kay said gently, "except I know he doesn't want me to. I mean—the crowd I went with was pretty much the 'talk of the town' and you couldn't go with 'em without getting talked about. That's what hurt Roy. I guess a wife's reputation has always been a matter of life and death to the husband, hasn't it? I mean, no matter how really decent you've been, and even if you've kept your own self-respect, why, if you have the reputation of being sort of gay, it's always pretty hard on the husband."

"Yes, isn't it!"

KAY smiled wistfully; continued her tone of apology. "It's funny, Irene; but it's always seemed to me I owed Roy a good deal—had a lot to make up to him for. So when he took this great fancy to Ernie, and asked me to look after Ernie's wife a little, I thought I'd do just anything—anything on earth to do what Roy asked me. I—I expect I'm what they call kind of a fanatic about doing anything he asks me, no matter what. He doesn't often ask. Now it's as if maybe being some use to you would be making up a little of what I owe my husband."

"So?" the cool Irene said. "You mean you're trying to make up something you owe your husband by telling me that Mr. Ives is no good?"

"He isn't!" Kay said urgently. "He knows how to make love to a good-looking woman; but he doesn't care for anybody or anything except himself, and he never will. You're a good deal younger than I am—six or seven years, I expect—and you think a man like that's good-looking and got lots of style and money and's 'way up in the world—I tell you it scared me like fury when I saw he'd got his eye on you! I knew he'd keep after you, once he'd seen you—you're just about the prettiest woman he or anybody else ever saw and—well, I knew right away, Irene, you weren't getting on any too well with your husband. I could tell."

"Smart girl!" Irene said. "Any more to say about Mr. Ives?"

"Yes. He hunted me up to ask about you, and I hoped maybe I'd thrown him off the track by telling him you were from out of town. He didn't believe me, and he hasn't got anything else to do with his time, so I might have known he'd manage it finally."

Now anything but displeased, Irene laughed. "Oh, you think he has managed it finally, do you?"

"Yes; I know he has."

Irene's look of inscrutability returned. "No, you don't. Who's been talking about—"

"The whole bunch, Irene; they're pretty busy over it. Art Finch saw you get out of a bus down on South Side somewhere and get into a car Gillespie Ives was there waiting for you in and—"

"What!" Irene jumped up, furious. "What do I care what this ordinary bunch of gabblers saw or what they talk about or what they think?"

"No; don't say that." Kay rose, too, extending her hand in a placative gesture. "They're just like anybody else. There'd be the same kind of talk in any crowd where they'd found out—"

"Talk? Let 'em talk. Think I'm not going to pay Ernie back for letting that woman run after him? For all I care what they say, I'd keep a date with Gillespie Ives right at the front door—yes, and before long that's exactly what I'll do, too."

"No, no!" Kay cried out, though she instantly lowered her voice. "I'm not talking about them, Irene. I just mean to show you the danger you're—"

"Danger? Where do you get that stuff?"

"Danger you'll lose a good husband," Kay said sturdily. "You've got one and you'd better keep him."

Irene came close to her. "Good, is he? Listen, teacher! We were here over six months before he bought me one single thing. He bought himself a new sack suit and a new tuck suit and dress shoes and silk socks and fancy shirts, and he let me come to your party in that old silver satin that ought to been thrown down the incinerator! I wouldn't have a decent thing right now if I hadn't fought him for it. I—"

"I know, I know. You always look lovely and some husbands don't realize how much a woman—"

"Try living with one like that yourself!" Irene said fiercely. "Next thing you'll be telling me everybody likes him. Sure they do—everybody but me! Look at him, trotting out to that woman's house all dressed up in a new necktie! Oh, yes, a silver-colored silk one—that's her favorite color—and I found it in his drawer and spilled a little ink on it. Lucky, because the next time he was going to wear it that let me out of speaking to him one more week. Tell some of the Lorenzo bunch to let him know that Art Finch saw me keeping a date. Not speaking, how's he even going to ask me about it? If he tries, I've got a few questions myself I could ask!"

"Irene! Irene!"

"So you're all on his side, are you?" Irene said. "You'll find the laugh's on you for that before long. He thinks he's right in society; he won't have any use for you and your Roy and the bunch much longer, you'll see. How'd you like to have a husband running all around Goldwood with some society woman and thinking you weren't good enough for anything except to stay home? Ben Raphael told me yesterday she'd had Ernie out with her looking at pictures in some friend's home."

"Ben ought to know better'n to tell you that, Irene. I guess he does, too; but that doesn't matter. What scares me is your not seeing that it makes the danger greater for you, because if a woman like that's showing interest in Ernie, and what he gets at home is just being liable to hear gossip and scandal about his wife—"

"Scandal?" Irene cried. "Warning me, are you? Go and warn *him* if you want to, because he might need it. I don't."

"You do!"

"Think so?" Irene looked at her agitated visitor pityingly. "Just the simple country girl, huh? Can't handle herself at all. Just lets the big city wolves eat her right up, poor simple thing!"

TRIUMPHANT and mocking, Irene took from the dressing-table drawer a small box covered with white velvet. From this she drew forth a platinum clip wrought in a design of foliage and set with tiny diamonds and emeralds. Deliberately she fastened the clip into her blouse. "Like it?" she asked. "Marcy and Burton's, marked down to three sixty-five."

Kay disregarded this pleasantry. "Oh, Irene, if you've let him give you that—"

"Oh, no." Irene rose, smiling. "I just wanted to see if you'd think so. That's from another friend of mine." From the drawer Irene took white gloves and a black leather gold-mounted purse, closed the drawer. "Well—if you've finished your call, it's about time I was on my way."

"Irene, don't—"

"Don't read me any more out of your don't book." Irene spoke good-naturedly. "You're a good sort, Kay. I like you. I've been thinking you were just being dog in the manger; but I was wrong, wasn't I?"

"Yes—you were."

"Sorry. Shake hands, will you?" The two stood looking at each other, close by the door—Kay drooping sorrowfully; but Irene superb, self-confident and beautiful indeed in this new kindliness of hers. Kay took the extended hand pleadingly.

"Irene! Irene! I knew you could be sweet if you wanted to—let's straighten things out; let's—"

"Yes—my own way!" Irene laughed, opened the door and gave her friend a pat on the back as they passed out to the corridor together. "Don't you worry!" She ran toward the elevator shaft, but called back over her shoulder, "Got to hurry; here's Emma coming down. We're pals from now on, though, aren't we? 'Bye!"

Young Judy objected warmly, just after dinner that evening, to the suggestion that she retire to her own room. "It's too small in there to practice these new steps I got," she said. "You and Pops talking don't interfere with me at all, Mom."

"No, Judy. Your father only has a few minutes because he has to go downtown this evening and—"

"Where do you have to go, Pops?" Judy asked.

"I'm just getting up the year's records down at the Knight's Hall, because I have to go to Toledo and read it at the national officers' meeting there next week. Better run along, like your mother tells you."

"Yes, run along," said Kay. "There's something I want to speak to your father about in private."

"Well, isn't that just exactly why I want to hear it?" Judy asked plaintively. "I bet it's the trouble these Hendersons are having."

Kay took Judy firmly by the shoulder. "Go in there, Judy."

JUDY obeyed, and, when her door closed, her father, disturbed, looked inquiringly at Kay.

"What's the child mean?" he asked. "What trouble? That night the Finches had 'em to dinner I noticed Irene took Ernie up pretty sharply about—about—" He hesitated. "Well, about some lady's having him sent out to see her at Oldwood. Do you think maybe Irene picks on him?"

"It don't look as if they're getting along any too well," his wife said. "Do you notice anything different in Ernie these days?"

"Don't know as I have." Parker seemed to search his memory. "Well—the other day something kind of puzzled me for a minute."

"What was it?"

"I might be wrong," Parker said. "I thought there was a little change, sort of, in the way he was talking—as if he was trying to be elegant or something. Sort of blurred over his R's and didn't sound just natural. Well—I just wondered a little."

"Wondered what, Roy?"

"Oh, practically nothing. What I mean, Ernie's such a bit everywhere—so magnetic and attractive—and he's got on so fast and all—well, he's pretty young yet. Ernie, and it'd be the wonder of the world if he didn't get spoiled a little."

"Roy, are you still just as fond of him as you were?"

Parker laughed. "Men don't talk about being 'fond' of each other, Kay. Ernie's the best friend I've got, and that's something that wouldn't change just because he got a little touch of high. If they're having trouble, I bet it isn't his fault."

"Roy, who knows what goes on between any husband and wife when they're alone? Ernie might have been a little bit selfish with Irene."

"More likely she with him, Kay. How's he—"

"Well, about clothes, for instance. She's got some new things now—but he got his first, you see. As you say, he's such an attractive young fellow, but maybe he might have thought more about how much she wanted some new things and less about how much he thought he ought to put up a good front in the city. Maybe they both think about themselves too much. I like her better than I thought maybe I was going to, Roy. She can be right sweet if you kind of get *to* her a little." Kay spoke timidly. "I don't suppose you could kind of hint to Ernie to be—"

"Men can't do anything like that, Kay." He put his hand on her shoulder. "I got to go, old lady. I can't do anything about this—a man just can't. You can, though. I don't believe there's anything you couldn't fix up all right. I'd hate to see Ernie and his wife have any real trouble, and I don't believe they will, if you'll lend a hand."

Grateful color mounted in Kay's cheeks, as it always did when he praised her and looked at her affectionately with kind eyes that admired her and believed in her. "I'll do all a human being can," she told him, and her voice was that of one devotedly making a promise.

At that, pulling on his overcoat, he laughed, said he hoped the Hendersons' troubles were less serious than she looked, kissed her, gave her a pat on the shoulder and departed. Kay remained near the doorway thinking indecisively: [*Turn to page 72*]

TO OUR COMPETITOR

The woman who makes her own soup

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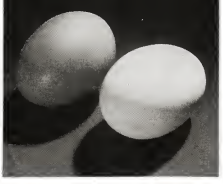

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CUP BRIMMING OVER

[Beginning on page 10]

Ashe admitted that Maizie was pretty. "She could have been a real looker, if she'd have been stylish," she said. "But she never cared much about clothes. She could sew, too, but she wouldn't spend weeks hemming ruffles and putting on braid as the rest of us did. She wore cotton dresses a lot because they were easy to do up."

We returned to the dining room where the stove glowed red. Luther had disappeared. Mrs. Ashe produced her teapot, an ancient brown affair with the letters "The favored leaf of bard and chief" about its fat belly, and brought in cookies. Then she got from her cupboard the cups to show me. They were delicately tinted ivory and on each one was a flower or two, painted with a restraint and care that showed real talent.

"She never put much on her chiny," Mrs. Ashe explained. "And first off you'd feel disappointed like you hadn't got your money's worth. But then after a time, you'd get to love them better and better. I wouldn't change a hair's breadth of my cups. I'm dividing them up, giving each of the grandchildren one of them. It's all they want, seems like."

STRANGE enough that now after sixty years, these should be Mrs. Ashe's most coveted possessions, the one thing her grandchildren all wanted and the thing for which I could have committed burglary.

The tea was hot and strong, and we made a little ceremony out of drinking from Maizie's teacups.

"You were going to tell me why she quit painting," I reminded Mrs. Ashe. "I want to know about her. She was a real artist."

"Well, now—" Mrs. Ashe put her cup down gently—"it seems a shame, to look back on it. It's hard to explain to you how it was in those days, but we were all kind of hysterical, I guess. Luther loved Maizie and he was always bitter about the way they treated her, but I expect if it had been me he'd have acted altogether different then. It wasn't just that women stayed home and did housework, instead of running everything, like they do now. But there was more to it than that. It was a kind of lovely thing that when a man married a woman he took the whole load on himself, all the responsibility and all the care. After he married her, the job was his, to look after her and shelter her and rule her. He had to provide for all the women in his family and with responsibility there should be authority. That's only right. The woman at home, snug and warm and innocent and good, and the man out in the world fighting her battles. It was a good idea and for the most part it worked.

"I've always bragged when I was young about what our husbands would and wouldn't let us do. It was kind of a badge that you had a real man. I don't think Maizie was ever rebellious. She felt the same way we all did about John Kresgy, but it seemed there was just something in her that had to paint and draw. And he thought it was clever of her and he didn't really care. It was woman's foolishness and she was sweet and always minded him, and there wouldn't have ever been any trouble about it, I guess, if it hadn't been for the little boy, Paul, and the preacher, Mr. Talbott."

Mrs. Ashe rose and closed the damper of the stove, and came back to her seat, and looked at the cup.

"These things cost money," she said, "I mean—doing them. Maizie had to buy paints and she had to buy her unfinished chiny and she bought paper, and water colors, and other truck. She'd learned to paint in school. But she never took it like the rest of us did, as an accomplishment, you might say. She took it hard. And she was one that was born knowing how. She didn't need anybody to tell her how to hold a brush or what color things were. But she said to me once that she wished she could learn to paint in oils, could go to school in Chicago and learn to be a painter—and her a married woman with a little boy. I never told anybody she said that."

Her loyalty still pleased Mrs. Ashe, and she nodded, remembering it.

"They lived kind of on the edge of town," Mrs. Ashe resumed. "They had a little place with a garden patch and a barn, and they kept a cow and a horse and John got out his own firewood and they did just the same as most of us. He was clerking in the bank then. Only for Maizie's having a hired girl, and her painting, they didn't do much different from others. Maizie sold her chiny and bought her supplies, and paid her girl, but John wouldn't let her buy so much as a ribbon for her hair or a new broom for the kitchen. He'd buy things for her and the house, he said, or he'd know why, and Maizie didn't care. She wasn't much of a hand to visit in town, but just stayed home and looked after her little boy, and wore an old overall over her dress, and did her painting right in her own dining room. I guess if there'd been a good light, she'd have done it in her parlor."

I nodded, and Mrs. Ashe looked at me beseechingly, as though she almost dreaded to tell me the rest, for fear I wouldn't understand.

"Of course, there was bound to be talk about a woman that didn't put up her own preserves, or do her own washing, and there were those that said John spoiled her, and he'd rue it, and those that said it wasn't natural the way she did, and all that. Luther laid down the law to me that I was never to lend ear to such talk for she was his own cousin. But even so it wasn't any more than just the kind of talk that everyone gets from their neighbors. And it didn't hurt Maizie because she didn't dream of it, and she was always friendly and kind and folks liked her."

THE room was darkening, and Mrs. Ashe rose and turned on her lamp, with a red rose painted on the chimney shade.

"Then old Dr. Dean died. He'd been the preacher at the Shiloh Church many years, and he loved Maizie, just as he did all the young people. He used to go there sometimes and look at her pictures and talk about color with her. But he died, and the church fathers got a new preacher, this Mr. Talbort I was telling you about. I never liked him much, but, of course, it didn't occur to me not to go to church. When I look back, I think this man must have been smarter than we knew, because he seemed to know there was a great change coming in the world. He was a powerful big man, with flashing black eyes, and a mighty voice. And he said he saw a

[*Continued on page 26*]

THE family's on vacation. They're all a little lonely for each other. . . . Sure cure is a telephone call. The sound of familiar voices blots out the miles. Bits of news are reassuring . . . the youngsters, the dog, the ferns, the goldfish.

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cloud in the sky. He said he saw the end of the Christian Era, the time when women would not be as the Lord intended them to be, a vessel for his wrath, but would be putting out their necks like the harlots of Judea, and making a mockery. He was death on the women. He seemed just to hate them, and he was always preaching about them."

"Did he make trouble for Maizie?" I asked, for she had come to a full reflective stop, and I was afraid she'd forgotten about Maizie.

"Yes," she said. "He ruined Maizie, you might say, but he did it sincerely. He was an honest man. He wanted to save her soul.

"Tell me about it," I said.

"It all went over Maizie's head—the preaching I mean—because she never listened in church, anyhow, but just sat dreaming and looking out of the window, with this light on her face, all in her own world. I can't say much, for I used to plan my week's work and my meals in church. She didn't even know Mr. Talbort was down on the women.

But John Krespy knew, and he knew that Mr Talbort didn't approve of Maizie, and sometimes the preacher said things right at her, and it made John and Luther mad, but it made John nervous too. He began to wonder if maybe he was wrong to let Maizie fool around the way she did. He talked to Luther about it, and I could see he was upset, because he didn't want to make her unhappy, but neither did he want her doing what wasn't right.

"Then, one day, Mr. Talbort met Maizie coming from the woods. She was wearing an old skirt she'd cut short, and John's hat and coat, and his galoshes, and she had her arms full of flowers, and her face was just shining she was so happy and not thinking about how she looked at all. She never did, when any other woman would have been mortified to death. So she stopped and talked to him and the next Sunday he preached about women that went alone to the woods, and un-sexed themselves with wearing men's clothes, and made an abomination. Everybody in church knew he was talking about Maizie, but she didn't hear him at all. Only, when they got home, John told her and I guess they had a quarrel, as much of one as you could have with Maizie, for she was awful sweet-tempered. Only she was kind of bewildered. She said to John,

"'Don't you think I'm a good woman?' and of course, that floored him. So then, she said, 'What do you want me to do?'

"'Don't go to the woods alone,' he said. 'And don't wear my old coat and hat or that short skirt again.'

"'But my coat is so long and full, and my little jacket is too nice to wear to the woods.'

"'You do as I say,' John shouted. He was mighty upset about it. So Maizie tried to please him. But she knew then that Mr. Talbort didn't approve of her and she got so she wouldn't go to church. She was meek about it, but stubborn, and John would go alone, and it made bad feeling between them.

THEN, that summer, we had a terrible epidemic. There was someone sick in every family in town. They called it the mountain fever, but it wasn't anything but typhoid. We was real lucky, for we had old Dr. Grass, and he pulled his patients through with quinine and Dover's powders, and soup and soft food. But the other doctors, Dr. Thompson and Dr. Frazer, used calomel and starvation and their patients died, just one after another. My boys had been swimming in the creek with the other boys and they was all down with it. And then Luther came home and tole me that Maizie's little boy, Paul, was sick.

"I hadn't been to church for two or three Sundays, but Luther went, and he said the preacher said God was punishing us because we had an unnatural woman in our midst, and had given her harbor and consent. He said he had tried to rebuke her and bring her to the Lord, but she was stiff-necked and ungodly. Everybody knew he meant Maizie, and everybody was worked up, anyhow, about all the deaths and things, and you'd have thought we went clear back to the old days when they used to burn witches. It was kind of like a madness that came over the town."

"Yes," I said, "I can imagine what it was like."

"I doubt if you can," Mrs. Ashe told me. "Mrs. Demerest took out all the dishes Maizie had painted for her and broke them with the hammer where everyone could see her. My boys were getting better, and I went over to help Maizie out. Now her little boy wasn't spoiled or neglected or anything. He was about four years old, and he was as sweet a little feller as you ever saw, and he was good and healthy and happy and loved his mother like any child or maybe more. But there he was, sick as could be, and Dr. Thompson giving him great doses of calomel and taking every bite of food and even water away from him because he said it would kill him. Maizie was nearly out of her mind. So far, she didn't know, or if she did she didn't care, about all the talk around town about her. But John knew, and he was torn between the fear the preacher had put into him and his love for his wife and son. He was a hard-working, upright man, John Krespy was, but he couldn't face all of this at once."

CUP BRIMMING OVER

[Continued from page 25]

Mrs. Ashe rocked a moment, her old face wrinkled with sorrow. "I could see," she told me, "that there wasn't a chance for the boy, right from the first. He was laid low if ever a child was. Mr. Talbort came to see them. I was there at the time and I always think how Maizie moved between the preacher and the bed, as though she didn't want him to see her baby's face. But Mr. Talbort spoke out loud in the room:

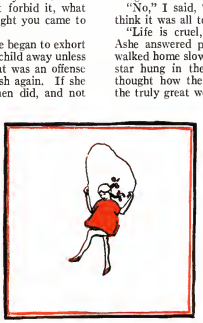
"'God calls on you for repentance.' Maizie just looked at him.

"'For what?' she asked him.

"'For your ungodly ways,' he said. 'For not looking after the ways of your household. For spending your days in making graven images, of things on the earth and under the earth and under the sea. For holding yourself away from the services of the Lord. For all your stiff pride, and your carnal sins. For walking the way God never meant a woman to walk and spending your time on foolishness, instead of bending your neck in meekness before the Lord.'

"Maizie said to him, 'God himself meant for me to paint, or he wouldn't have put it in my heart. And paint I will. If my husband doesn't forbid it, what right is it of yours to do so? I thought you came to comfort us and to give us help.'

"'This is blasphemy,' he said, and he began to exhort her. He told her God would take her child away unless she promised to give up the work that was an offense in his nostrils, and never touch a brush again. If she would promise to live as other women did, and not spend her days painting, and studying plants, and walking in the fields alone, and doing all these ungodly things, that the Lord might spare the life of her child, and the whole community from death and sorrow. If she didn't, God would take Paul away from her to punish her."



"Oh, no," I said, and Mrs. Ashe said yes, that was what he said.

"He got down on his knees and prayed for her soul, and he meant it. He scared me to death. I begged Maizie to make the promise, and John came in and begged her. She stood looking down at little Paul, where he burned with the fever, and a strange light came to her face. She was so beautiful that it was almost impossible to believe it. She looked like she could see something none of the rest of us could see—like she could see right into heaven. And then we were all so excited, she said, in a calm practical tone of voice:

"'No. I cannot do that. God doesn't want me to. I'll go on with my work as long as I can. I am not aware of any sin. I've done what I was put in the world to do and I'll do it always.'

"No one could budge her," Mrs. Ashe said. "And that night the little boy died."

WE SAT in silence and in the stove the ashes fell, a soft sound but plainly heard. After a little while, Mrs. Ashe sighed and took up her teacup.

"So I never got my plates," she said.

"But," I protested, "I thought—"

"No," Mrs. Ashe told me gently. "After it was all over Maizie never painted again. And she never had another child. I was there when the child died, and John Krespy turned to his wife and said, 'I hope you'll never rue your bargain.' She gave a kind of cry and fell on the floor. It seemed the last hand had turned on her. John lifted her, and he wept, and begged her to forget what he had said, that he was wild with fright, but she never forgot. She just kind of went down, after that. She let her girl go and tried to do her own work, but she wasn't much of a hand at it. She'd sit and dream. She lived about ten years, but it was as though she had died that night.

"Of course, we were all horrified, and then, after the Reverend Talbort was gone, for he went just a little while later, people began to say he took too much on himself. Dr. Thompson said nothing could have saved the child, and it was a shame. People began to feel sorry for her and ashamed of the way they'd done, and they said as much, and paid more attention to her—but she didn't know it, for she was living all alone. And John did everything for her—everything, but he couldn't reach her, either. I know when the Moore girl went to go away and study singing, people at the Ridge said she'd ought to go if she had a good voice, that it was the thing to do, and they told her mother not to hold her back or she might get like Maizie Krespy, whose heart was broken."

"Yes," I said, "they were sorry."

"After Maizie died," Mrs. Ashe went on, "everyone always talked about her as if she'd been a saint, and the other ladies were glad they hadn't done what Mrs. Demerest did, for they were proud of her chiny, and loved to show it, and say, 'Maizie Krespy made it for me before her trouble.' John married again, but it was always Maizie he loved. His second wife had several children, and John educated them, boys and girls alike. But when he was old, he talked about Maizie all the time, as though there'd never really been anybody else in his life."

MRS. ASHE looked at me. "I always thought when I looked at her pictures, or used her cups, that Maizie was a martyr, like. You think that's silly of me? Sometimes when I read your stories in the papers and think how proud your man is about your writings and how, when the Reverend McLaughlin had his lectures on Hilltown, he put your picture on the slide right in church, along with some of the old settlers, and with Miss Wing who sings on the concert stage, I think about Maizie, and how, if she were living now, everybody'd think she was wonderful and be right proud of her instead of telling mean stories and letting on that she gave her dishes away and stuff like that."

"No," I said, "I don't think that's silly, at all. I think it was all too cruel for any words."

"Life is cruel, for those that are different," Mrs. Ashe answered philosophically, and I rose to go. I walked home slowly in the deepening twilight. A great star hung in the west, glowing with beauty, and I thought how the ancients believed that the souls of the truly great went out into the stars.

I was absent-minded at the supper table. The children were all full of talk about their own affairs, and I noticed my husband looking at me now and then. After the dishes were done, I helped Martha with her Latin—strange how I can translate Cæsar now, and couldn't when I was in school. I heard the boy's spelling words and took a splinter out of Ann's thumb. After they were all in bed, we sat down by the fire in the living room and read.

"Been writing today?" my husband asked. "What are you doing?"

I looked at him curiously. He often asks me that. He always reads my stuff, right off the typewriter, and his comments are shrewd and worth attention.

"Why do you ask me?" I wanted to know. "You often ask me that."

"Because," he said, "you're always happy when you're working. You thrive—we all thrive—when your own work is coming good. You looked kind of sorrowful tonight, and I wondered if you were due for a dry spell. I always feel sorry for you when you get a dry spell. You know I've planned more than once to arrange my own work so that you could have a trip of some kind when you were stuck."

"I've been up to Mrs. Ashe's for tea," I told him. "She was telling me about a cousin of Luther's, Maizie Krespy, one of a whole series of forgotten women who were sacrificed, all so that some day a man might sit before his own fire and make just such a remark as you have just made, to his wife. In a way, they died for us. We have forgotten them too easily. We ought to wear their names upon our hearts and remember them always in our prayers."

"Are Blackheads due to Faulty Cleansing?"

YOUNG WOMEN ARE ENDLESSLY TROUBLED BY BLACKHEADS. THEY FREQUENTLY WRITE: "ARE BLACKHEADS JUST DIRT? IF SO, WHY ARE THEY SO STUBBORN? WHAT CAN I DO TO GET RID OF THEM?"

Here is an answer that sets these questions at rest. It provides an intelligent understanding of the real nature of this common difficulty, and the approved method of combating it.

BLACKHEADS are not "just dirt"—that is, dirt from the outside.

Did you ever press a blackhead out? Behind that black speck on the surface came a little plug of cheesy matter. That cheesy matter consisted of thickened secretions from the oil glands *inside* your skin. It choked and clogged the pore opening just like a tiny cork. Till finally outside dirt lodged in it—You had a blackhead!

Proper cleansing will remove that blackhead. Cleansing and stimulating will prevent new blackheads.

Have you ever tried the Pond's way of dealing with blackheads?

With clean finger tips, spread Pond's Cold Cream liberally over your face—pat it in briskly till it has made your skin warm and supple. Pond's sinks deep into the pores and softens the thickened accumulations in them. Wipe the cream and loosened dirt off. Then, with a clean cloth, gently press the blackhead out.

That is all! Do not force it. Do not break the skin. Do not use your bare fingers. A stubborn blackhead is better left alone. Or it may yield after hot cloths have been applied to the face, to relax the pores further. You can close the pores, after this, by bathing the face with cold water, or rubbing it with ice.

Now this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clear the pores. It invigorates the *underskin!* Stirs the circulation. Wakes up the faulty oil glands. Brings back snap to weakening fibres. As the underskin functions actively again, further clogging of the pores is avoided. Your skin keeps clear, fresh, transparent.

These Common Skin Faults all begin in your Under Skin

Not only blackheads, but practically all the common skin faults have their start in the underskin.

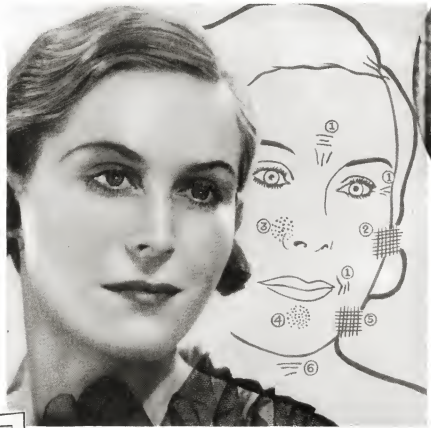
Blemishes, enlarged pores, even lines and sagging tissues—you can ward them all off with the steady use of Pond's Cold Cream.

EVERY NIGHT, give your skin this pore-deep cleansing and underskin stimulation. It flushes out of the pores every speck of dirt and make-up, as well as waste matter from within given off through the skin.

IN THE MORNING and the daytime before making up, freshen and invigorate your skin again with a deep-skin Pond's treatment. It leaves your skin satiny so it takes your make-up evenly, holds your powder smooth and long.

Just send for the special tube offered below, containing enough Pond's Cold Cream for nine treatments. See your skin grow clearer, fresher, smoother—free from lines and blemishes.

Pond's is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

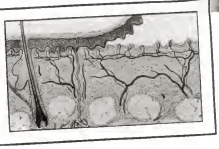


Marjorie Gould Drexel

now Mrs. John Marton Gundry, Jr., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel and granddaughter of the late George Jay Gould, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is all I need to keep my skin in perfect condition. It cleanses every pore and smooths away tired lines. I am never without it—even for a day."

The Underskin—where skin faults begin

If you could see through the epidermis into your underskin, you would discover a network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands. When these grow sluggish, look out for skin faults.



1. **LINES** form here when oil glands underneath fail to nourish, and the underskin grows thin and wasted.
2. **PORES** stretch and grow larger when clogged by impurities from inside the skin.
3. **BLACKHEADS** form when the pores remain clogged with thickened secretions from within the skin.
4. **BLEMISHES** follow when the clogging accumulations are not removed from the pores.
5. **DRY SKIN** occurs when oil glands slow up, cease to supply the oils that make skin soft and supple.
6. **TISSUES SAG** when circulation slows, under tissues grow thin, nerve and muscle fibres lose their snap.

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Sniffles!

"I'm sorry, but Anne is in bed. She has the sniffles and I can't let her go to school or play with anybody until she is well again."

WISE mother. She knows that sniffles may be the forerunner of any one of several infectious diseases and she helps to protect other people's children while she protects her own.

A mild case of sniffles may seem so unimportant at first that little or no attention is paid to it, but it may be the warning symptom of a threatened attack of measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria or influenza. These diseases, combined, cause about one in every five deaths of children between the ages of one and nine.

The child who is "coming down" with one of these diseases is likely to spread the germs in class at school or to give them to other children at play.

An attack of measles may be a simple affair, soon over; but sometimes it causes serious complications—injured eyesight, deafness. Whooping cough may so reduce resistance that the child is more susceptible to pneumonia or tuberculosis. Scarlet fever frequently affects the kidneys and ears. All of these diseases—including diphtheria—may affect the heart and leave it permanently weakened.

If your boy or girl seems well one day and develops a case of sniffles the next, the child should be kept at home under close observation and should not be permitted to play out-of-doors or with other children. If there is no improvement within twenty-four hours and the child is feverish, send for the doctor.

Any or all of the following booklets will be mailed free on request: "Measles," "Whooping Cough," "Scarlet Fever," "Diphtheria," "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia." Address Booklet Department 935-M.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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OFTEN A BEST MAN

[Beginning on page 18]

for two months, and see what it does to you. Think it over a while, Wally."

"You talk as if I didn't want to come," Wally said. "I'll come, sometime. But I've got other things to do just now."

"All right," Click said in despair. "I'll get the epitaph ready. You'll never go. You're a good man lost."

"I'll go sometime." Wally said determinedly. "You wait and see."

"Yes, you'll go." Click said scornfully. "You'll go in your dreams, when you're an old man, listening to an old lady whine—" There was a huskiness in his voice, and his eyes ached.

It was impossible for him to be decent to little Suzie. He wanted to ignore her, but that gave him no comfort, so he stumbled over her and pretended she had pursued him.

"I don't come sniffing and smiling around me," he said. "Go pick on somebody your own size."

"Don't scold me, Click." she said. "I tried so hard not to love him. I fought it off from the first minute I saw him."

"All the time I was trying to persuade you to be nice to him, I suppose," Click said bitterly. "Listen, Suzie. He'll be no good to you. He's got jobs to do. He'll just break your heart. Once a boy gets a whiff of the map in his nostrils, he never gets over it. I'm thinking of your own good, honey."

"Funny thing," she said. "Wally does the same thing to you that he does to me. We both want to take care of him. You want to look out for his ambition and his success, and I want—I just want him."

"Let's talk about things," he said. "You know what newspaper marriages are, Suzie. You don't want that. You deserve something better."

"There's nothing better than Wally," she said. "I'd scrub for him; I'd learn to cook, or let him beat me if it made him happy. I'd do anything—except one thing. I'd never interfere with what's good for him."

This last was so unexpected that Click felt a lump under his Adam's apple. But just when he was beginning to feel tender, she made him suddenly see red. "As for newspaper marriages," she said, "we'll never have that, you know. Wally may develop into almost anything. He might even go into advertising." She looked at Click as if she expected him to be pleased with her ambitions, but he was beyond speech. For those are fighting words to a newspaper man of the old school.

FROM then on it was open warfare between them. Click knew that the longer they delayed, the more nebulous distance seemed. And Suzie was so immediate, and so desirable.

So Click, pacing his floor and thinking dismally, came to a drastic decision. He seized the telephone and long-distanced the Allied office.

"Listen, Spike, how about?"

"Same old stall," Spike said. "We'll send you when we can, Click."

"How much will expenses take?" Click knew they were words which would snap a trap around his own absurd savings. Well, who on earth ever heard of a newspaper man with any savings?

"Coupl' thousand anyway. we figure." Spike said. "It'll be worth it. if the story's any good—but the boss won't take a chance just now."

"How about me taking the chance?" Click said. "I'll put up the expense. and you pay me back if the story's what I say it is."

"Great. but where'd you get two thousand dollars?" Spike asked.

"Never mind that. I've saved cigarette coupons for years for this moment." He tried to laugh and sound casual. "One thing more," he said. "I'd like this kept confidential. Tomorrow you send me a telegram giving us the assignment, and saying you're wiring expenses. Okay?"

This telegram would be something definite, as definite as the caressing voice of little Suzie Malloy. This was something Wally had wanted since he was a kid, and he'd wanted Suzie only two months. It looked so certain that Click even allowed himself the luxury of feeling a little sorry for her.

When the telegram arrived everyone in the city room was aware of it. Reporters stood around with their mouths open, but Wally looked a little stunned, Click ran around wild. There was a big blot of silence where Suzie Malloy stood, looking very small and pale.

"Hey. pack your typewriter. boy." Click said, throwing his arm around Wally. "We're going places at last. And nothing's going to stop us, once we wind her up. Let's go out and eat and send the wire to Spike."

"You come out and have dinner with us, Suzie," Wally said. in a dry voice. "We'd planned to eat together, Click."

When they were outside the building Wally said. "Let's talk it over. No use sending the wire just yet."

"Okay, boy. Hard to realize it's true at last," Click said cheerfully.

IT WAS just dusk. with lights coming on like big flowers in the darkness. Click steered the three of them over toward the harbor. They strode along, and little Suzie ran between them, double-stepping sometimes to keep up with them.

"She's such a good little youngster," Click thought, "I hate to see her hurt. But men must work—"

Many and many a night he and Wally had walked up and down the docks, smelling the sea, talking about where Click had been, and where they'd both go some day. And now they had their chance.

"Cut yourself a slice of geography," Click said, stretching out one skinny arm. "Suzie, we're lucky."

"Too lucky," Wally said. "Too double-faced lucky." They were all quiet a moment, and Click pretended not to know what he meant. He took a deep breath. and plunged into talk. Stray facts about this story, the Mayan gold I fished up at night from lagoons where it had lain for two thousand years!

"We'll run along the Equator, and try to find that imaginary lion the geographies mention." he said jauntily, but his fingers were cold in his pockets. "We'll be living stories, and home-ridden men all over the world will read 'em and be envying us. Men kept home by tonsil operations and baby food, and one thing or another."

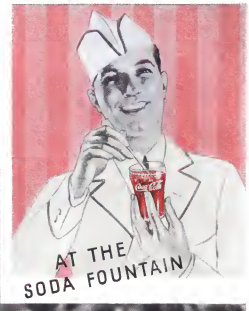
A crumpled smelly newspaper came blowing down the dock, and tackled Wally's ankle like a silent argument. Suzie picked it up and gave it to him.

"Think of it, darling," she said. "Lovers will be standing on distant docks all over the world, talking about their plans, and being happy. And your story may come blowing

[*Continued on page 30*]

"The pause that refreshes" at fountains...

is the pause that will refresh you at home



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Drink
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Delicious and Refreshing

Child's play is often mother's work. And these little human dynamos can outlast you every time. So here's another job where a pause for the wholesome energy-giving refreshment of ice-cold Coca-Cola helps a lot. It is so easy to order by the case (24 bottles) from your dealer.

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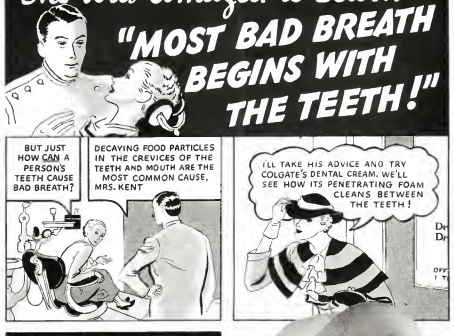
She Was Amazed to Learn—"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"


BUT JUST HOW CAN A PERSON'S TEETH CAUSE BAD BREATH?
DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN THE CREVICES OF THE TEETH AND MOUTH ARE THE MOST COMMON CAUSE, MRS. KENT
I'LL TAKE HIS ADVICE AND TRY COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. WE'LL SEE HOW ITS PENETRATING FOAM CLEANS BETWEEN THE TEETH!
SO, IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
LOOK, MOTHER! HOW MUCH BRIGHTER COLGATE'S HAS MADE MY TEETH.
YES, DEAR! AND YOUR BREATH IS AS SWEET AS A BABY'S.

Keep your teeth Brighter with Colgate's Dental Cream—and Keep your Breath Sweet, too!

YES—that's the latest word of authorities on the subject! Most bad breath comes from the same thing that causes dull, dingy teeth—and much tooth decay!

That is—*"half-clean"* teeth! Unremoved food deposits in the crevices between and around the teeth!

Plainly—it is not enough to merely "cover up" such trouble. The safe, sure way to avoid bad breath is *to remove the cause*—by regular, thorough cleansing with Colgate's Dental Cream.

Why Dentists Advise Colgate's

This toothpaste makes a special penetrating foam which gets into *all* hidden crevices of the mouth. Food deposits—between the teeth or elsewhere in the mouth—are emulsified, washed away. Every surface of every tooth is thoroughly cleaned—the *cause* of bad breath removed.

You know, from the clean, fresh feel of your mouth after each brushing, that your breath is pure, sweet, inoffensive.

At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient gently and safely polishes tooth enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. The natural lustre of your teeth is restored. Your teeth look cleaner, brighter by the time you have used a single tube.

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste. And regular use of it gives you both cleaner, brighter teeth and a pure, sweet breath. Every tube is guaranteed as described below. Get a tube today!

• • •

IF YOU PREFER POWDER . . . *Colgate's Dental Powder gives you the same amazing results, sells at the same low, money-saving prices and carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.*

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Get one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Brush your teeth with it at least twice a day, two minutes each time. When the tube is empty, consult your mirror. If you do not agree that your teeth are cleaner, brighter, your breath purer, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., and we'll refund TWICE what you paid!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, **35¢**

VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

OFTEN A BEST MAN

[Continued from page 28]

along to them—just as these stories come blowing along to us. . . ."

"Yep," Wally said, almost angrily. "We'll write swell yarns. The Allied wires will feed 'em out. The presses will groan over 'em. and people on street cars going home will read 'em." Suddenly he stopped and shook the bedraggled newspaper in Click's face. "Pretend we've gone, and come back again," he said. "And there it is, written and finished. What of it?"

"Well, what of anything?" Click said, with a short laugh. "If it comes to that."

"What's it amount to?" Wally cried. "All this fuss and noise about writing. And when you've found the one right word, and gloated over it, and written it down, somebody wraps fish in it."

"Listen, Wally," Click said pitifully. "You've not been sleeping, or something. Don't be an eggplant."

"All right." Wally said. "That's just the point. I'm all through being one. Why, one misspelled love letter is worth more than everything the Allied wire spits out in a month. . . ." His voice was as rough as a sob.

"I want you to go," Suzie said unexpectedly, from her part of the darkness. "I want you to go and forget all about me, Wally."

"I can't do that." Wally said. "You've got into me, Suzie, and there's just nothing I can do about it. Here I am having what I've wanted all my life, offered to me, and I'd rather have you."

"I'd rather you went and missed me." Suzie said steadily, "than stayed with me wishing you'd gone."

TO CLICK, sunk in despair now, this suddenly sounded like the answer. He straightened his shoulders and thought a minute. Old Shaw had said it when he remarked that there were but two tragedies in life; one when you don't get what you want; and the other when you do. Swiftly he reorganized his plans. Wally would stay home and get himself good and sick of being happy and domestic. It would mean nothing more serious than delay. . . . Click felt gay and free now; he could afford to be generous.

He turned suddenly and grinned at them. "Hey, kids, you don't have to choose," he said. "You can have both, son. Live dangerously for the next six months, and then sometime later we'll go out, if Suzie will let us, and do our job."

"You're sure you want that, dearest?" Suzie said, and then she put her face against Wally's coat and wept, and he promised and promised.

"Listen, you two," Click said. "What's the use of wasting time? Why don't we all get married tonight, and start living this wonderful life you tell me about?"

They looked at him as if he had offered them the universe.

"I'll make the arrangements," Click said. "Often a best man, but never a world traveler." He screwed up his face in what he hoped looked like a grin. Then he dashed around and phoned and telegraphed, while Wally and Suzie followed in a daze.

But somehow they were married, and Click went home to bed, weary and sad, but not by any means defeated. He'd learned from Suzie how to manage Wally. It would take less than six months, probably.

THE first few weeks it did look pretty discouraging, because they were so disgustingly happy. Wally'd stop in the middle of a good story to call up Suzie. He went around with a bunch of celery sticking out of his pocket, and sent the office boy out to pay the gas bill, like any other humdrum married man.

But Click bore it somehow. reminding himself that nothing wears people out like too much happiness. "Once it dawns on 'em they've got the whole rest of their lives to gaze at each other," he said gloomily to himself. "Wally'll start looking around."

And sure enough, Wally did start looking around. He began staying late, talking with Click the way he used to talk, wild and excited. Pictures to be taken, words to be written, and the world calling.

"Let's us get up a good assignment somewhere, Click," he said sheepishly one night.

"What for?" Click said cautiously. "We're doin' all right."

"There's things to see," Wally said. "Oh, I don't know." But he began talking about that story in Brazil.

"It's still there, I guess." Click said indifferently. "But what d'you care? You're married. . . ."

"What's that got to do with it?" Wally asked belligerently.

"Well, you wouldn't want to leave Suzie. You got things at home to keep you."

"Suzie'd be all right. You act as if we lived in the pioneer days or something. We've got a lifetime ahead of us together, haven't we?"

But Click skillfully changed the subject, talking tiresomely about the tame happenings of their own city, even asking about the Sunday night suppers Suzie, a model of wifeliness, exchanged with stodgy neighbors.

"What's the matter with you, Click? Getting old? Let's work up something with Spike Murphy, before you ossify in your boots."

"What for?" Click dared to say. "When it's all written, what's it amount to anyway? A few columns for people to skim through, and then something to wrap sausage in." And then he had the exquisite joy of seeing Suzie's system work for him, for here was Wally working himself into a frenzy trying to convince him of the very thing he'd planned. It was too easy, really.

So at last, practically forced to by Wally, Click sent off the telegram querying Spike Murphy again. Suzie, disarmed by the stupefying months of having her own way, didn't even bother finessing. In fact, she hurried Wally off by doing everything she could to keep him from wanting to go. She kept printing out how happy they were, quite forgetting what she'd once known so well. And that is that the answer to any toopositive statement becomes, "Yes, but. . . ." It's that combative thing in human nature that has dragged the race up from one fallacy to another.

"You might as well make the best of it, Suzie, old girl," Click said consolingly. "Let him go. He'll miss you like the devil, and that's better than having him here with you, wishing he was somewhere else." But Suzie had forgotten that she ever knew such reasoning. She wanted him home, because ships sometimes sink, and reptiles bite, and there may be beautiful maidens in Brazil.

"I've got to think of something," she told Click. "I've done everything

[Continued on page 33]

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OFTEN A BEST MAN

[Continued from page 30]

I could think of to make him want to stay home. I've really made myself sick worrying about it." But she kept right on with her mistake, lacing him in tighter and tighter with the well-known home ties.

"When you're an old lady, I'll tell you a sure-fire trick about handling men," Click said. "It's a secret I learned from a woman, once." He knew he was skating on thin ice, but even so he couldn't resist cutting a figure eight; after all, Suzie had caused him plenty of grief. But it looked now as if she had finished, and nothing could stop them.

AT LAST they had the assignment again in their pockets, and Wally was wild with excitement. They sat up half the night talking and talking, the way they had once. It seemed even more wonderful, for all the hazards their companionship had weathered.

But suddenly everything collapsed. Click had gone over to New York to arrange the final details; Wally was to come the next day. But when Click got down to the Allied office, there was a telegram for him; he knew when he saw it that something terrible had happened, and just on the off chance he said, "Damn that little Suzie."

"Well," he said desperately to himself, tearing it open, "if he's decided we have to drag Suzie along, I'll make the best even of that, somehow."

But it was worse than that, even. Wally said. "Get somebody else, boy. More important matters keep me at home. Love and kisses."

Click saw red then. He strode into a telephone booth and called their house long distance. The sweet little voice of Suzie herself answered.

"What's all this about?" he shouted.

"Oh, Click, I'm so happy," she said. "I thought and thought about what you said. I knew you wanted to help me."

"What did I say?" he asked wildly.

"That secret you said you'd tell me some day about keeping Wally at home."

"Oh, that," he said heavily.

"It's a man biting a dog, honey," she said, and her voice was all trembling, and Click felt that silly lump coming up in his throat, the way it did when he was disgusted at maudlin happiness. "When a man holds a baby, that's a nuisance," she said, "but when a baby holds a man, that's news . . ."

Click couldn't think of anything to say. Perspiration broke out on his head. Suddenly he remembered that shadow on the snow. Suzie and he walking along, looking like a man and his little boy going home together.

She was saying in her smallest, most pathetic voice, "I wish you didn't have to be so far away, Click. . . ."

"Don't ask me to stay home," he warned her gruffly.

"I wouldn't dream of it," she said, with certainty. "You've got to go, Click. It's your job and you've simply got to go. . . ."

"I do, huh? Well, who says so? What's the rush? I'll go next year, or sometime. Don't think you can make me go to Brazil, if I don't want to. I'm coming home and crochet bootees."

"Oh, Click," she said in a little sob, "you're my best friend. You always help me get what I want."

"I guess that's about right, honey," he said dismally.

• • •

THE FIRST LADY

[Beginning on page 4]

Chicago, because Mrs. Roosevelt, who had known and worked with her for years, picked her to help run her husband's pre-convention campaign.

Since everybody has to be explained in terms of the new psychology, it may as well be pointed out that Eleanor Roosevelt underwent a frightfully repressed bringing up and probably suffered from an inferiority complex, due to not being pretty. Two years ago she published her father's letters, and in her own annotations recalled a visit she paid to Hyde Park at the age of two—then being the famous occasion on which Franklin, aged four crawled around the nursery carrying her on his back.

"I am told that I was sent down at tea time to the library in a starched white frock and stood bashfully by the door until my mother saw me and called to me to come in, as she always called me that, for I was a solemn child, without beauty and painfully shy, and I seemed like a little old woman entirely lacking in the spontaneous joy and mirth of youth. My father was always devoted to me, however, and as soon as I could talk I went into his dressing room every morning and chattered to him, often shaking my finger at him as you can see in the portrait of me at the age of five, which we still have. I even danced for him, intoxicated by the pure joy of motion, twirling round and round until he would pick me up and throw me into the air and tell me I made him dizzy."

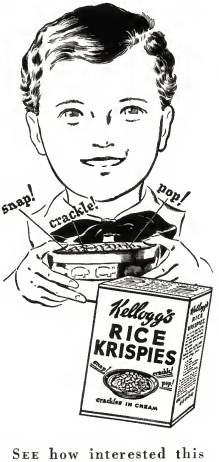
Her mother, one of the lovely Hall sisters, came of a family which thought that to be beautiful was the first duty of daughters. Her father, the gay and dashing and warm-hearted Elliott, was "the one great love of my life as a child." Both parents were dead by the time she was ten, and her maternal grandmother tried hard to jam the reluctant Eleanor into the mold of a young lady of fashion. She still recalls how she was made to practise walking with a cane hooked behind her elbows, to develop the proper pouter-pigeon thrust.

IN HER early teens this lonely and little-understood child was sent to England to school, and there came under the influence of an amazing school-mistress, Mlle. Souvestre. In the late nineties this Frenchwoman dared to believe that women had minds and were meant to use them, dared to hate war and the one-sided distribution of the world's goods. She was probably the first human being who fully appreciated Eleanor. She turned her loose in her own library. During the holidays she took her to the Continent and showed her what slums were like; infected her with her own impatience for a better world. Under this inspiration, Eleanor came home to New York filled with youthful ardor for reform. She lived in a settlement house for awhile, and

[Continued on page 61]

"Listen, DADDY..."

it's just like magic"



SEE how interested this youngster is. Of course, he doesn't know why Kellogg's Rice Krispies crackle in milk or cream. But he never grows tired of hearing that magic sound and eating those crunchy toasted rice bubbles.

Rice Krispies always appeal to mothers because they are so convenient to serve. Just fill up the cereal bowls and presto! They are ready to eat! Nourishing and easy to digest. Just the thing for a quick lunch or between-meal snack. At the nursery supper Rice Krispies encourage sound sleep.

Grocers everywhere sell Rice Krispies in the Mother Goose story package that children love. The heat-sealed WAXTITE bag inside the package keeps Rice Krispies oven-fresh. Quality guaranteed. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Listen!—get *hungry*

I'm going to sponsor a race—Debby adding a sum and you doing a bit of needle work."

He looked at her sharply, but her merry eyes were tender—as tender for Stuart as for her beloved Debby.

There was the miracle of this sun-faced child; she possessed a warm impulsive sweetness that shone through beauty, and stirred the heart. She was the one member of his family who pleased Stuart. Brub was only in the grubworm stage yet; but Chris was magnificent with her ease and poise and vivid personality. There were things ahead of her, if only she did not follow the Progress tendency to destroy herself. He felt the responsibility of her heavily, for who could know the heart of so gay-spirited and fine-spun a girl.

"If Deborah was the slightest help to me in rearing these children. How should I be expected to know anything about girls? I don't know much about boys. I never was," thought Stuart, "but one of them."

"I'm going out to Dale's," announced Chris, pausing in the door. "Why don't you come too, Debby? We're making a rock garden."

Deborah wanted to. "But I've letters to write." She changed this hurriedly to, "I must answer Aunt Lou's birthday card. And besides the man from . . . . and then it's Saturday. . . ."

She knew it wasn't the slightest good trying to fool Stuart about the letters; he saw straight through the tissue paper of her mind. So she tried to make it look as if the letter were of no particular importance by getting the garden shears and the rose basket and going down the side steps into the flower garden. But not too far away from the house to hear the telephone if it rang. Her days were composed of wild races; getting to the telephone before Stuart did, getting to the door before Stuart did, getting the letters in the mail box before Stuart did.

Only at night, alone in darkness, did Deborah dare to have her own thoughts. And then they were following a shabby figure as it wandered from town to town. . . .

CHRIS'S car spun down the drive; Deborah's footfall faded along the garden path. Stuart sat in his study.

And now a strange sound smote his ear: accurately placed footsteps coming with a measured and hollow caution down the stairs, and another figure passed through the shaft of light, getting out of the house without Stuart knowing. . . .

Stuart hit him win the lower hall.

"Brub!"

Victory went out of the feet. Brub's knees went limp. His shoulders gave up.

"Yes, sir."

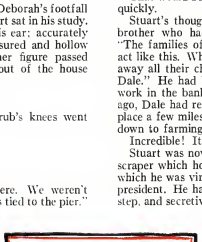
"Where are you heading now?"

"Well, I just. . . ."

"That boat again?"

"Well, I just—he's got it out there. We weren't gonna sail, but only clean her up. She's tied to the pier."

"After all that's been said about that boat."



"I said I wouldn't sail on it. You didn't say you didn't want me to *sit* on the boat. You said you didn't want me to sail, and I said I wouldn't sail," protested Brub elaborately. "We're just gonna sit there," he burst out desperately, "and clean her up. Can't I even do that?"

Stuart only looked at him.

Brub was near to tears. Some boys went past, and shouts of freedom came like little clear puffs of smoke, and Brub craned his neck to see, and then turned a tragic face to Stuart. "Well, do I go or not?"

Stuart only looked at him.

He would have flung himself on the floor in the wildest weeping, but Stuart's contempt of tears held Brub's shoulders pinned to the stiff air. His face, with misery painted on fatness, went through a struggle so gigantic that it ceased to resemble itself.

"You gave me your word. If I can't depend on your word, Robert, what can I depend on? Must I take to locking you in your room?"

The face had won its battle. Still keeping his shoulders straight Brub went slowly down the hall. He went out to the side steps where he couldn't be seen from the street and dropped down.

Presently another bunch passed and stopped, and Brub heard the familiar whistle. He crouched lower so they would not see him. They whistled again, and Floyd called before they trailed noisily off. Floyd would wait for him a while on the pier, and then he'd get another kid. The chain rattling, the white sail leaping to life. You lay on your back and moved like the wind between the blue sky and the blue lake. The drip

DRUMS OF THE NIGHT

[Beginning on page 7]

of the water, washing in small eddies about the bow; a silver fish making a silver flip. He and Floyd a part of this. Two pals.

Floyd had chosen him. Floyd was older and he didn't traffic much with the little fellows; his gang was the big boy gang. They'd all been coming off the boat last Saturday—that was before this boy had had to go and get himself drowned—and Floyd called out, "Brub, you come back next Saturday and help me fix this center board before we take 'er out." And now Floyd was there waiting for him, and Floyd would never again ask Brub to do anything with him.

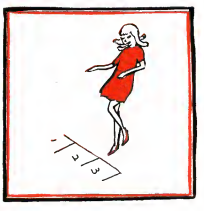
He put his head down on his knees.

Deborah spoke softly above the bowed head. "Why don't you go up to see Susie." Susie was his girl.

But this was a day of tragedy. "I showed there this morning. She wouldn't come out."

Presently a small, defiant, fiery figure stood in Stuart's door, eyeing him unhappily. "Well, then, do you care if I go out to Dale's?"

Dale again. They're never satisfied to stay at home. It's always Dale's. He spoke with irritation. "You know very well I don't care if you go to Dale's. If you can find somebody to take you out there."



That would be easy, Brub told him, and disappeared quickly.

Stuart's thoughts now went to Dale—that younger brother who had so amazed and disappointed him. "The families of other men—less worthy men—don't act like this. What's the matter with mine? Throwing away all their chances . . . . Deborah . . . . and then Dale." He had been so proud of Dale; proud of his work in the bank, for Dale rose rapidly; then, a year ago, Dale had resigned his position and bought a little place a few miles from town, built a house, and settled down to farming on a small scale.

Incredible! It simply didn't do to think about it.

Stuart was now a wealthy man. He owned the skyscraper which housed the large insurance company of which he was virtually the head, though listed as vice-president. He had made his fortune slow step by slow step, and secretively. Only two men in the world knew that he owned that building; and no one—certainly not his family!—guessed the extent of his holdings. He believed that Dale, from some source in his blood there, had found out; and at once, in the unambitious, happy-hearted tradition of the Progress men, he had tossed up his job and retired to the country to play. Stuart was humiliated. But nothing he could say had moved Dale.

Another worry. Yesterday Hollinsworth, president of his company, had dropped a hint. Sid, his son, had come into the office out of temper, banging things round, and when he left Hollinsworth had said, "All washed out this morning. That's because of Chris. Did you know . . . . she's given Sid the air for a—*he says*—service station mechanic."

"That can't be true." Stuart had answered flatly.

"Just what I told him. Young fellows in love see red half the time."

Stuart had forgotten it until now. His frown grew formidable.

"I won't have it. I'll not go through *that* again."

THERE'S something in this cider, Linda . . . . what? It's got a kick."

Linda wouldn't tell. "Sugar," she said, twinkling.

They picked up the rock garden and ran after Linda with it, trying to make her tell what was in the cider. But she wouldn't.

"Now we've got to get some order here," shouted Dale. "Come on everybody and get assigned jobs, so this farm can go along with its growing."

Lucy and Jim called out that they were planting feathers for a chicken tree—well, anyway, a feather duster. And North Hutchins and Sally Price kept right on jabbing at the big Elberta in the very top of the tree with a fishing pole.

Dale banged on the wheelbarrow with a stick.

"Jim, you and Lucy quit being funny about the feathers and step lively and help Joe and Sylvia get that rock garden back where it was. And you two, jabbing the peach, are to help me move some shrub that Linda wants moved. And for picking the blackeyed peas, Philip and Grace. Oh, all right then, Mary and—who? Who's your lad, Mary? Hasn't come, what? Chris and Sid can cultivate the roses. All hands fall to, and in just fifteen minutes I'm coming to inspect."

With a yell they were off, dashing over the new frames and Dale's young celery plants. This was a new kind of party, and lately had taken the place of the Saturday afternoon swim in the club pools or matches on various tennis courts. They said that Dale and Linda were the only honest to gosh people in the world. Each of them had something of his own growing in the ground here, and the boys had gone up on the roof and put the famous patch there. Which gave the place its name. At The Sign Of The Patched Roof.

The two Progress men could scarcely have been taken for brothers. Stuart was impressive, a fine upstanding figure of a man—a personage. Dale was slight, and though he was eight years younger than Stuart—who was thirty-nine—he had aged in some way. His shoulders stooped and there was gray at his temples. Yet a very definite force and vitality were his, and a warmth reached you from his fine eyes; they were Progress eyes, a deep intrepid gray, almost slate. But the quality that warmed you in Dale's glance, Stuart had quenched in his.

Dale Progress was loved. When he moved to the country he did not lose his contact with life—life came to him. It romped over his gardens—as now; it smoked its sedate middle-aged cigars on the cool of his terrace on summer evenings; it leaned over his fence in old broken shoes and in a cracked voice it told him why it was without home and loved ones. Hitch-hikers invariably stopped at the Sign of the Patched Roof. Stray boys, cross country travelers, plain old bums. Some of these stayed a week or two, helping on the place, moved on.

"More slip-shod methods," said Stuart, coldly disapproving.

CHRIS and Sid Hollinsworth were cultivating the roses. They each had a garden fork and Chris worked eagerly and with enthusiasm, but Sid was bored.

"If that garden fork was a golf club," said Chris with scorn, "it wouldn't be so physically grilling."

"How soon can we cut this and get off somewhere in the car?"

"Isn't this big-time sport?"

"Too slow. I like motion."

"That's a good one. Your idea of a ride is to park."

He smiled slowly, his eyes clinging to her. "If it's you I'm parked with."

She wished she didn't dislike him violently. He was a handsome lad and most of the girls thought his droopy eyes were thrilling.

"Look out, Sid, you're digging up the roots."

"What's a root or two. Don't they have lots of 'em?"

Out of the corner of her eye she saw a small commotion on the porch and the crowd there greeting someone. A tall dark head towered over all the other heads. Tony Darrin had arrived.

"Sid, we could do this better with a little sharp hoe that Dale keeps in the tool room. You chase after it."

He looked relieved, and threw down the fork. "You mean that room with the slanting roof?" And made off, mopping his face and neck.

She knew he would loiter in the cool tool shed, smoking, talking with the boys gathered there. She glanced toward the porch.

Tony was talking with Linda and Mary Terrill was hanging on his arm, acting possessive. Chris saw him take Mary's hand from his arm, and deliberately turning, search the grounds.

Her heart would make itself heard in spite of all she could do. She bent over a rose bush, absorbed.

But when he stood beside her—"Hello, Tony. I'm working."

She raised her face now. Their eyes met, and the air went up in a burst of clear white flame. His gaze engulfed her; a slim, golden-haired girl, in a sheer green dress.

"You do all this field work?" [*Turn to page 57*]

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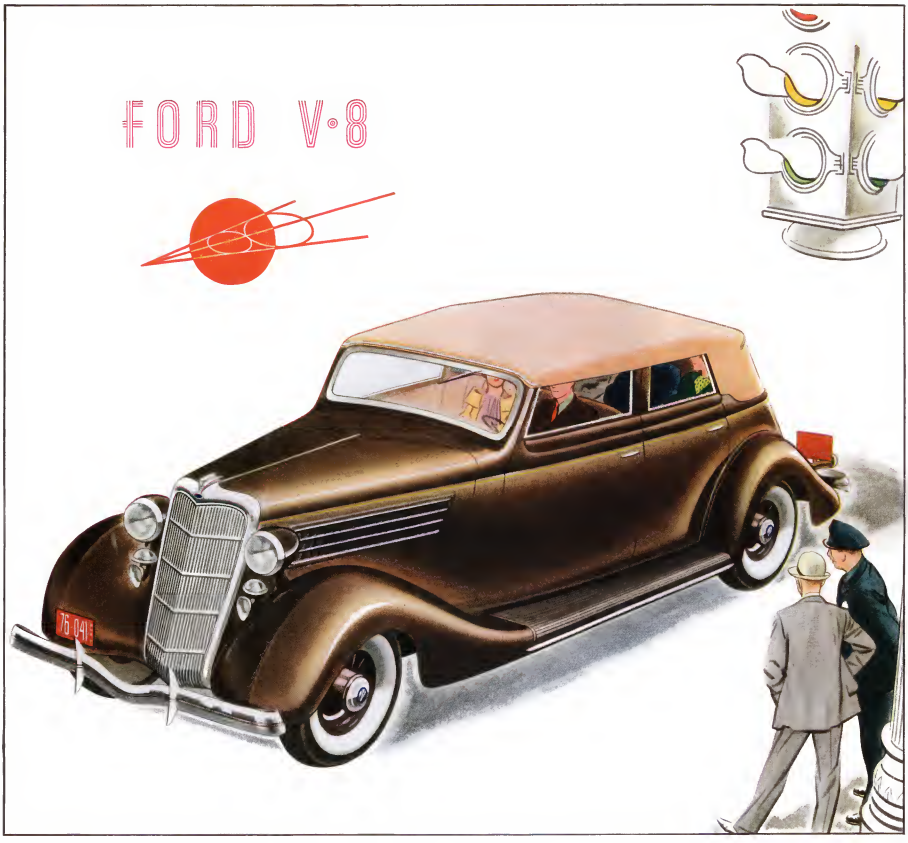

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And that's *very* important! For if a youngster hates the taste of a laxative and struggles against taking it, her nerves are upset by the struggle. And her stomach, rebelling against the flavor, may be upset also!

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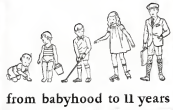

from babyhood to 11 years

DRUMS OF THE NIGHT

[Continued from page 37]

She said now, for she had gone back in her mind over all the sweet days, the brief stolen minutes when he cut in at dances, the rapt moments alone on some moonlit terrace, for she was supposed to be Sid's girl and Sid took care of his property.

"You've never told me how you came to get a job at a service station in a flying field."

He cleared that up. "Every time I rode out there was some woman in distress. It lost me some change once. I stopped out of courtesy to a pretty face, and these fellows jumped from behind a bush and frisked me of forty cents. So after that I took refuge behind a service station to continue my Sir Galahad services to women."

"Now tell Number Two."

"Case Number Two. My old man heads an oil company that's temporarily low in its mind on account of proration, so I stepped out of college and grabbed a pick and ax."

"How did you happen to come to this town?"

"Case Number Three. I had spent my inheritance in iniquity, so I got vanished to this backwash."

"Banished, crazy."

"Vanished was the word I meant. And then, out of a fog and a rain you drove to me."

"I drove to the service station. Did I know you were there?"

"You may have."

"Careful, mister."

He said, "You may not know it, but we're practically engaged. I and you. That right?"

"Your grammar hurts my ears. Tell me, did you get vanished from Harvard?"

He laughed and laughed. He said, "There's an eatery down this road, and a kind of dumb boy who knows how to fling pig sandwiches."

"Let's go there."

They went there. They pulled in at the roadside stand and had a pig sandwich and a soda, and another pig and soda, and three cones each.

Tony said to the dumb boy. "Can you now give us sandwiches of pickled peacock tongue?"

"Why, no, sir, I don't believe. . . ." He saw Tony was kidding him, and grinned—a slow abashed grin.

He looked like Brub and he was sweet. Everyone was sweet. This whole world—cows breathing in a field, an old man in a white coat holding out popcorn sacks, and farmers' boys headed for town.

"Let's ride and ride until we come to some place that strikes both of us as a good stopping place."

"All right," she said, "go along to the place you're thinking about."

THEY rode and rode. Dusk, and evening, and the changing air. On a cliff above a lake he stopped. Strings of lights outlined a bathing beach and long piers with people on them; and little boats putting out and putting back with a music of young engines. But up on this cliff it was dark and secluded.

Now he acknowledged, "I selected this place a week ago for us to get engaged in."

He took her in his arms. He pushed back her hair and kissed her forehead, and then her waiting lips.

His second kiss was very gentle. He didn't speak just at once, and when he did his voice had grown up to meet this new solemn situation.

"Now we're engaged. Did you know?"

She nodded—tears on her lashes.

He said huskily, "This is a big thing. This is an awfully big thing. It's different from what happens to most. Does this mean to you what it means to me?"

She spoke in a passionate vowing. "It means everything to me!"

He drew her closer, her cheek against his cheek. "Listen, there's something new—something going on out there. . . ."

"I hear drums in the night. We've joined a sort of chorus."

THE darkness was alive, pouring a power into them. They heard it breathe under the trees and along the shore and then out over the water to tremble and break in a fringe of dancing lights. The moon came up, steadied itself in this new world, and started on a new journey.

"We've got serious talk, Chris. We've got problems. First, there's your uncle, the man who won't love me, and because he's your uncle I've got to be concerned. I never knew that little curls were this soft. How did your uncle get like he is?"

"I suppose it was because of Debby. She's his only sister, and she ran away when she was very young and married a good-looking stranger that nobody knew anything about. She was so pretty and gay and gentle and trusting, and Ben Walton was wild about her. . . ."

"Ben's a good fellow. You suppose that's why he's not married?"

"It might be. This Lucas De Weese, the man she did marry, had a fast line and the manner of a man of the world. At first they traveled about from city to city, living in the most expensive hotels, and he bought her diamonds and furs and a swank car. Debby thought he was in business in a big way, but he was only a professional gambler and race track habitué. And into, and out of, different get-rich-quick schemes. So presently they were living in second-rate boarding houses, and then tourist camps. It must have been pretty bad, because after four or five years she wrote and asked if she might come home for a visit.

"I was only twelve then and Brub six. All that time Stuart hadn't written her a line—he's the kind who never forgives, never forgets—but he wrote that she could come back and take the housekeeper's place if she'd leave Lucas. It was supposed to be a final separation, but she's never divorced him."

"What became of the poor devil?"

"He's still following races, I should think, or promoting more schemes. He's been here three or four times to see Debby. The first time he put up at our house, but Stuart . . . and after that he'd get a room and come out for a meal or two."

"I bet that was hot for her."

"Pretty hot. He doesn't look like he did ten years ago, when they married. He's thin and shabby and humble. She's always afraid he'll get into trouble, or that he's ill. It keeps her with the jitters."

"So that's what gave Stuart shell shock on me?"

"I shouldn't wonder. Here's a white thread on your coat." She plucked it off and held it up in the moonlight. "I thought at first it was a great big platinum blonde hair. I wonder where you got a strand of white thread."

[*Continued on page 40*]

"HERE'S ONE THAT MAKES HISTORY"

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Can't blame him. He'll give in on mopping dishes and wiping silver. But when it comes to the greasy pots and smeary pans, the old boy just naturally balks.

Try putting S.O.S. into his hands. Then watch him go to it. First thing you know, he'll be telling *you* how it ought to be done. Especially when he finds out that S.O.S. "*cuts*" the grease, *scours* away burned-on food, and *polishes*—in one easy operation.

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DRUMS OF THE NIGHT

[Continued from page 38]

"Darning my socks. It's a rough life for us womanless men."

"So women are for darning socks, are they?"

"Do you mean you wouldn't? I bet I have to beat you to get one little old pair of socks mended. Well, I can do it."

The boats had come in, their lights winking out. The bathers, dripping silver, came up out of quicksilver water. They seemed a race transformed—all a part of this wonder and this newness, with little tongues of lightning playing over their bodies, betraying an inner secret power and mystery. She wanted to call to them, "Something has happened! You've been going forward to this for years—and it's here! Don't miss it. It's greater than anything that can ever come again." The night's magic had come into their bodies and made them receptive, and anything could happen on a night like this.

Tony said, "I want us to keep this madness that's on the earth tonight. This reverence for each other. Why should marriage grow less thrilling, if we love? The trouble with most people is they quit doing just what we're doing now—dreaming on a hill in the moonlight. They get down to a sort of hard-driven partnership to see how much loot they can snatch off the world—furniture, houses, automobiles, curtains. Let's you and me never let furniture get us down."

"No. Nor a radio."

"Let's make a solemn agreement that if ever we get into a furniture or radio fight we'll hop in the car and come out here to this very spot and watch the moon rise, and see if in about fifteen minutes we don't look funny to each other. Chris, I swear that I will always keep you in that place in my regard that you are in tonight." He made it sound solemn and binding.

After a moment Chris spoke, "Tony, I have a sort of secret."

"What?" he asked, bending down. "What do you know?"

She hesitated—it was such a little thing to tell; she wouldn't dream of telling anyone else. "It isn't so dignified as a philosophy, and you'll laugh, but it stands by you when you're getting those bad breaks. It's just—*don't get fussed.*"

He didn't laugh. "Good enough." "If you let yourself get fussed, you lose your sense of values and then you lose yourself. It's when people go off their heads that they mess up their chances."

"That's right. There's a wonderful life here, Chris. A wonderful way of life. You can't tell me it's all sordid and drab and meaningless. Of course you can have that kind of mind if you prefer; you can emphasize any element in your make-up and color the day with that. But there's this strange compelling beauty. . . . I feel it in the air; in myself; and in you. I want us to have this life. I want us to get the best, and to give those about us a chance at the best. I can't think of anything bigger."

THEY rode through the lacquered forests, and the drums of the night rode with them. Each moment gave up new richness, new knowledge. She thought, "I know how he looks in the moonlight." Strength came to her from him. She felt insured, protected against all hazards. "There's something in this world that is near to divinity. We'll touch it one day. . . ." And her thoughts went ahead, close and sweet. . . . "Children, ask your father. He knows best."

"What made you just then dig your little nose into my sleeve?" he wanted to know.

But she would not tell him; it was between her and the children.

"And I've got to get round your uncle." He kept coming back to that. "They tell me he never changes. They say he's a hard man."

"Perhaps that's true, but I'll tell you something else—he's lonely."

"Everybody is. Even with my hand on yours like this. . . ."

"Yes."

LIFE is a solo flight, Chris. But I don't blame him for wanting to protect a little thing like you."

"When you sift things down you hardly ever can blame people. This is a good car, Tony."

"That reminds me—I want you to know I'm working on a thing, back in back of that shop. I've rigged up a little experimenting room there at the flying field, and the thing I'm making, or rather that I'm hoping to perfect, would make a big difference in a car—the drive would be smoother, and it would cut down gas about four gallons. I'll take you back there and show you. You know," getting excited, "about twin ignition? It isn't that but it's one step farther. I've had it in mind since I was a frosh at college."

Her hand snuggled inside his proudly. "Does your father know?"

"Yeah, he knows, and I know, and now you. That's all."

Not more tonight . . . not more than this. Something would break in the fragile heart.

"My old man thinks it's an okay idea, too. He's hard up, and that's why I left college last spring. He's worked hard all his life, and he's been honest. And right now his stock is not worth a damn. So I've got to make good for my old man, and for my woman."

"Oh, Tony, he'll be my father! Could Brub, too, have this father?"

"*If you* let him," said Brub, they'll get on. I like that kid. He's substantial. Don't you remember your own father, Chris?"

"Scarcely at all. He was killed just before Brub was born, and Mother died then. Uncle Stuart took us in and I must have been rather paralyzing to have two strange youngsters wished on you, and he's not the kind who understands children, though he tried."

"Didn't he ever love anybody?"

She tried to remember, "No," said Chris finally, "he has never loved a soul."

Where the drive curved in and the lavender bushes were fainting in their sweetness, Chris and Tony said good night. How many Progress women had paused in the rich deep shadows here to say good night to how many lovers!

"Sweet sleep tonight." And still he held her close.

She felt the weight of a thousand moon-mad nights press down upon her. And was seized with panic. "Tony, something moved." The soft rush of skirts . . . . upflung white arm . . . . wan faces . . . . Goodbye and not good night. . . .

"Why, you're shaking. It's just a little old sleepy owl mumbling in the tree."

[*Continued on page 42*]

HE CALLED IT "HASH DE LUXE"

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Claudette Colbert

PARAMOUNT STAR

"Poor me, I do feel sorry for myself this morning. What a night, what a night! But how can a girl get her beauty sleep when her skin's all over prickles?"

"Lookit what's come into our life! Bet if I sprinkled myself with clouds and clouds of this Johnson's Baby Powder I'd like myself again."

"Mmm—now I'm better. That smoothy-soft powder makes me feel so nice—and smell so nice—and look so nice. I'll just have to give myself a great big kiss!"

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"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . count on me to keep babies fine and fit! Just feel my satiny-smoothness between your thumb and finger . . . I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles in me . . . and no orris root, either. Try me—and don't forget my partners, Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream."

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

DRUMS OF THE NIGHT

[Continued from page 40]

She laughed softly. The haggard moment eddied and foamed, and broke harmlessly against the protection of strong arms and fadeless love.

She slipped without sound through the door, and taking off her shoes guided herself up the stair by the handrail. There was too much moonlight in this house. Again, as under the lavender bush, she felt the push of hidden forces. Oh, why did rooms seek to signal you—to speak?

Yet how could they not when so much beat against their wooden walls? Brub had wept himself to sleep, and tears still held in the unreleasing space.

Sitting huddled on the side steps Brub had waited to hear the boys come home from the lake. Dusk had gathered in the gardens; the moon climbed the branches of the big elm. Now they were coming.

Tired and happy and filled with experience, they pushed through the shadows in the streets like a phantom army. He listened, his very life hanging on the moment when they should reach the front of his house. Would they remember and whistle? The familiar loved neighborhood call would restore him to his circle. But the impressive wave swept past.

They stood at the dividing line between little boys and big boys, when you did not dare miss one gathering for fear of losing your place, and a word decided you one way or the other. At once, with the omission of the familiar whistle, Brub ceased to be of them. And he knew. Broken-hearted, he sobbed himself to sleep.

CHRIS, is that you?"

"I didn't dream it was so late." Chris whispered. "I thought I heard a sound from Brub's room, but I looked in and he was sleeping. Why are you at the window, Debby? Not watching for me? Not worried?"

"Not worried for you, darling."

"Did he say anything about my being out late?"

"No. He's been asleep hours."

But she would have lied to save Chris her magic hour, for Debby would know what this night had meant.

Chris whispered. "There's something out there. It almost speaks—almost reaches to you with its words. It's beautiful—but it hurts. If I could find out what it is it wouldn't hurt."

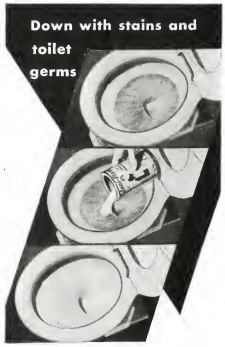
I should like to make the path of this child beautiful, Debby thought. But I cannot help her. She must discover the truth. It's love that hurts.

Stuart was not asleep. He had had his hour of uneasiness; of anger; of ghosts that rose from the past. One o'clock was too late to be riding with a boy she hardly knew. He must talk with her about this. "I won't have her throwing herself away—not Chris. I ought to go in there right now and have this business settled once and for all time."

But the moonlight said . . . not tonight. Not on a night like this.

And far away in another town a man stopped in that strange unreal nostalgic moonlight, and made a decision, and turning his car about, headed in an opposite direction.

[Continued in OCTOBER McCALL'S]



THE toilet bowl can be a breeding place for dangerous germs. Unpleasant odors become noticeable. Stains and streaks mar the appearance of a water-closet. Don't put up with it! Sani-Flush keeps the toilet sparkling like new. And you don't rub or scrub.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl (follow directions on the can). Flush the toilet—and the job is done. Porcelain sparkles.

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TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

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Hooray—for these Picnic "Eats"

AND CRISCO THAT MADE ALL THREE!

PICNIC LUNCH

Picnic Turnovers • Sandwiches • Potato Chips
Deviled Eggs • Pickles • Cole Slaw (in jar)
Chocomint Cake • Cherry Tartlets • Coffee (in thermos)
Lemonade (Juice and sugar in jar—add water later)

I don't care how many years old you are, if you love picnics, you're young! I dote on them myself, but I don't like a last hour fuss before starting. That's why I'm giving you three Crisco picnic basket surprises which you can make the day before.

Each one is very different. Picnic Turnovers, Chocomint Cake and Cherry Tartlets are so different they provide variety—yet it's the same creamy sweet digestible Crisco that makes them taste so good. Use Crisco in *all three* if you want top-notch results.

Crisco is "all purpose" shortening

Thousands of women have discovered that Crisco is the *only* cooking fat and shortening they need. It's their standby for digestible pastry, biscuits and fried foods—and it's just as good for delicate cakes! Maybe you'd like to prove this. If you've a conservative friend who still makes cakes the old way, have her sample this feather-light Chocomint Cake. Then, when she starts oh-ing, tell her about pre-creamed Crisco—and how Crisco cuts down cake costs, too!

Today's real value—Crisco

Today Crisco, the finest shortening of all, is a "leading value." Compare the price of Crisco with prices of ordinary shortenings . . . and you'll see why you can now afford to use this pure digestible shortening for all your cooking and baking. Just a hint: the 3-lb. size is especially economical as it gives you Crisco at its lowest cost per pound. And remember—Crisco keeps marvelously sweet and digestible, even through a 99° heat wave! WINIFRED S. CARTER

1 PICNIC TURNOVERS

Use light digestible Crisco always!

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup Crisco
4 teaspoons baking powder
⅓ cup milk or water

Sift dry ingredients. Use fork to cut in light digestible Crisco (the vegetable shortening). Add liquid. Stir half a minute. Roll out ¼ inch thick on floured board. Divide into 8 squares. On half of each square, spread filling (see below). Moisten edges of dough, lap over to form triangles and press firmly together. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20-25 minutes. When cold, excellent for picnic and school lunch boxes. Can be served hot with gravy for luncheon and dinner at home.

Chicken Filling: Shred cooked chicken or veal to make 1½ cups. Add ⅓ cup thick gravy, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 hard cooked eggs (diced) and 2 tablespoons sliced pimientoes.

Ham Filling: Grind or mince 1½ cups of cooked ham, mix to paste with 3 tablespoons mayonnaise and ½ teaspoon prepared mustard. Place a thin slice of American cheese in each turnover, and cover with ham paste.

2 CHOCOMINT CAKE

Remember—pre-creamed Crisco needs no creaming

½ cup Crisco
1½ cups sugar
2½ cups cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
4 egg whites
½ cup finely crushed peppermint candy

Beat fluffy Crisco and sugar until light and airy. Sift dry ingredients. Add alternately with water to Crisco mixture. Add lemon juice. Fold in egg whites beaten stiff but not dry. Pour into "Criscoed" oblong pan (8" x 12"). Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30-40 minutes. After cake has baked *5 minutes*, sprinkle top with crushed peppermint candy (use the food chopper to crush stick candy). After cake is cooled and iced, it can be cut in squares, and carried in its pan to the picnic.

Chocolate Icing: Blend ¼ cup of creamy Crisco with 2 egg yolks and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add 3 squares melted bitter chocolate. Add 2 cups confectioners sugar alternately with 3 tablespoons thin cream. Beat to spreading consistency.

All Measurements Level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

3 CHERRY TARTLETS

gives you 8 to 10 flaky digestible pastries

1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup Crisco
4-6 tablespoons cold water

Sift dry ingredients. Cut in creamy digestible Crisco (the pure vegetable shortening). Add as little water as possible. Roll ⅛ inch thick on lightly floured board. Line shallow muffin rings. Brush with melted Crisco. Fill with Cherry Filling (see below). Cut remaining pastry into narrow strips and lay criss-cross, moistening ends and pressing into pastry rim. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 20 minutes. These can be taken to picnic in their pans.

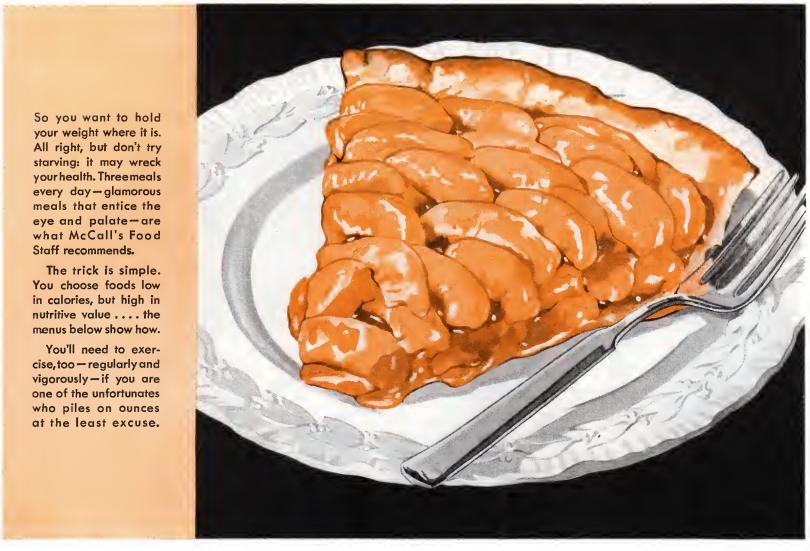
Fresh Cherry Filling: Stem and stone 1 quart red cherries. Mix 1 cup sugar and 2 tablespoons flour. Combine with cherries.

Canned Cherry Filling: (If you can't obtain fresh cherries)—Drain canned cherries, to get 1¾-2 cups of fruit. Mix ½ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon flour. Mix with cherries. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Fills 8 tartlets.

ONLY 10c brings you "Favorite Recipes", the Crisco cookbook. 98 recipes! 33 colored pictures! Send 10¢ in coin with name and address to Dept. XM-95, Box 837, Cincinnati, Ohio.

It's thrifty to buy the 3lb. can!

NOW EVERYBODY CAN AFFORD CRISCO FOR EVERYTHING!



So you want to hold your weight where it is. All right, but don't try starving: it may wreck your health. Three meals every day—glamorous meals that entice the eye and palate—are what McCall's Food Staff recommends.

The trick is simple. You choose foods low in calories, but high in nutritive value . . . . the menus below show how.

You'll need to exercise, too—regularly and vigorously—if you are one of the unfortunates who piles on ounces at the least excuse.

Meals planned to scale

STUDY our two days' menus, at the right: they are based on simple rules that anyone can follow in planning all sorts of delightful, non-fattening meals. Notice the lean meats, the quantities of vegetables and salads, the pie that's practically all fruit, the skim milk. (Drink all you want of the latter—it's full of nutriment and adds no poundage.) If, once in a while, you simply can't resist eating a richer food, be sure it's a small portion.

All the recipes in this article were tested by our own staff in McCall's Kitchen.

PEACH PIE BELGIUM
(See Photograph)

8 or 9 large peaches
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon almond extract
1 baked pie shell

Make a pie shell of not-too-rich pastry. Pare and slice peaches; mix with sugar and extract. Put into the baked pie shell and bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

HONEYDEW PARISIENNE

Cut a slice from the top of a large, chilled honeydew melon and remove seeds. Cut a slice from the bottom so melon will stand on its end. Cut in 6 strips, cutting from top to within an inch or so of the bottom. Arrange a few shiny leaves on a large glass plate and stand melon on them. Press back the strips slightly; fill the center with red raspberries. Serve a slice of honeydew and a few raspberries to each person.

BREAKFAST
Grapefruit
Toast — *Eggs Sicilian — Coffee

LUNCH
*Vegetable Plate
Cheese Crackers — Milk — Rye Bread
*Haneydew Parisienne

DINNER
Consommé
Broiled Chicken — Spinach — Baked Tomatoes
Shredded Lettuce and Celery Salad, French Dressing
*Peach Pie Belgium — Coffee ou Lait

BREAKFAST
Sliced Oranges
Broiled Ham — Whole Wheat Melba — Coffee

LUNCH
Vegetable Soup
*Cheese Rolls — *Blueberry Gluten Muffins
Cherry and Grapefruit Salad — Skim Milk

DINNER
Tomato Juice Cocktail
*Fillet Mignon — *Scalloped Onions — String Beans
Endive and Water Cress Salad, French Dressing
*Sherry Soufflé — Coffee ou Lait

SHERRY SOUFFLÉ

4 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons flour
Few grains salt
1 cup milk
4 egg yolks
4 tablespoons sherry flavoring
4 egg whites

Mix sugar, flour and salt together. Add milk gradually, and mix until smooth. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; pour over the beaten egg yolks. Cool slightly; add sherry flavoring. Fold into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased baking dish. Set in a pan of warm water. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) 45 minutes, until set.

VEGETABLE PLATE

Place a broiled tomato in center of plate. Around it arrange a mound of finely-shredded cooked cabbage, another mound of string beans and a third mound of steamed lattice carrots. Season with salt and pepper.

FILLET MIGNON

Have the fillets cut in one-inch slices. Sprinkle each side with salt and pepper. Preheat the broiler. [*Turn to page 56*]

THEY'RE DELICIOUS, SAYS SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Cooked

FROM THE WELL-COOKER OF THE ELECTRIC RANGE, A POT ROAST WITH VEGETABLES, SAVORY AND TENDER. FOR DESSERT: SPICED PEACHES. COOKED AT LOW HEAT, THEY RETAIN FULL FLAVOR

Valentine Thorson is Home Service Director of the Northern States Power Company with headquarters in Minneapolis. To her classes homemakers and business women flock to learn new cooking quirks. Each year she and her assistants help thousands of women in five different states to manage their electric ranges with ease and economy. In this article she concentrates on top-stove cooking. This is the third article on electric equipment that smooths the homemaker's path. Oven methods, vacuum cleaners and electric mixers will be discussed later.

on top of the range

HERE ARE NEW AND DELICIOUS MEALS, SAYS VALENTINE THORSON —EASY TO PREPARE, INEXPENSIVE TO BUY, AND TIME SAVING

HERE in the Northwest we have, for the past year, been disturbingly conscious of the relentless rise in food prices. Every girl on my staff calls on about five homemakers a day, and constantly must answer requests for appetizing ways of preparing the less expensive vegetables and cuts of meat.

Of course, working with electric ranges, as we do, some of our problems are simplified. For instance, there is the well-cooker, which, to my notion, deserves a shining spot in the homemaker's hall of fame.

A WHOLE MEAL COOKED IN ONE OPERATION

For the benefit of those who have not seen them, let me say that well-cookers are direct descendants of the old type fireless cookers and of the more recent portable *electric* well-cookers and casseroles about which McCall's told you several months ago. The well-cookers on ranges, however, are part of the stove itself, with the well—which holds a deep pot—sunk below the cooking surface. Only lid and handles show.

The cooker holds four to five quarts, and, for small families of four or less, entire meals (including dessert) may be cooked in it in one operation. Or, it will take care of really tremendous quantities of one kind of food, such as spaghetti or soup.

The best way, I think, to show you the capabilities of the cooker is to give you some menus and recipes that have proved especially popular with homemakers in our territory. The complete meals will serve only four or five, but if you do not use the well-cooker to make dessert, the quantities of meat and vegetables can be increased to serve six or seven:

DINNER MENU 1

Melan Ball Cocktail
Stuffed Shoulder of Veal — Browned Potatoes
Tomato Salad
Blackberry Pudding

STUFFED SHOULDER OF VEAL

Remove the bone from a three-pound shoulder of veal. Season with salt and pepper, and cover lightly with your favorite bread dressing. Tie securely. Heat two tablespoons fat in bottom of cooker. Brown meat in fat with cover off. When well browned, add 6 potatoes and ¼ cup hot water. Set pudding mold on trivet over meat. Cover and cook on high until steam emerges from vent; turn to low and cook 1¼ hours.

BLACKBERRY PUDDING

¼ cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
1 cup sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ cup milk
2 egg whites, beaten
3 cups blackberries

Cream the shortening and stir in ½ cup sugar gradually. Sift the dry ingredients together, and add alternately with the milk to first mixture. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Add vanilla. Mix 3 cups fresh blackberries with the remaining ¼ cup sugar. Place in bottom of greased pudding mold. Pour batter over them and cover mold tightly.

And here is a menu that is a little special—nice enough for anybody's Sunday dinner. You can put it in the cooker before you go to church and, if the service is a little long, the dinner won't burn, because the slow, controlled heat prevents such catastrophes.

DINNER MENU 2

Jellied Consommé
Paprika Chicken — Sweet Potatoes
Cucumber and Water Cress Salad
Spiced Bread Pudding

PAPRIKA CHICKEN

3½ pounds roasting chicken
½ cup flour
6 potatoes
1 tablespoon paprika
2 tablespoons salt
4 tablespoons fat
1½ cups boiling water

Cut chicken in pieces for serving. Dredge with flour and seasonings. Heat fat in cooker and brown chicken with cover off. Add water and potatoes. Set pudding mold on trivet over chicken.

Cover and cook on high until steam emerges from the vent, then turn to low and cook 1 hour.

SPICED BREAD PUDDING

1 cup toasted bread crumbs
1 cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon ground cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup sour milk
1 cup raisins

Combine bread crumbs with the brown sugar, soda and spices. Add the milk and raisins. Pour into greased pudding mold and cover.

How would you like a vegetable dinner, prepared in one utensil? You've guessed it—in the well-cooker. Only one cup of water is used, and the vegetables, which cook by steam, emerge, each with its own special flavor. Combine any vegetables you like—provided they take about the same time to cook.

Does your family enjoy "homely" dishes? Here are a few you can prepare in the well-cooker:

SAUERKRAUT AND SPARERIBS

2 pounds spareribs
1 quart sauerkraut
½ cup hot water

Place spareribs and water in cooker. Turn switch to high until boiling point is reached; then turn to low for 1 hour. Add sauerkraut, and cook 1¼ hours.

NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNER

1½ pounds corned beef
2 cups water
8 carrots
6 potatoes
1 small head cabbage

Place corned beef with water in cooker. Turn switch to high until boiling. Then turn to low and cook 1½ hours. Add carrots and potatoes. Cook on high until steam emerges from the vent, then on low 20 minutes. Add cabbage, cut in quarters. Cook on low 25 minutes.

My enthusiasm might lead you to believe that the well-cooker is all there is to an electric range . . . I am equally enthusiastic about every other feature. Just try these recipes for top of the range cooking!

The trick here is to start with high heat to bring the food to the boiling point, then turn to low to maintain the cooking temperature. Finally turn the current off entirely, and finish cooking on the heat retained in the unit. Medium heat is used mainly for frying, or for preserving the temperature of a large amount of liquid.

Now, everyone knows that all cooking on the electric range is more efficient if proper cooking utensils are used. But for cooking on low and on retained heat (with the current off) they are especially important. Only pots with flat bottoms that exactly cover the unit should be used, because they permit no heat to escape around the pan. Then, to prevent loss of steam, when you use a cover it should be a tight one. You can easily see that in order to take advantage of the stored heat in a unit, these features are a great help.

PORK CHOPS WITH BROWNED RICE

4 pork chops
2 tablespoons fat
1 cup uncooked rice
2 cups canned tomatoes
1½ cups water
½ cup green pepper, finely chopped
½ cup onion, finely chopped
3 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Brown the pork chops in fat. Remove from pan and season with 1 teaspoon salt. Wash rice, and brown in fat, stirring constantly. Add tomatoes, water, green pepper, onion and seasonings. Lay chops over the top. Cover and cook on low heat 20 minutes. Turn current off and cook 20 minutes longer.

SOUTHERN GOULASH

2 tablespoons fat
1 pound ground steak
1 onion, finely chopped
1½ cups uncooked spaghetti
1 cup beef broth
1 cup hot water
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Heat fat; sear steak and onion in it. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and cook on low heat for 15 minutes. Turn current off and continue cooking for 25 minutes longer.

[*Turn to page 56*]

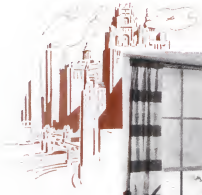
WHAT THE NEW ELECTRIC RANGES BRING TO YOU

1. Smart styles that harmonize with modern kitchen schemes.
2. Economy. When cooking on top, you can turn the switch to *low* or *off* at least two-thirds of the time.
3. Speedy surface units with controlled heats that never vary.
4. Simplicity of operation. Cooking habits need be altered so slightly that anyone can learn to use them successfully.
5. Cleanliness. They are easy to clean, and also clean to use.
6. Coolness. With well-fitting cooking utensils, you can confine heat to the cooking surfaces.
7. Convenience. The well-cooker eliminates all pot watching.
8. A faithful servant. The well-cooker takes over long, slow cooking processes and turns out a job that is perfectly done.

APARTMENTS FURNISHED WITH AN EYE ON THE BUDGET— FOR THREE YOUNG COUPLES IN THREE AMERICAN CITIES

IN LOS ANGELES

IN LOS ANGELES our young bride chooses "Tempo" furnishings for her first home. And what does "Tempo" mean? Such an attractive blending of old and new ideas that the finished room is as pleasing to adherents of modernism as to traditionalists. This room, with its gay flowered chintz, striped upholstery, white-painted occasional pieces and crisp, clear colors, has a simple dignity, that is at the same time comfortable and homelike.



IN CHICAGO

CHICAGO, thanks to the World's Fair, opens its arms to modernism. This attractive room, furnished complete for $449.00, is used for living, dining and sleeping. The dual-purpose furniture belies its utilitarian value. The sofa, with the push of the hand, becomes a double bed. The dining table, when open, will comfortably seat 8 people. Desk accessories, linens, radio and books are housed in a trim row of cabinets along one wall.

IN NEW YORK

ON THE East Coast, even though modern furniture is popular for apartment dwellers, 18th Century styles are also in favor. In this small New York living room, ice-green walls, coral-colored chintz draperies and yellow and green upholstery make a symphony in color. It was furnished complete for $587.00. Even so, each piece of furniture is so well constructed that it will be a satisfaction tomorrow as well as today.

"Foolish me!

Mrs. W. N. Chatfield of San Francisco hopes every young housewife will hear this news of how to save work yet get finer results, with whole hams as well as slices.

I learned only yesterday that the finest tasting ham is cooked without parboiling!"

Marvelous flavor—a rich, delicious flavor—mild without parboiling! You can get it with *Swift's Premium Ham*. Unlike any other ham, Swift's Premium is given the famous mild Premium cure, then *Ovenized*—smoked an improved way, in ovens. All this makes Swift's Premium so exceptionally good that you actually get finer results when you don't parboil . . . even with a whole or half ham!

A Center Slice with Summer Fixings

Get a center slice of Swift's Premium Ham at least an inch thick. Place in a baking dish and add 2 cups of pineapple juice. Bake, without parboiling, in a moderately hot oven (375°) until done (about 1 hr.). Pare and cube a medium sized cucumber; add 1 tsp. grated onion, ½ tsp. salt; 2 tsps. lemon juice, 2 tbsps. butter, 2 tbsps. water; simmer for 5 minutes. Stuff small tomatoes with this filling, bake for a few minutes in a hot oven, and serve with ham. It's nice to garnish the ham slice with some of the cucumber, too.

To bake a whole or half Swift's Premium Ham

Place a whole or half Swift's Premium Ham in a roaster. Add 2 cups of water, and cover the roaster. Bake in a slow oven (325°), allowing about 22 minutes a lb. for a large whole ham; about 25 minutes a lb. for smaller (up to 12 lb.) hams or half hams. When ham is done, remove from oven. Lift off rind. Score surface and dot with cloves; rub with mixture of ½ cup brown sugar and 1 tbsp. flour. Brown, uncovered, for 20 minutes in a hot oven (400°).

Martha Logan

Copr. 1935 by Swift & Company

BAKE

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WITHOUT PARBOILING

It's Ovenized!

The Largest-Selling Ham in the World. Look for the name Swift in brown dots even on a single slice.

Summertime Desserts

Mint Mousse *with* **Chocolate Fudge Sauce** — *a colorful, interesting-flavored combination of a fine-grained, creamy-smooth mechanical refrigerator-frozen dessert and a satiny, buttery-rich sauce.*

Peach Perfection — *a newly-created, molded gelatin dessert having the fluffy, fairy-like consistency and delicate flavor that only come from Whipped Pet Milk.*

Frozen Delight — *a fruit ice cream with the melt-on-your-tongue smoothness and creaminess.*

These new recipes are included among the sixty-five recipes in the free recipe book offered on the coupon below.

THIS fascinating array of desserts, like all the appetizing and attractive dishes that can be made with Pet Milk, are more wholesome and, at the same time, less expensive—more wholesome because they contain an unusually large amount of whole milk and an extra supply of sunshine vitamin D—less expensive because Irradiated Pet Milk still costs less than ordinary milk—less than coffee cream—much less than whipping cream.

Because Pet Milk is double-rich, you can whip it to use in place of whipping cream in delicious frozen desserts such as the Mint Mousse and the Peach Perfection. And because Pet Milk is whole milk, containing all the substances milk is counted on to supply, you will be putting into your desserts some of the much needed "quart-of-milk-a-day" rather than the extra butterfat and the resulting calories of whipping cream.

The double richness of Pet Milk offers many other advantages—all of them illustrated many times in the tested and approved recipes in the 200-page Pet Milk loose-leaf Cookbook which is approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Send for a copy of this unique 200-page Cookbook. You can save its cost—one dollar—many times over on your milk and cream bill.

The primary purpose of this Pet Milk Cookbook is to aid you in the preparation of wholesome meals that meet the nutritional needs of every member of your family—from the two year old to the grown-ups. Every one of its 700 recipes has been especially designed to include in your family's food, where they will eat it and enjoy it, some of the "quart-of-milk-a-day" that authorities agree everyone should have. Since Pet Milk has been irradiated—enriched with the sunshine vitamin D—these recipes will also enable you to give your family the benefit of an extra quantity of this priceless sunshine vitamin which is so essential in making the food substances supplied by Pet Milk into strong, firm teeth and sound bones.

Tune in to the "Pet Milky Way" radio demonstrations of new and interesting recipes which show the way to include more Pet Milk—and more sunshine vitamin D—in attractive and delicious and inexpensive dishes—broadcast direct from the Pet Milk Experimental Kitchen by Mary Lee Taylor every Tuesday and Thursday morning at 10:30 EST, 9:30 CST, 8:30 MT over the CBS and by Ann Holden and Bennie Walker on Tuesday afternoon at 2:45 PCT over the NBC from the Woman's Magazine of the Air Kitchen.

PET MILK COMPANY

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☐ I have enclosed $1.00 for the 200-page Cookbook

☐ I would like to have the free recipe book, *"Summertime Breakfasts, Lunches, Dinners"*

*Name*_____ *Address* _____

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(Fill in completely. This offer is limited to residents of Continental U. S.)

"JAKE, I NEED HELP!"

[Beginning on page 14]

Frankly, Mrs. Meredith did not put much trust in the police force. During the war her maid, Malviny, had made away with more than half the old Stilson plate and, though the police were notified immediately, neither Malviny nor the silver had been seen again. That was the police for you—a lot of fuss and bluster.

NOW when three large uniformed policemen and their superior, along with Mr. Murray, the quaking desk clerk, came stalking into her apartment, Mrs. Meredith was in no mood to be heckled. She would cooperate—yes. Beyond that, it was their business to apprehend the criminals since they had been stupid enough to allow the hotel to be plundered.

"Mrs. Meredith," began Mr. Murray, "this is Sergeant Blake. I hate to trouble you, but the Sergeant would like to ask you a few questions."

"How do you do?" she said, as courteously as she could under the circumstances. "Won't you gentlemen all be seated?"

"Ugh," said Sergeant Blake, sitting down. "Mr. Murray here tells me that you was seen holding a conversation with one of the gangsters on the landing. Is that true?"

"You could hardly call it a conversation, Officer. But I did talk with one of the men for a moment—I was telling him about my son in California, but unfortunately he didn't have time to allow me to finish."

Sergeant Blake's mouth hung open. "You was telling him about your son while he was sticking up the desk?"

Mrs. Meredith tried to be polite in the face of such obtuseness. "Let me explain it to you," she said patiently. "He was not 'sticking up' the desk. We were standing on the stairs together. His men were taking care of the actual robbery. He was, I believe, what you might call a lookout man."

"And you two were standing on the stairs talking together. Well, lady, you sure don't look as if there was anything shady about you, but I've run across stranger cases. Did you know, by any possible chance," Blake went on with elaborate innuendo, "that Mr. Murray had waited too late today to get his cash into the bank before it was closed?"

Here Mr. Murray gained the courage to interrupt: "Now, Officer, I don't want you to think that Mrs. Meredith had anything to do with this. I'm afraid you've misunderstood. Mrs. Meredith is very fond of her son."

"I am indeed," said Mrs. Meredith. "But just what my son has to do with this situation I'm sure I don't know. He's in California right now."

"I know," said Sergeant Blake, "so's Los Angeles. Tell me, what did the guy say to you when you started this spiel about your son?"

"As I remember, the word was 'scram.' And—let me see—Oh, yes. He offered to mail a letter for me."

"Well, now, that was white of him, wasn't it? Friendly like. I suppose it was addressed to your son?"

"As a matter of fact, it was."

"Uh. I thought so. Well, since you seem to be so friendly with this mug, tell us what he looked like?"

"He stood in the dark, Officer, and I could not see his face. He was wearing a dark overcoat with the collar turned up and his hat was pulled down over his eyes. I should say he was rather more stocky than the average."

Blake turned to Mr. Murray: "Does that tally with your impression?"

"I should say so. Yes."

"Well, Mrs. Meredith, the thing for you to do is to come down to the line-up tomorrow morning and identify your friends." Blake put an unpleasant emphasis on the last word.

"Line-up? I don't believe I know what you mean."

Sergeant Blake looked a little wild-eyed. "A line-up is where we drag in all the suspicious characters that answer a general description of these mugs, and you're supposed to come down and identify the guilty ones. You've seen 'em all—you admit you've talked to one of 'em. You could sure identify *him*."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Meredith, who thought the time for polite manners was past, "that it would be a much better idea for you to go out and catch the guilty men rather than rounding up a number who look like the guilty ones. And besides," she went on, without noting that Sergeant Blake had turned an apoplectic purple, "I would not be able to identify one of them. I'm rather nearsighted, and the man might as well have had a mask on for all I could see of his face."

Sergeant Blake had to leave her room at last, though he swore that he was going to have her record looked up and that he was placing a special guard to watch her, a circumstance which annoyed her not because she was suspected of being in contact with the gangsters—that was silly—but because she hated the thought of anybody spying on her.

"I can show you," she said to Sergeant Blake, as he stood outside the door, "my birth certificate and marriage license, and give you the names of any number of old friends in New York—and my banker, Mr. Trott, whom I've known for forty-five years. They will all tell you that my integrity is unquestioned. There's also my son, Tod—"

"I don't believe you've got a son," said Sergeant Blake unceremoniously, and shut the door in her face.

MRS. MEREDITH found herself a two-days' wonder. She could not step out to match a piece of goods or return a book to the rental library without being followed by, and photographed with, her guard. Passersby stopped and stared and newspaper

[*Continued on page 53*]

The spout

of this dripless, enameled ware kettle is large enough to permit filling without removing the cover. Its narrow handle curves back to allow a natural, easy grip. —F. I. H.

"TATTLE-TALE! TATTLE-TALE!"

"Pooh! Clothes can't tattle," says Mother. "Where did Margie get that silly idea?"

"She heard the club ladies, Mommy—they said your clothes were full of tattle-tale gray."

* * *

Maybe it's never occurred to you that clothes can tattle. Yet if things look dingy and dull, they do show that they aren't perfectly clean. And the neighbors are sure to notice.

Why risk the criticism? Why use a "trick" soap that leaves dirt behind?

CHANGE TO THE SOAP THAT ENDS "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Fels-Naptha is *one* soap that does get *all* the dirt. Every last deep-down speck of it.

For Fels-Naptha brings you something no "trick" soap does—two cleaners instead of one! Richer *golden* soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. A lively combination that washes clothes beautifully, snowily clean.

Fels-Naptha is so gentle in every way that you can use it for your finest linens, your daintiest undies and silk stockings.

It's a real friend to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Ask your grocer for a supply of Fels-Naptha Soap today!... Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with *FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!*

Just TASTE *it*
IT'S UNDERWOOD'S

...for delicious
quick canapés

A nice, informal way to serve cocktail canapés is to bring on a Table Jar of Underwood Deviled Ham and let your guests spread their own. The smart, new jar gives you a new way of using Underwood's, with its inimitable flavor, on any occasion, in any company.

Send 25 cents for a new Table Jar of Underwood Deviled Ham and the new leaflet, "Canapés of Distinction." Or send 10 cents for the familiar key-opening tin.

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Address: Dept. M-6

NOW in this new Table Jar you can serve Underwood Deviled Ham at your table, at any meal, and in any company.
IN THIS NEW TABLE JAR..
....AS WELL AS THE FAMILIAR TINS

D is the sunshine vitamin

THE day—gray, chilly, prophetic of winter—was perfect for a discussion of vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin. As I came into the ballroom of one of New York's most famous hotels, Dr. McCollum and the other guest speakers were taking their places on the platform.

This was a meeting of child specialists gathered together from all parts of the country to study newest ways to guard child health. Much of the discussion was highly technical. but I jotted down these points for mothers who will be looking for substitutes for sunshine this coming winter:

- Before Dr. McCollum discovered vitamin D in 1922, rickets was a dread disease. Now it is easy to prevent or cure rickets with cod liver oil, viosterol, summer sunshine, or irradiated milk (evaporated or bottled). Prevention of this disease, like any other, is simpler than cure.
- For infants, the amount and source of vitamin D should be prescribed by a physician. Babies getting irradiated milk, for instance, may need supplementary doses of cod liver oil. For young children, the vitamin D equivalent of a teaspoon of cod liver oil is sufficient for protection.
- Vitamin-D-ized milk is produced by irradiating the milk, by adding a cod liver oil concentrate to it, or by feeding irradiated yeast to the cows.
- Physicians prescribe vitamin D—but it is the mothers who must make sure children get it regularly.
- Practically all babies like cod liver oil unless they are prejudiced by an adult who shows a distaste for it.
- In most parts of the country. winter sunshine cannot be depended on to produce vitamin D. It is only one-eighth as effective as summer sunshine, according to scientists.

MY problem—and yours—is to discover which of the substitutes for sunshine are best adapted to our budgets and to our families' tastes. This was the thought uppermost in my mind as the meeting was adjourned and I made my way through the hand-shakers for my promised short talk with Dr. McCollum.

"I'm convinced," I said, when we'd found a quiet spot, "that the babies of this country will get their vitamin D. My concern is for their older sisters and brothers and parents . . ."

"Yes, they need it, too," Dr. McCollum said, "to protect their teeth as well as their general good health. I still feel that the lack of vitamin D is our most serious dietary deficiency."

"We're going to change that." I said, speaking for the homemakers. "Now that science has made it so easy for women to give their families vitamin D, we're going to use more irradiated milk, bread, chocolate malt powder and yeast; more fish liver oils. more sun lamps . . . is it safe to choose whichever is convenient?"

YES. but it's a good idea to consider their individual points. Cod liver oil, for instance—plain, emulsified or in concentrated form—supplies vitamin A as well as D. An important point in favor of Vitamin-D-ized foods is that they are not at all expensive, and they're pleasant to take. They can be included in our daily meals without causing protests. Sun lamps work on the same principle as direct sunlight. They change the ergosterol in our skin to vitamin D. Some people get the same psychological benefits from sun lamps that they get from sunshine."

SUN lamps always make me peaceful and sleepy! Is that just psychological, or is vitamin D a relaxer?"

"The specific function of vitamin D is to prevent mineral loss in the body. It is not yet entirely clear how it acts. We know, however, that it helps to keep the concentration of both calcium and phosphorus in the blood at a normal level.

"Future studies will show whether it aids in the absorption of those elements from the digestive tract, or prevents abnormal excretion of them, or makes it possible for larger amounts of calcium and phosphorus to be deposited in the bones. Probably it does all three of these things."

"When I began to study vitamins," I said, "I tried to picture them in action, and I'll always think of vitamin D as a commanding lady with a well-behaved child on each arm—one of the children, of course, being calcium and the other phosphorus!"

"I think that's a very apt way of saying it," he agreed, smiling. "Now," consulting his watch, "I must leave. When you come down to see me at Johns Hopkins next month, I'll have some interesting news for you on another phase of good health."

E. V. McCOLLUM, Ph.D., Sc.D., TALKS WITH A McCALL EDITOR

LET'S COOK

Out-of-doors

Let's enjoy a picnic in the backyard; an auto supper in a favorite spot miles away, or a three-day jaunt to explore new country. Taffy apples, "angels on horseback" and bean hole beans will add variety to the familiar frankfurters and hamburgers. Not only does this complete new booklet tell you *what* to cook—it lists new equipment and has a chapter on fire building. It is a year 'round guide to camping fun. "OUTDOOR COOKERY"—15c.

PARTIES

SUMMER PARTIES—15c. Six grand affairs—some for money-making, and all planned for out-of-doors.
GAMES I LIKE TO PLAY—20c. Fun for any crowd. "Scavenger Hunts," "Murder," "Corks" and "Who am I?"
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PARTY DRINKS—10c. Recipes for punches, milk shakes and fruit sundaes.
SALADS—10c. Fresh, cool and nutritious combinations.

HOUSES

ALL ABOUT KITCHENS—15c. How to remodel and decorate. Color schemes.
PUT FURNITURE IN ITS PLACE—10c. Living room arrangements with floor plans and illustrations.
ALL ABOUT CURTAINS—20c. How to make and hang curtains and draperies.
ALL ABOUT SLIP COVERS—20c. Materials and directions for making them.

Your interests are my interests. Write and let me know how I can be of help on any problem. Address orders or inquiries to the Service Editor, McCall's, Dayton, O.

"...have you decided upon the Color Scheme?"

"Oh! yes, we found a new way to select color schemes—both for the outside and for the rooms we are decorating. And there's no guessing this time. We know *now*, before the painters start working, exactly how our house will look when it is finished."

* * *

This home owner selected color schemes for her home from the *new* Lowe Brothers "Pictorial Color Chart." The chart that shows full color illustrations of various types of homes and every kind of room—*all painted with actual paint.*

You can see this "Pictorial Color Chart" at the store where Lowe Brothers products are sold. You can see exactly how one color complements and harmonizes with another. Instead of merely *hoping* that you will get the effect you want, you can be assured of perfect results in advance.

But, above all, don't make the mistake of using inferior paint. Analysis shows that many "cheap" paints contain as much as 63% water and other evaporating liquids. Lowe Brothers Paints are 90% film-forming solids—solids that remain on the surface and protect your property.

Ask your dealer to show you the Lowe Brothers "Pictorial Color Chart" today. The Lowe Brothers Company, Dayton, Ohio.

This free book answers scores of Questions about Painting and Decorating. Ask your dealer.

Lowe Brothers

PAINTS • VARNISHES

Quality Unsurpassed Since 1869

"JAKE, I NEED HELP!"

[Continued from page 51]

reporters hung about the lobby like vultures waiting to pounce on her. Her portrait in the public prints bore such startling legends as: "Blue-Blood Informer?" "Grand Dame Stoops to Crime?" and "Gay Nineties Belle Caught in Crime Dragnet."

The papers so infuriated her on the first day after the robbery which, incidentally, netted the gangsters $2,643.80, that she refused to look at them thereafter. But Todd, who still subscribed to a New York paper, sent frantic telegrams pleading with her, commanding that she come to California. He finally engaged the long distance wires, a device which the Meredith family seldom utilized except for deaths, births and marriages, and said:

"Mother, if you will stay in New York, you can at least move to a better hotel." But Mrs. Meredith stood firm; she did not intend being uprooted again. Not at her age. "Besides," she thought to end the conversation, "lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

"All right. I'm coming to New York to get you."

This threw her into a panic, and she stalled for time: "Wait. I'll let you know. I'll—I'll think it over." And hung up before he could threaten her again. Then she sat down and took a sip of dry sherry which she found always steadied her nerves.

But there are always new cases in New York to engage the police—a kidnaping, an armored car hold-up, a gang murder. Within six weeks the Breckinridge had returned to its customary calm. Todd apparently found other worries to engage his immediate attention, for he did not carry out his threat to come after his mother. At last the police guard was removed, and Mrs. Meredith felt free to come and go once again as she chose, and no one but herself seemed to remember that she had so recently been held up at the point of a gun.

Strangely enough, everything seemed to lack flavor and zest for her. She would find suddenly that she had been reading page after page and digesting none of it, that her mind had either turned blank or indulged itself, quite without her volition, in living over those moments on the landing. Often she wondered about the lookout man she had talked with, wondered how he had made his getaway, where he had gone, where he lived, if he was in the city at this moment. Such a thought invariably brought a delicious chill between her shoulder blades.

IT WAS slightly more than eight weeks after the robbery that Mrs. Meredith felt she was taking a cold. She discovered that she had no aspirin and decided to go to the corner drug store and purchase it herself. The walk in the cold night air might be beneficial, if she wrapped up good and warm.

The elevator was on its way down when Mrs. Meredith stepped to the door, and she did not even have to ring to stop it.

She said, "Good evening, Willie," and stepped carefully into it. Willie smiled and started the contraption. It moved slowly and with a certain

[Continued on page 54]

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YOU can't get rugs like these in the stores. They are not ordinary, thin, one-sided rugs, but rugged, deep-textured, firmly woven, full bodied, *Seamless, Reversible Olson Broadloom Rugs* that can be used on BOTH SIDES *Twice* the wear, *double* the luxury, at *half* the cost.

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QUICK! AYE WANT A CLEANER THAT WILL CLEAN EASY, FAST, AND WON'T SCRATCH!
SUNBRITE! THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT!
Sunbrite Cleanser
OLGA IS DOING HER CLEANING SO WELL AND SO QUICKLY NOW THAT I FEEL WE OWE HER A RAISE!
SUNBRITE, WE BANE PALS FOR LIFE!
Sunbrite Cleanser

Sunbrite WON THE HIDDEN NAME TEST BECAUSE IT

Cleans Easier • Works Faster • Won't Scratch

"JAKE, I NEED HELP!"

[Continued from page 53]

palsied dignity, but Willie brought it finally to rest on the first floor.

Mrs. Meredith had taken one step forward when a strangely familiar voice brought her up short. "Well," it said, "if it ain't my old friend, Gramaw. We meet again, eh?"

SHE knew instantly that it was the same man who had accosted her on the landing, yet it did not seem possible that he would venture into the hotel again. But she had no more time to think of anything, for he stood there with a gun in his hand pointing it at herself and Willie.

"Get over there against the wall," he hissed at Willie, and Willie, gray and trembling, his hands above his head, made a bee line for the group already against the wall.

"And you," said the bandit to Mrs. Meredith, "you'd better sit down over there beside the desk."

"I was just going for some aspirin," she volunteered. "I'm catching a cold." And she coughed to prove it.

"Cut it out," he sneered. "Don't hand me that stuff. You can go out later."

Mrs. Meredith walked sedately to the chair beside the desk, and sat down. She adjusted her bifocals so that she could see what was going on, and discovered it to be an exact duplication of the robbery she had glimpsed before—with the piquant exception that she was in the very center of it. One man guarding the hotel attendants lined against the wall, and she could hear the metallic click of coins as another scooped the money out of the safe. The third robber, the man who had spoken to her twice, roved nervously about the hotel to intercept anyone who should happen to come into the lobby. Presently he looked her way, and in a strident stage whisper she asked: "My hands—do you want them up?"

"Naw. You're okay."

She saw the man approaching her and she tried to get a good look at his face, but his hat brim and coat collar so nearly met that the space between was completely shaded. When he was within a few feet of her Mrs. Meredith suddenly knew that she was going to sneeze. When Mrs. Meredith sneezed the eruption was apt to be as violent as it was abrupt. Now her hat was jerked over her eyes, her glasses flew into her lap, her purse clattered to the floor.

Mrs. Meredith did not realize the portentousness of that sneeze or she would have fainted dead away, for it brought the safe breaker to his feet, the guard whirled about as if he had been shot, and her own particular favorite drew a bead on her head and came within an ace of shooting her. But Mrs. Meredith did not see this, and merely muttered, "Dear, dear. Excuse me, please."

The lookout man came to her, picked up her purse and handed it to her, and reached in his pocket for a little box which he tossed into her lap. "I had a headache tonight, before I came out," he explained.

It was a box of aspirin, and Mrs. Meredith could not help smiling. "That's very good of you." she said. "Now I won't have to go out."

The holdup was progressing like clockwork, and he had time to talk: "How's your son in California?"

"You should ask that. Why, he's furious with you. And with me too. Now he'll make me come to Los Angeles to live with him and his wife."

The gangster chuckled. "Well, then," he continued, "if you're so mad, why didn't you come down to the line-up?"

Mrs. Meredith felt guilty, somehow. She tried to excuse herself:

"Well, I swear I wouldn't have known you."

"You're an okay dame," the man said. "I guess you know what's good for you. Just keep your trap shut and you won't get in no trouble."

"I assure you—" she protested.

"You're a white woman. Say, you know, I like you. If there's ever anything I can do for you, if you ever get in a jam, just le'me know."

"That's very nice of you, I'm sure. But I don't even know your name. How could I get in touch with you?"

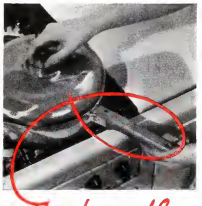
This puzzled the gangster for a moment, but then a happy thought struck him. "Just put a line in one of them personals in the 'Star.' You know. 'Jake, I need help.' Something like that."

MRS. MEREDITH was not angry with—with Jake any more. And it was with something akin to regret that she saw him and his helpers dash from the hotel. Such a thoughtful man! She was shocked into crass reality by Mr. Murray yelling at the elevator boy. "The police will want to talk to you, Mrs. Meredith, and you'd better have a better story to tell them this time."

Mrs. Meredith knew from her previous experience that the police force, as represented by Sergeant Blake and his three inferiors, were definitely unpleasant guests to entertain at midnight or at any time, but she was still unprepared for the barrage of suspicion which was leveled at her now.

Sergeant Blake had entered belligerently enough, accusing her of "collusion"—that was not his word but Mrs. Meredith's when she related the story later—with the gangsters. He seemed to base this on the coincidence of Mrs. Meredith being the only resident who happened—and Sergeant Blake quite evidently did not believe that she merely "happened"—to be in the lobby at the time of the second hold-up. For, oddly enough, the same circumstances prevailed as had at the first robbery—Mr. Murray had again failed to take the money to the bank. And this was the only time the clerk had been remiss since the first hold-up—a coincidence which certainly pointed to

[Continued on page 60]



The handle

of natural-finish wood on this aluminum frying pan is heat-proof and easy to grip. Both handle and cover knob are securely attached and will not work loose. —F. I. H.

There's been a Revolution on the floor!

Just look around you, dear lady, at all the gay, bright changes that have taken place in furnishings. Of course, rugs and carpets had to change to keep in key with new ideas in decoration! So the Bigelow looms learned new tricks—setting the pace in brilliant new weaves and textures and colors.

The prices? So moderate that a 9 x 12 Bigelow rug or carpet needn't cost you more than one good evening gown!

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Bright, clear tones in carpets and rugs. Above, left, Twist-weave Broadloom in brilliant shades.

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Clever combinations of cut and uncut pile, as in the Shadolite carpeting shown next in order.

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RUGS & CARPETS BY BIGELOW WEAVERS

THIS TAKES THE
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EAGLE BRAND BAKED CUSTARD

¾ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2¾ cups hot water
3 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
Grating of nutmeg

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk with hot water, and pour gradually over slightly-beaten eggs. Add salt. Pour in a baking pan or in custard cups. Sprinkle with nutmeg, place in a pan filled with hot water to depth of custard, and bake about 40 minutes in a slow oven (300° F.) or until custard is set. A knife blade inserted will come out clean when custard is done. Serves six.

● Far less chance of watercurdling—or curdling—when you use this recipe. For Eagle Brand—which is milk and sugar already "cooked down"—blends smoothly with eggs, makes custard-cooking so much surer! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc., Dept. MeC-95, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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For FREE NIPPLE, mail this ad, before Oct. 1, 1936, with name and address, stating nipple desired (No. 10 or No. 26), to The Faultless Rubber Co., 506 Rubber St., Ashland, Ohio—or take it to any authorized Faultless Druggist.

Faultless WONDER Nipples

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100 Script Lettering $3.50 Including Two sets of envelopes
100 Visiting Cards $1.00
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1030 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MEALS PLANNED TO SCALE

[Beginning on page 45]

setting the oven regulator at 500° F. Place fillets on the greased broiler rack; put rack about 3½ inches from heating element. Turn once during broiling. Remove to a hot platter; garnish with water cress.

BLUEBERRY GLUTEN MUFFINS

2 cups gluten flour	1 egg
½ teaspoon salt	1¼ cups milk
4 teaspoons baking powder	½ cup blueberries

Mix gluten flour, salt and baking powder together. Beat egg, add milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Add blueberries. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) about 30 minutes.

EGGS SICILIAN

6 slices bread 6 eggs
6 slices dried beef ½ teaspoon salt

Cut bread in circles; fit a piece of beef on each circle. Separate egg yolks from whites, putting each yolk into a separate cup. Add salt to the egg whites; beat until stiff. Pile beaten whites on each circle of bread and beef, making a well in center. Drop a whole egg yolk in each well. Place on a baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) 15 to 20 minutes, or until set and slightly brown.

SCALLOPED ONIONS

8 onions, medium size	2 teaspoons chopped parsley
5 tablespoons dried crumbs	Few grains salt
	Few grains pepper
	1 cup skim milk

Peel and slice onions. Cook in a large quantity of boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Put a layer of onions in a greased baking dish; sprinkle with crumbs, parsley, salt and pepper. Add another layer of onions and continue until all ingredients are used, ending with the crumbs. Add milk. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) until thoroughly heated.

CHEESE ROLLS

Mash cottage cheese to a smooth paste with milk. Season with grated onion, salt and pepper. Form into oblong rolls about 2 inches long and ½-inch wide. Roll in chopped parsley.

Well-balanced food portions will assure a healthy, well-proportioned body. Consult food charts in EATING FOR HEALTH—10c. Send stamps to the Service Editor, McCall's, Dayton, O.

COOKED ON TOP OF THE RANGE

[Beginning on page 46]

Three questions are asked us almost daily: Are modern electric ranges really *fast*? Shall I have to learn to cook all over again? How does the well-cooker operate?

ARE MODERN ELECTRIC RANGES REALLY FAST?

Electric ranges are most assuredly fast, and most assuredly you will not have to learn to cook "all over again." However, it is true that there are certain differences in operation, but the changes are logical and simple.

The surface units—burners, many people still call them—on an electric range are pretty well standardized now. Usually there are two six-inch units and one eight-inch one. In the average family, the six-inch units will be used chiefly, with the larger one reserved for frying or for quantity cookery. Each unit has three heats: high, medium and low.

When the switch is turned to *medium* the amount of current used is cut exactly in half, and when the switch is turned to *low* the current is cut to one-fourth the amount used on high. So you see how advisable it is, from a standpoint of economy, to use the low position as much as possible.

In addition, there is really a fourth heat. The surfaces are built of a material that stores up a quantity of heat when the current is on. That means that, after the current is actually completely off, food will continue to cook for from ten minutes to an hour, depending upon the type of dish that is being prepared.

COOK WITH THE CURRENT OFF

Which neatly introduces my pet hobby-horse. You know how hectic the last ten minutes before serving a meal can be? Table to set, salads to arrange. Think of the relief of knowing that all the surface units are *off* and that, while the food is still cooking, nothing can burn or scorch.

This controlled heat makes many sorts of surface cookery easy. Just try stewed raspberries (Minneapolis is a fine raspberry country) this way. Wash and sprinkle with a little sugar. Let stand for an hour to draw out some of the juice. Put in a tightly covered utensil and turn switch to *low*. Cook, always on low heat, for half an hour.

Then try beets this way. Wash, pare (yes, pare!), dice and put in a tightly covered pan with one-quarter cup of water. Place on high heat until they steam, then on *low* heat for 30 to 45 minutes, depending upon age of the beets. Butter and season. Sprinkle with finely chopped mint.

HOW THE WELL-COOKER OPERATES

On the bottom of the built-in well is a low-powered unit, with two (or sometimes three) heats, which are used in the same manner as for top of the stove cooking. As low heat uses only about 100 watts (the same amount a good kitchen lighting fixture uses) you can see that the running expense is spectacularly low.

In addition to the fact that it costs so little to operate, the cooker appeals to me because it performs miracles—in the modern manner. It produces, from the less tender cuts of meat, food that is a treat for the most rebellious appetite. As witness that pot roast in the photograph—oozing with flavor, tenderness, and all those food essentials you read about. You know, of course, that the less tender cuts are just as full of food value as the more tender ones, but they usually require long, slow cooking.

A final word about well-cookers. Most manufacturers now make cookers optional equipment. That is, you may, in buying a new range that is not equipped with a cooker, exchange one surface unit for a cooker—for a small additional charge, of course. And, if your present range does not boast a cooker, it may be possible to have one installed in place of one of the surface units. Cookers do a lot of things that I haven't mentioned. They even sterilize baby's bottles!

Swans Down Silver Cake... a party beauty!

But...you can't get cake like this with ordinary flour

LOOK! . . . A *white* cake, *smooth and light as a wisp of cloud!* The daintiest, loveliest cake in the world to set upon a party table!

BUT—there is a but! To make this a *perfect* dream of a cake, you must do what the recipe tells you. You must use Swans Down Cake Flour.

If you forget that—if you use *ordinary* flour instead—you'll get an *ordinary* cake. A "so-so" cake—not the beauty pictured here.

And here is the reason why. The gluten in ordinary flour is tenacious and elastic. To withstand the mixing and kneading of bread dough, you need this kind of gluten. For delicate cake mixtures, on the other hand, it's much too resistant. But the Swans Down gluten is unusually tender—so delicate that it responds perfectly to "quick" cake leavens.

And added to that, Swans Down Cake Flour is 27 times finer than ordinary flour!

Get Swans Down at your grocer's today! It is a General Foods product.

Swans Down Silver Cake

(4 egg whites)

3 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup butter or other shortening
1½ cups sugar
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon lemon extract
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring. Fold in egg whites quickly and thoroughly. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread Snowy Lemon Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Double recipe for three 10-inch layers.

Snowy Lemon Frosting

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
3 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind

Combine egg whites, sugar, water, and lemon juice in top of double boiler, beating with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water; add lemon rind and beat until thick enough to spread. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. (*All measurements are level.*)

Send! Get these Bargains!

This lovely cake-server is a *find* at this low price! Sturdy, stainless steel blade—silver-plated handle—delicately designed! Cake-server—together with "Latest Cake Secrets"—only 25c. Or *"Latest Cake Secrets" alone—only 10c.*

(Check the offer you prefer, we'll pay the postage)
Frances Lee Barton, General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. McC. 9-35

( ) Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin), for a copy of "Latest Cake Secrets."

( ) Enclosed is 25c for the beautiful cake-server described above. Also a copy of "Latest Cake Secrets." (This offer 25c in Canada.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Fill in completely—print name and address.) If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires July 1, 1936.)

THE FAVORITE KETCHUP of 110 nations!

HANDS grasp and tilt this appetite-enticing bottle at dining tables up and down the world. Foods of every nation, flecked with Heinz Tomato Ketchup, gain lively flavor—flavor keen with the tangy goodness of vine-fresh, sun-ripened tomatoes, choice spices and other rare good things. Flavor that enriches the enjoyment of almost any food it touches. Flavor that delights the taste of folks in Boston and in Bombay and clear around the world. **It's by far the largest-selling ketchup. Is it on your table?**

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Plant now for Spring Blossoms

BY J. W. JOHNSTON

IT'S easy enough to plan for August bloom in the treeless days of early spring. It's quite something else again to think of spring flowers when your garden is afire with the radiance of early fall. But that is just what I am counseling you to do.

Turn your back for a moment on your prize dahlias and zinnias, and let us think of apple blossoms and dogwood, of azaleas and iris and peonies, and of a good plot of grass.

The old idea that fall planting is a foolhardy venture is passing out. I superintended the planting of a demonstration garden in New York last fall—the plants ranging from 35-foot maples and 20-foot apple trees to shrubs, bulbs and lawn—and 98% of the plantings bloomed this spring.

The nurserymen are less rushed now than in the spring, a larger selection of plants is available, and the prices are more favorable.

Two words of warning—give especial care to the preparation of the soil and to drainage.

Soil preparation does not imply a richly fertilized soil—better create a reasonably rich condition now and add plant food next spring when the plants commence to grow. Do make certain, however, that organic matter is present in some form by adding well-rotted manure, compost soil or commercial humus.

Good drainage is necessary—pools of water around the plants in cold weather spell disaster. Small temporary ditches, to be filled in next spring, will take off excess water.

ROSES

All the hardy climbing roses and the hybrid Perpetuals may be planted in the fall—also the hybrid Teas in any climate where they will winter well under average protection.

A medium clay loam is best, prepared to a depth of at least a foot. Well-rotted cow manure forms a splendid foundation.

Prepare your bed in advance and plant the roses immediately on their arrival. Clip off any broken or bruised roots, and spread the roots in a natural position. The bud joint of budded roses—the knob-like swelling near the base of the plant—should rest 2 or 3 inches below the soil level.

After planting, cut back the plants as follows: Hybrid Teas so that each branch carries not more than 6 to 8 buds; Hybrid Perpetuals to within 18 to 24 inches of the ground.

After the first frost, mound light soil around each plant, until not less than the four lowest buds are covered. With the arrival of freezing weather, heap from 4 to 6 inches of straw, leaves or salt hay over the mounds and between rows.

Cut only the dead wood on hardy climbing roses. Tie the canes together, lay them on the ground and cover with from 6 to 8 inches of soil.

If the rose plants on arrival to you show the least dryness around the roots, soak them in a pail of water for an hour before planting.

PERENNIALS

Confine your activities to those perennials offered by the nurseries in the fall, and you will avoid those that resent planting at this season. You may lose some, but you will gain growth that makes for better blooms.

Prepare the soil a week before you plant. Japanese Iris and Peonies should be planted during August. Foxglove and Canterbury Bells and like plants which have a crown that remains green most of the winter will need careful watching for rot. Tuck straw or leaves in under their leaves, but do not cover the heart in such a manner that heat will generate and rot the plant. Better still, cover them with weighted berry boxes or baskets.

Firm the soil and water during the winter for heaving of the ground that may uproot the plants. A mulch of straw or leaves applied after the first freeze will prevent this. When applying this mulch, remember to use only evergreen boughs to cover any plants that retain their foliage throughout the winter.

[*Turn to page 68*]

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN MOTHER!"

"THERE'S so much puttering around with pots and pans in our house, that I hardly *ever* get to see my mother! She should spend more time with me, and less in the kitchen. I'm growing now. Somebody has to teach me how to play and think and act.

"I think I'll tell mother that Heinz Strained Foods taste better to me than most of the foods prepared here in our house. They even *look* better; the fresh color just seems to make me *hungry*, and I'll bet that Heinz cooks know just as much about straining and cooking vegetables as my mother does.

"Besides, I heard the doctor say that Heinz Strained Foods have been *officially* accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods—meaning that in vitamin and mineral retention, Heinz Strained Foods are all right with the doctors. Mother!—come out of the kitchen a moment while I tell you . . ."

HEINZ 57
STRAINED FOODS

9 KINDS — 1. Strained Vegetable Soup. 2. Peas. 3. Green Beans. 4. Spinach. 5. Carrots. 6. Tomatoes. 7. Beets. 8. Prunes. 9. Cereal.

GET THIS BABY DIET BOOK

This new book *"Modern Guardians of Your Baby's Health"*, contains many up-to-date facts regarding the various vitamins and mineral salts. Also information on infant care and feeding. Send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods or 10 cents. Address H. J. Heinz Co., Department MC209, Pittsburgh, Pa.

OUR BAKING SODA HAS MANY HELPFUL USES

it soothes . . .

the soreness of sunburn

When children play too long in the sun, ease the soreness of sunburn by applying a paste of our Baking Soda and water; renew when dry with a fresh wet Baking Soda application; it cools and soothes. Our Baking Soda has many helpful uses. It makes an effective gargle; is often prescribed by physicians for indigestion. Just a few cents a package from your grocer.

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F-16 10 Cedar Street, New York
Please send me Free Book describing uses of Baking Soda, also a set of colored bird cards.
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ALWAYS ASK FOR ARM & HAMMER OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA

Just "brush" it on

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DOLLARS FOR YOU

That money YOU want can be YOURS quickly and easily! Just show our new de luxe assortment of forty CHRISTMAS CARDS not sold in stores. Exclusive designs, unusual values, attractive boxes. Real quality.

Send no money—Just Your Name to Start Making Money

Write me TODAY. I'll rush you Assortment on deluxe gift. But on approval to start YOU earning at once. Send TODAY!

WHITE'S QUAINT SHOP
M-2 Union Ave., Westfield, Mass.

SELL EXTRA MONEY EASILY AND QUICKLY 100% PROFIT YOU YOU

Wonderful spare time money maker. Sell friends, neighbors 21 Assortments of Christmas Cards (Everybody buys on sight. 21 assortment now, novel, striking creations. Exquisite mother of pearls, gorgeous sheer sheens, lovely tree portrayals, appealing religious, gay humorous, beautiful floral, Scenics, and metallic inserts. Distinctive gift box. Amazing values attract fast-selling assortments. No experience needed. EXTRA BONUS. We stand you. Write for sample box on approval.
SCHWER, Old Reliable Kardiman, Dept. H-8, Westfield, Mass.

From Office-Worker To a Well-Paid Hotel Position

Agnes Edwards, Office Worker, Without Experience, Becomes Executive of Apartment Hotel

"6 weeks—Please send me your Free booklet—meant the difference between success and failure. I was a good stenographer—but thoroughly dissatisfied with my salary and opportunities. Then I saw the Lewis Schools' advertisement, 'Hotels Call for Trained Men and Women,' and sent for their FREE book. Here was everything I wanted—fascinating work, good pay, splendid opportunities, and I enrolled. Now I am Housekeeper of this Apartment Hotel. I owe my success to Lewis Lesure-Time, Home-Study Training."

STEP INTO A WELL-PAID HOTEL POSITION
Good positions from coast to coast for trained men and women in hotel, club, restaurant and institutional field. Hundreds of graduates put in touch with positions in last six months as Manager, Assistant Manager, Housekeeper, Hostess, Steward and Chef. Many fine jobs filled by Lewis graduates from far-flung Empire. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Lewis graduates, both young and mature, winning success. Good grade school education, plus Lewis Training, qualifies you at home, in leisure time. Registration FREE of extra cost in Lewis National Placement Service, which covers country thru special arrangement with the more than 22,000 Western Union offices. Write your name and address in margin, and mail this ad TODAY for Free Book which tells how to qualify for a well-paid position. LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Room LP-9030, Washington, D. C.

"JAKE, I NEED HELP!"

[Continued from page 54]

just one thing: the gang had inside information from someone. Considering Mrs. Meredith's apparent friendliness with the outlaws, Sergeant Blake bridged the gap between the general to the specific with one easy leap: Mrs. Meredith was that someone. Wasn't she seen talking secretly with one of the gang? And hadn't witnesses said that "a package" had passed between them?

"But I've already told you, my good man," Mrs. Meredith explained, "that he merely gave me a box of aspirin—an act of common decency. I'm catching, as you can see, a frightful cold. Here's the box right here."

"Now, see here, lady. Do you expect me to believe that a gangster, in the middle of a stick-up, hands you a box of aspirin. . ." And then he went on raving in futile impotence and used a number of expressions which Mrs. Meredith had not heard since Mr. Meredith had slipped while crossing ice-coated Fifth Avenue and snapped his tibia in the cleanest break his doctor had ever seen.

"All that," Mrs. Meredith said, "is quite beside the point. I have told you the truth. What object would I have in lying to you?"

"Well, if you're as innocent as you claim, you'll come to the line-up and identify your friend this time!"

Mrs. Meredith knew as well as the next woman when she had plagued a man far enough. "You have always found me willing to coöperate with the authorities," she murmured docilely. "I did not go before because I knew I could not help you. I still don't believe I can. But if you would like me to view your line-up of suspects tomorrow—or any time—I'll be only too glad to do so."

He looked at her unbelievingly, blustered a moment and then, the wind taken out of his sails, said flatly: "Well, see that you're there. Ten o'clock tomorrow morning. One of my men will be here for you."

MRS. MEREDITH slept very little that night. She knew that this escapade would mean the end of New York for her the moment Todd read of it in the paper. Yet she regretted none of it. It had been the most exciting series of events which had ever happened to her. It would certainly be something to remember—and tell.

She felt quite safe next morning as she sat between Sergeant Blake and another detective in the cold gray room at the police station. The hotel employees had all been there before her and had been unable to identify any of the suspects, and she was sure that if they, younger and possessed of good eyesight, were unable to help the police she, who in all truth had never seen Jake's face, would be even less helpful.

The lights in the spectators' end of the room were turned entirely off as soon as she was seated and the other end, across which ran a slightly elevated platform, was suddenly ablaze with spotlights. Sergeant Blake said, "Bring 'em on, Murphy," and slowly eight men shuffled across the platform. They all were of less than average height, all wore dark overcoats, all carried nondescript hats.

When Mrs. Meredith complained that she could not see, Blake led her up to the men on the platform and she looked each one of them in the eye. Then Blake questioned each one in turn so that she might hear their voices. Two of them had a decided Italian accent, but the other six spoke the patois of the New York tenements. Then Blake made them put on their hats.

After five minutes of this Blake turned to her. "Well," he said, "which one's him?"

Mrs. Meredith made a last survey, walking from one to the other. This show was being given for her and the least she could do was to appear to be interested. But in her heart she was praying: "If you're here, Jake, don't give me a sign."

Before the man second from the left she stopped longest. Was there something familiar about his shoulders, about that short neck? No, she thought. I'm just imagining it. It wouldn't be fair to say I was suspicious of him—even if I wanted to be—because I honestly don't know.

She turned back to Sergeant Blake. "I'm sorry, Officer. I can't identify any of them. I'm certain it isn't the two Italians, but it might be any of the other six. Or it might be none of them. I wouldn't let a guess of mine put an innocent man in prison."

Sergeant Blake, in the presence of other and superior officers, could not give vent to his fury. "Turn 'em loose," he instructed the attendant.

Blake walked with Mrs. Meredith out into the hall and toward the door. She scurried along as fast as she could go, adjusting her hat and spectacles. She noticed that there were several other men leaving the building, but she did not notice who they were.

And then she glanced up from under her hatbrim directly into the face of one of the men whom she had seen in the line-up. She almost stopped in her tracks, but some inner compulsion kept her going. She did not stop until she had stepped into a taxi. Then she smiled at Blake.

"Goodbye," she said. "You've been very patient with an old woman."

Blake looked at her speculatively a moment, then uttered his parting words: "I may be wrong, Mrs. Meredith, but I think you know a lot more than you're telling."

Mrs. Meredith said, "Go on, driver. The Breckinridge." She sat up very straight as the car turned the corner. It was a very old, high taxi with windows which let all the world see what its occupants were up to. Mrs. Meredith did not know that she looked like a figure preserved under glass.

But she did know that Sergeant Blake had been quite right in saying that she knew more than she was telling. She knew which one of those men was Jake. He had winked as he passed her there in the hall!

BEFORE she left for Los Angeles—yes, that is where she is now, living with Todd and Sally and her memories—Mrs. Meredith visited the "Star" and said she would like to insert an item in their "Personals." She had it all thought out, and the printing of it took her only a moment. Then she read it over to see that it would in no way incriminate the intended recipient nor herself:

> Jake: I do not need help. I am going away and am trusting you to turn to the right. I know who you are and can let the authorities know if you don't. And many thanks for mailing my letter.

She thought for a long time over the signature. Then a happy inspiration came to her. With a flourish she wrote the one word "Gramaw."

THE FIRST LADY

[Continued from page 33]

under the auspices of the newly-formed Junior League she inspected sweatshops and tenements.

To the great relief of her family, this phase appeared to pass off harmlessly with her marriage to Franklin at the age of twenty. For the next sixteen years her energies were bottled up in the rôle of a model housewife and mother. But in 1921 occurred the near catastrophe which changed Franklin Roosevelt's destiny. Few people realize that it changed his wife's just as deeply. When he lay helpless with infantile paralysis the doctors told her that she must keep his interests alive, keep his name alive. So she went into politics with the sole purpose, at first, of bringing politics home to him.

In speaking before a group of women not long ago she remarked: "I was talking with a man the other day and he said—" At that she launched into an analysis of some current problem. Afterwards one of her hearers, impressed by the points she had made, asked: "Who was the man you talked to?"

"Franklin," said Mrs. Roosevelt.

To friends of the family in the White House it is no news that she talks over a good many of her speeches with the President. For instance, she conferred with him before her speaking campaign last fall for Mrs. Caroline O'Day, the friend who is now Congressman-at-large from New York state. Gossips in Washington and elsewhere, baffled by the independent activities of the First Lady, have invented some of the most extraordinary theories to account for them. But they have said very little, perhaps because they haven't heard, about the team-work in the White House which is some day going to provide a very human and readable footnote to the history of the New Deal—if Mrs. Roosevelt can ever be handled in a footnote.

A WIFE in the White House does not find it easy to get a moment's private word with her husband. In the case of the Roosevelts his day's conferences begin with breakfast, which is served on a tray in his room, while Mrs. Roosevelt has hers in her own sitting room. Her best chance comes during his afternoon swim in the pool, when she and other members of the household swim with him. Often when there is a guest, however, the President will be deep in business even in the water. In that case domestic conferences wait until they go upstairs before dinner.

When she reads anything that she thinks he ought to read, or that would amuse him, she leaves it beside his bed. Sometimes he rebels at her prescriptions. Once she recommended a rather hefty treatise on the youth movement, which he seemed disposed to duck. Days later, when they were steaming down the Potomac on the Sequoia, the subject of that book came up again. The President thrust it into the hands of the naval aide.

"Here, read this, Captain," he said. "It will be good for you."

A vast amount of speculating has been done as to the influence of Mrs. Roosevelt on New Deal policies and people. It is assumed, for instance, that she is the author of the subsistence homesteads idea, and that her maternal yearnings over destitute miners, around Reedsville and elsewhere, have cost the taxpayers a good many millions.

BUT while Mrs. Roosevelt mothered the Reedsville project, the whole conception of putting the unemployed on small farms where they can raise their sustenance, of developing local industries to give them a cash income, is an old favorite vision of the President's. Mrs. Roosevelt's Val-Kill furniture factory near Hyde Park, which gives employment to twenty local people, has for eight years been putting his scheme into practice. That is a good example of the way their minds work together.

When it comes to the successes and failures at Reedsville—including the costly mistake of those portable houses—there is no doubt of the part played by Mrs. Roosevelt. She and Louis Howe, the Man Friday of Franklin Roosevelt from time immemorial, passed on every detail of the project—(types of people to be selected, agriculture, education, as well as houses. And it was frankly because of Mrs. Roosevelt and her deep interest in the needs of this particular community, that Reedsville was selected as the place to begin spending the government's $25,000,000 appropriation for subsistence homesteads.

The whole philosophy of huge expenditures for relief, of the President's celebrated: "Tell Gene Grace he'll never make a million dollars a year again," of the Forgotten Man who must be remembered—all those Christian and altruistic concepts are as much an expression of Eleanor Roosevelt as of the President—or more so. Friends say that her thinking is to the left of his. At any rate, her talk is sometimes more outspoken. Early in 1933 she warned an audience of Junior League young ladies that they had better make up their minds to share or have nothing; she reminded them that there had been revolutions.

However, she is not regarded as dangerous except by the editors of "The Red Network," who list her in their "Who's Who in Radicalism" along with most of the members of the present government. One citation is her gifts of money to the "radical" Friends' Service Committee—to which the Hoovers also gave money. Another is her activity in the Women's Trade Union League, an organization so reeking with revolution that it has had the wives of two Morgan partners and of two other nationally known Wall Street bankers on its board of directors.

[Continued on page 65]

Extra size

is one of the virtues of this new aluminum ring mold. It is 11 inches across—an ideal size to use for preparing molded salads and desserts in large quantity. —F. I. H.

Pretty Lady

how do you stay that way?

THERE is no one magic road to keeping lovely. It takes many things . . . rest, proper food, careful grooming, a dressing table of creams and lotions and fine cosmetics, and . . . among millions of women . . .

A certain little blue box!

On its cover is the name Ex-Lax. It is a dainty, mild, gentle, thorough and very pleasant way to combat that dreaded enemy of loveliness and health . . . *constipation.*

Tastes like Chocolate

Ex-Lax is such a delight to take, it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Like fine candy. Once you take Ex-Lax you'll never mistreat your palate again with bitter, nasty-tasting cathartics.

Mild, Gentle Action

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet, it is *so* mild, *so* gentle. It doesn't overact. It approximates Nature. It doesn't disturb you at inconvenient moments. Nor does it ever leave you feeling weak afterwards. For yourself, and every member of your family, Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative. Children love its taste, and it is so good for them. More mothers give Ex-Lax to their children than any other laxative. 10c and 25c boxes at all drug stores.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Underweight and undersized

...UNTIL HE BEGAN DRINKING MILK THIS DELICIOUS WAY

MOTHER used to measure him against the wall. What a disappointment to see that his height remained the same month after month. A fine little chap, so bright and well-mannered. But small for his age. And underweight. . . All because she couldn't get him to drink enough milk.

But—"See how tall I am now, Mother!" See how much higher the mark is on the wall. See how much more he weighs, how much better he looks!

For now every day he is drinking *a quart of milk mixed with Cocomalt.*

Milk, as every mother knows, helps children grow tall, fill out, gain in strength and weight. Think of the advantages *your* child will have if you give him milk mixed with *Cocomalt* every day. Made as directed, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy to milk. Every glass or cup your child drinks is *equal in food-energy value to almost two glasses of milk alone!*

Supplies 5 important food essentials

Cocomalt supplies *extra* carbohydrates which supply food-energy to meet the energy demands of the body for work, play and study. It supplies *extra* specially valuable proteins for building and repairing body tissue. It supplies *extra* food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for building strong bones, sound teeth, straight-as-an-arrow bodies. Cocomalt has a rich content of Sunshine Vitamin D—under license by the Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation.

With its special nutritional value, and its extra food-energy, Cocomalt is a pleasant way to restore and maintain strength—for housewives, business men, convalescents, nursing and expectant mothers.

A hot, non-stimulating drink helps to induce restful sleep. Hundreds of men and women drink Cocomalt hot at night—find that it helps them to sleep soundly.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size. In powder form only, easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD.

• • •

Special Trial Offer: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R.B. Davis Co., Dept. CA9, Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt

Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control, Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. (Irradiated ergosterol.)

LATE VEGETABLES

BY BEULAH V. GILLASPIE

PERHAPS your relatives are more grateful than mine, but I know the corn season never ends without a shower of reproaches. "Why *didn't* you let us have fresh corn more often?" they wail—though they have gnawed their way through mountains of cobs, it seems to me.

I think it is possible for homemakers to worry too much about the bugaboo of monotonous menus. Why not give our families their favorite fresh vegetable—whatever it may be—almost every day while it lasts? We can easily keep changing the recipe.

In McCall's Kitchen, our staff has just worked out these delightful variations for corn, squash and cucumbers—three of the best late summer vegetables. You will notice how quickly they can be prepared.

CORN ON COB

Remove husks and strands of silk from corn, submerge in boiling salted water and bring quickly to boil again. Boil about 5 minutes. (The exact length of time will depend upon age and size of ears.) Serve at once.

CORN AND CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

4 tablespoons fat	1 cup milk
4 tablespoons flour	1 cup grated cheese
1 teaspoon salt	4 egg yolks
Few grains pepper	1 cup corn
4 egg whites	

Heat fat, add flour, salt and pepper. Add milk gradually, and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thick. Add grated cheese, and stir until melted. Pour over the beaten egg yolks. Add corn and mix well. Fold this mixture slowly into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased casserole. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) 45 minutes to 1 hour. Serve immediately.

CORN AND SALMON PIE

2 tablespoons fat	1 cup cooked or canned salmon
2 tablespoons flour	1 cup cooked or canned corn
½ teaspoon salt	Drop biscuits
Few grains pepper	
1½ cups milk	

Heat fat, add flour, salt and pepper. Add milk gradually, and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until slightly thick. Add salmon and corn. Pour into a casserole. Make a soft biscuit dough (soft enough to drop), and drop by spoonfuls, about one inch apart, on top of creamed mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes, or until the biscuits are a delicate light brown.

FRIED CUCUMBERS

Peel cucumbers and cut in fourths lengthwise. Remove the seedy portion. Cook in boiling water about 3 minutes; drain and cool. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roll in crumbs, then in beaten egg, to which 1 tablespoon of water has been added, then in crumbs again. Fry in a small amount of fat until a delicate brown on both sides. Serve at once.

CREAMED CUCUMBERS

3 medium-sized cucumbers	1½ tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons fat	½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk	Few grains pepper

Peel cucumbers and cut in one-inch strips. Remove the seedy portion. Cook in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Heat fat, add flour, salt and pepper. Add milk gradually, and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thick. Add cucumbers and heat thoroughly. Sprinkle a little paprika on each serving.

STUFFED SQUASH

2 large summer (patty pan) squash	1 teaspoon salt
	Few grains pepper
½ pound small sausages	1 cup cooked noodles
1 small onion, chopped	Thyme
	1/3 cup crumbs

Wipe squash, cut through the skin on top, and steam 25 minutes, or until almost tender. Remove center, being careful not to break shell. Discard the seeds and chop remaining squash. Cut sausages in small pieces; brown in frying pan. Drain off all but 2 tablespoons fat. Add onion and brown slightly. Add chopped squash, salt, pepper, noodles and a little thyme. Mix well and refill squash shells. Cover top with buttered crumbs. Place on a baking pan and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 25 to 30 minutes.

SQUASH FRITTERS

1 cup grated squash	1 teaspoon sugar
	3 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon grated onion	1 egg
½ teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon melted fat or oil
Few grains pepper	

Combine squash, onion, salt, pepper, sugar and flour. Mix well. Add beaten egg and fat or oil. Drop by tablespoons on a greased griddle. Fry on both sides until a delicate brown. This is a nice accompaniment to serve with roast chicken.

AUGUST

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

Armour's Meal of the Month

• MENU •

It was a pleasure to plan this menu for the August Meal of the Month:

Iced Tomato Juice
Cold-meat Board — Green Onions
Old-fashioned Potato and Vegetable Salad
Mayonnaise Dressing
Olives — Pickles — Relish
Rye Bread Cloverbloom Butter Iced Tea
Peach and Pineapple Shortcake Whipped Cream

Ask your dealer for my free recipe book.

(signed) MARIE GIFFORD, *Food Economist at Armour's*

Table Appointments from Marshall Field & Co.

Don't miss Cecil B. DeMille's
"THE CRUSADES"

The glorious romance and adventure of the Middle Ages—the high drama of chivalry—all this you will see in Paramount's epochal picture, "The Crusades." Brought to the screen by the master hand of Cecil DeMille, creator of such great pictures as "Sign of the Cross," "Ten Commandments," "Cleopatra," and others. "The Crusades" is heralded as the "Picture of the Year." Under the guidance of her distinguished father, Katherine DeMille plays a role that gives full scope to her beauty and talent. Critics expect her to score a triumph in "The Crusades."

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Watch for it at your theatre

For August, Madam, something new!

The Cold-meat Board

Selected by the DeMilles, of Hollywood

. . . Summer eating at its best . . . and a kitchen holiday, too

THE DeMilles, of Hollywood, selected it. Marie Gifford, of Armour's, planned it cleverly to take you away from the hot stove. And now Armour presents it as the MEAL OF THE MONTH for August. It's a meal to *cheer* for. You prepare it in a jiffy—then serve it gaily in the kitchen, on the porch, or even in the garden. Here, Madam, is perfect summer eating for your family—and a kitchen holiday for *you!*

Wholesomeness and economy in Armour's Ready-to-Serve meats

A marvelous variety of Armour Ready-to-Serve meats is available for your Cold-meat Board★—many kinds of savory Armour sausage meats, dainty spreads and spiced meats . . . each with its own fine flavor, enriched and sealed in by Armour's carefully controlled methods.

Be sure you get Armour's meats. The success of your Cold-meat Board depends on the natural meat juices, the delicate spicing, the absolute purity and wholesomeness for which these Armour products are famous. They're made in spotless Armour kitchens, by expert food-makers, who guard every step of the process. "Armour quality *must* be there," they say. And always, the delicious Armour flavor.

Choose an assortment of Armour meats and Cloverbloom Cheese at your dealer's. You'll find them utterly appetizing . . . and so economical you'll want to keep a supply in your pantry or refrigerator, all summer long.

A new favorite meal each month

Each month, a new Armour MEAL OF THE MONTH is displayed in your neighborhood food store. You buy all the items at one time and also get Marie Gifford's book of recipes for the complete meal. Thousands of women have welcomed this new buying service because it answers that bothersome question, "What *shall* I serve today?" . . . If you haven't already served the Armour meals, why not begin with this delicious choice for August? Your family will love the Cold-meat Board—and the flavor and richness of Armour's quality products.

★ The Armour products pictured above are Braunschweiger Liver Sausage, Star Luncheon Roll, Armour's Spiced Luncheon Meat, several Armour Dainty Spreads and Armour's Cloverbloom Cheese. In the illustration to the left are these same Armour products in packages, together with Armour's Cooked Pigs Feet.

FREE RECIPE BOOK

Ask your dealer for Marie Gifford's Recipe Book, with full directions for preparing the August MEAL OF THE MONTH.

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY at your dealer's all during August

© 1930, Armour and Company

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

MRS. HOWARD KISER, of Indianapolis, Indiana, writes: "I got a big surprise when I smelled the gelatin dessert I'd been using. The vapor rising from the bowl had an awful odor.

"So I tried Royal . . . and what a difference! The vapor from Royal Lime Gelatin smelled just like real limes—not a bit stale or unpleasant. I've been using Royal ever since."

"I changed to Royal *the moment I smelled the difference*"

When you mix ROYAL, you get just the delightful aroma of fresh fruit —*never* a stale, unpleasant odor

TRY THIS—the next time you make a gelatin dessert. As you add the hot water, bend over the bowl and smell the rising vapor.

With *ordinary* gelatin desserts, the vapor has a stale, unpleasant odor. But with *Royal*, it has just a delightful fruit fragrance.

And when you *taste* Royal, you get that deep, rich flavor that can come only from real fruit.

In Royal Lime, you get the piquant tang of the fresh-cut, juicy fruit itself. Royal Strawberry—there you have the deep, rich flavor of real berries ripened in the sun. Order several packages from your grocer . . . today.

Seven pure fruit flavors: Lime, Lemon, Orange, Pineapple, Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry. And the new Royal Gelatin Aspic, unsweetened, for jellied meats and salads.

FREE—Beautiful New Recipe Book: Send front of Royal Gelatin or Royal Pudding package (any flavor) and receive book of over 100 recipes. Natural color photographs. Pictures show how to mould and unmould. Send coupon.

ROYAL GELATIN, Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
Dept. G-37, 691 Washington Street, New York City

I enclose one (1) package front of one (1) package of Royal Gelatin or Royal Pudding, for which please send my free copy of "Royal Desserts and Salads."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1935, by Standard Brands Incorporated

THE FIRST LADY

[Continued from page 61]

Next to subsistence homesteads, she has been closer to relief than to any other side of the regime. It was her idea to start those camps in the woods for unemployed women. She also did a good deal to bring about more adequate provision for women in the CWA. She "never recommends;" she "merely suggests."

A good example of the way she gets things moving was her essentially feminine procedure on the unemployed-woman problem. Believing that not enough was being done, she persuaded Harry Hopkins to call a conference of welfare workers to talk about it. They met in the East Room, and the First Lady presided, knitting.

Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt have had their political differences, classifiable as exceptions which prove the rule. When he, as Governor of New York, had made up his mind to be wet in a careful way, she cut off the reservation one time and made a thumping dry speech upstate. It is observed that her idealism runs away with her at times. As one friend expressed it, "She has no great degree of skepticism," while he remains a realist. One of her bed-table recommendations for his reading was a booklet called "Abolishing Poverty," which set forth a remarkable scheme for setting the world to rights, not unlike Upton Sinclair's. The President read it, but was not deeply impressed.

"Whew," he inquired, "would I be if I listened to that?"

Criticism of her commercial radio broadcasts has long since died down, as it must, since it is now fully understood that she gives away the money. Before the inauguration her radio proceeds were divided, half going to the New York state unemployment fund, and half being split up between the Women's Trade Union League and a fund to take care of individual appeals. For years Mrs. Roosevelt has contributed heavily to the support of two rest rooms for working girls which are maintained by the League, and the League in return has done the investigating on individual cases which she has aided.

The $36,000 which she made last year on the radio, at $3,000 an appearance, went direct from the broadcasting companies to the American Friends' Service committee, which is very active among the unemployed miners whose plight concerns her so deeply. Six thousand dollars of it went to an experimental school in Reedsville, $6,000 for a health center in the same region, $6,000 for teaching handicrafts to these people. Out of the income from her writings she contributes to a large number of old pets, including the National League of Women Voters, the Consumers League, a women's and children's hospital in New York, and so forth.

ANOTHER reason why she needs to make money is found in her mail. While she is hard-boiled about appeals for charity as everybody must be who receives many of them, all that sound urgent are quietly turned over to investigators. She has a private grapevine system of friends in many localities who are happy to do this work for her, and cases that are found to need help receive it.

Early in the regime she discovered that there were any number of women scientists working for the government who had never been recognized by a White House invitation. She proceeded to ask Department heads for lists of these forgotten women—bacteriologists from the Public Health Bureau, chemists from the Bureau of Standards, experts on chicken diseases from the Department of Agriculture—and had them for tea in relays. There were more teas for assorted bureau workers, for the secretaries of Congressmen.

That is the mildest of the new departures which have kept Washington buzzing and clacking. Social workers and newspaper women rattling around the White House are too much for local representatives of the Old Deal.

AT ABOUT the same period Washington was rocked by an awful rumor that at one meal, while Prime Minister MacDonald was staying in the White House Mrs. Roosevelt, instead of seating her guests according to rank, directed them to "just sit anywhere." On informal occasions, when it is permissible to do so, she does obey the instincts of a humane hostess and let her guests have a good time. But the rules of precedence that govern formal functions are obeyed as they have always been. The five State dinners are subject to such rules, and so are the scarcely less formidable dinners in honor of individual diplomats or high government officials. Other dinners, while remaining in the white tie category, follow a descending scale of ceremony. At such comparatively jolly affairs the Roosevelts will seat the two or three high men according to rank, but will shuffle the rest for congeniality. The Sunday night scrambled-egg suppers, at which soft collars and daytime dresses are worn, are something else entirely.

Although Mrs. Roosevelt is not personally interested in the complexities of State entertaining, she knows more about them than any White House mistress in years. In the past State Department experts have guided the White House on every step of its formal entertaining; have arranged the seating and even checked the seating lists. But the Roosevelts use the State Department very little. Mrs. Roosevelt seats her own guests with a sure hand—allowing due credit to Mrs. Helm, who served under Mrs. Wilson also. And she doesn't need to be told—an imaginary case—not to invite a California senator who has been howling for exclusion on the same night as the Japanese ambassador.

Mrs. Roosevelt comes and goes around Washington as she pleases. Sometimes she drives to one of the little inns a few miles out of town for lunch or tea with friends. Last year a group of newspaper women celebrated her birthday by giving her a luncheon at one of these places.

She visits informally at Mrs. Henry Morgenthau's house, at Isabella Greenway's, at Frances Perkins', also at some of the newspaper girls'. Her cousin, Alice Longworth, comes to the White House for all kinds of parties from State receptions to family luncheons; a curious relationship, because Alice is always sharpening her wit at the expense of her cousin in the White House, and some of it is pretty savage. She does it directly under their noses, not stopping at personal peculiarities. But Mrs. Roosevelt is either superhuman enough not to be ruffled by Alice's goings-on, or clever enough not to show it. She tells everybody, with flawless unperturbed sweetness, that she finds Alice delightfully amusing.

[*Continued on page 68*]

LET YOUR DOCTOR TELL
YOU ABOUT KARO FOR CHILDREN
Karo
THE average child derives approximately one-half of his total energy requirements from carbohydrates. The carbohydrate requirement should be supplied in a form which is easily digested, not readily fermented, and which does not destroy the appetite for other foods. *Karo* meets these requirements.

SCIENCE DISCOVERS CHIEF REASON FOR COOKING FAILURES

NEW "MIRACLE COOKERY" MAKES YOUR COOKING RESULTS CERTAIN

By FRANCES WEEDMAN

ONE-STEP ROASTING enables you to roast meats in open pans without searing or basting.

With ONE-STEP BAKING you start cakes, pies and rolls in a cold oven, and assure success and finer texture.

LET'S solve this eternal kitchen mystery, once and for all. Today you followed faithfully the same recipe that last week brought forth, we'll say, the perfect cake. Yet today's cake, alas, is merely cause for dismay.

Take heart! For the world's surest detective has been working on the case. Science has sifted the cause of cooking failures, and found that it is not necessarily the quality of ingredients you use. Far more often it is the lack of *absolute control over cooking temperatures and oven moisture!*

And, of course, Science has found a way to confound this villain of the kitchen. Today we have "Miracle Cookery." The controlled heat of "Electric Embers" assures *exactly* the temperatures you need, and *maintains* them throughout the cooking process.

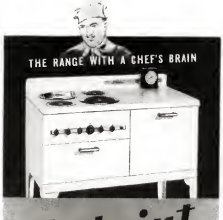
The oven, unlike those of other types of ranges, is *draftless*. Thus, there are no hot waves of air, and oven moisture is always under control.

Even the glowing *surface* "Electric Embers" of Hi-speed Calrod cooking units maintain precisely the degree of heat needed for each food you cook. There is no guesswork. And, best of all, the heat is *concentrated* on the bottom of the pot—not diffused about the kitchen. This means cooler summer kitchens, and economy of heat.

Electric Cookery makes you the mistress of still more magic. Entire oven meals are cooked to perfection *while you are away*, by the "Chef's Brain" (electric timer) and the automatic temperature control. There is no soot to blacken pots and pans. It is the safest, cleanest, coolest cooking method in the world.

Do investigate Hotpoint Electric Ranges at your own electric company. See for yourself how cooking failures are checkmated—how "absent cookery" simplifies culinary problems—and how *easy* it is to bring "Miracle Cookery" to your kitchen. An unique budget system allows you many months to pay.

Hi-speed, self-cleaning Calrod Coils are practically indestructible.



EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.
Dept. E 5605 W Taylor Street, Chicago, Illinois

Send me FREE *a copy of the Book that leads the way to "Miracle Cookery"—"A Modern Alice in Wanderland".*

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

MARY and Don had come from a small town. You know the sort, where broad tree-shaded streets are rimmed with comfortable houses with bay windows and wide porches: where mother sits to sew on warm afternoons.

When they were first married. Mary and Don thought their tiny apartment was the ultimate in compact comfort. But the roll-away bed knocked the clothes down as it slid into the closet, and the pullman kitchen was too small for anything but the most sketchy of meals.

Now that Don was manager of the branch, and Mary had quit her job to wait for the baby, they started hunting for something bigger. But the places that fitted their pocketbooks were cramped.

One day, after a despairing exploration of all the four-room igloos on the rental agent's list, Mary came back, and, battling her tears, turned the switch on the radio. "Stop apartment hunting," a voice urged. "Build your own home. You can do it on a very small income. Let the Federal Housing Administration help you build the home you dream of."

The next day Mary marched down to the field office of the Federal Housing Administration. That night Don found his wife so excited that she exploded with enthusiasm before he had even closed the hall door. "Darling," she greeted him, "let's take the $1000 Uncle Sid gave us for a wedding present and build a home of our own."

"But we can't build for $1000."

"Oh yes we can. . . I know all about it. Now listen. . ."

Well, this is what they did; and because the government-sponsored housing program will make a home of our own a reality for any of us, let's follow their typical progress.

First, Mary and Don figured how expensive a home they could afford on a $3000 income. It is usually estimated that a man can safely invest in his house and lot an amount equal to two or two and a half times his income. That meant they could easily spend $3000 on house and lot.

Now, the 80% insured first mortgage plan they used means that, with $1000 to buy the lot, they could borrow $4000 to build the house. They first consulted the man at the Federal Housing Administration again to make sure the neighborhood wasn't likely to deteriorate and depreciate the property value, and to be certain they weren't going to make a $5000 investment in a locale of $3000 houses.

The next thing they did was to get an architect to draw up plans and specifications, including a careful estimate of the cost of the work. They also got a contractor's bid. Then they went down to the building and loan association. They might have gone to a bank, or to an insurance company, mortgage company or any other lending institution approved by Federal Housing Administration.

You see, the loan they got was not granted by the government itself. Uncle Sam has simply put into operation a plan by which the lending institution may be reimbursed, in case the borrower defaults, out of an insurance fund built up for this purpose from premiums mentioned below.

DON and Mary were confronted with a long, printed questionnaire. It inquires about your income, your property and your debts.

As Don had had the same job for six years, good credit rating in his community, and no excessive bills, he got the promise of the loan. The Housing Administration appraised the property on the basis of plans and specifications, taking safeguards the inexperienced Mary and Don had never heard of to see they got what they paid for. Then it promised to insure the mortgage, on terms specified in the application, when the house was finished. With this promise in hand, called, technically, a contract for insurance, they went

BY MAXINE DAVIS

"WE'RE BUILDING A NEW HOUSE"

back to the building association, got a construction loan, and told the contractor to go ahead.

MARY and Don are voluble about the advantages of the Insured Mortgage Plan. They borrowed the limit, $4000 for a house and lot worth $5000. They're going to pay it back over a twenty-year period. They had, in addition to the thousand dollar wedding present, another $800 of their savings in reserve. They hope they won't have to use it, but they know it's best to have a reserve.

They'll be charged 5% a year on the actual amount from time to time outstanding. There will be initial expenses, such as appraisal fees, title search, credit investigation, etc., in connection with the issuance of the $4000 mortgage, which may run as high as $100, and they may have to pay a service charge of ½ of 1% a year. Also, they will pay a mutual mortgage insurance premium of ½% a year on the entire $4000 throughout the 20 years of the loan—this to build up the insurance fund referred to above. All their payments, after the initial expenses, come to about $29.20 a month. Their taxes, assessments, fire and other insurance will cost them approximately $10 a month. These vary, of course, according to city and neighborhood. Mary and Don are also allowing between $30 and $50 a year to keep the new house in repair. Even counting that in, the entire installments on their home are costing them about $43 a month—not much more than they paid for their rented apartment!

The new plan has borrowed from the building and loan associations some of the features of paying for a home by monthly installments, which they have offered for years. The administration has added some improvements, including a longer time in which to pay off the loan and, particularly, an insurance against loss to the lender and the borrower.

Its greatest saving is against the old, costly way of raising money by short term first and second mortgages. Under that system we paid commissions of 2% for finding the money. We usually paid 6% interest charges—or more. And when the mortgages expired, we sometimes had to pay bonuses for a renewal or to find new lenders, with more costs. If times were hard, and no one wanted a mortgage, we risked losing our home. But with the plan Mary and Don used, they will never have to worry about renewing the mortgage. There is only the one loan and their monthly payments include amortization, which means only that you make your payments over a long period of time on a monthly basis, each payment reducing the amount of principal owed.

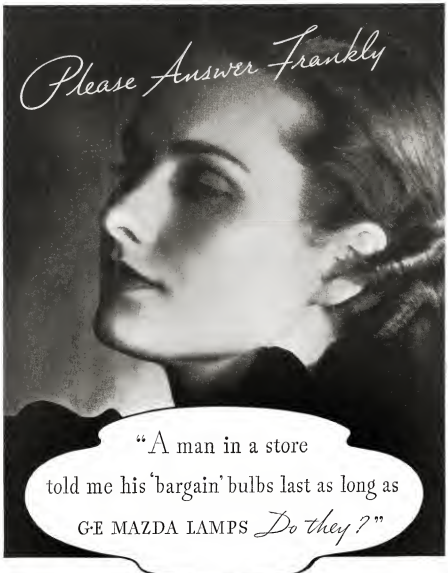
THE FHA gives the home-owner a further service. It inspects the building four times during construction: First, when workmen reach the first floor joists, to see that the foundation is right. Then, at the "roughing in" stage, just after the roof is on. Experts go over it the third time when the finished lumber goes in, and they come again when the house is all finished.

If Mary and Don had wanted to buy a house already built, the finance plan would have been just the same.

These aren't all the benefits of the FHA for home [*Turn to page 68*]

BETTER HOUSING PROGRAM

A plan for home-owners — approved by Federal Housing Administration

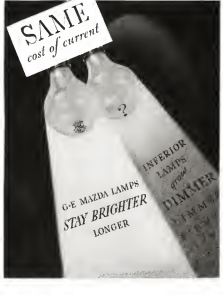


Unfortunately—FOR YOUR EYES AND POCKETBOOKS THEY OFTEN DO!

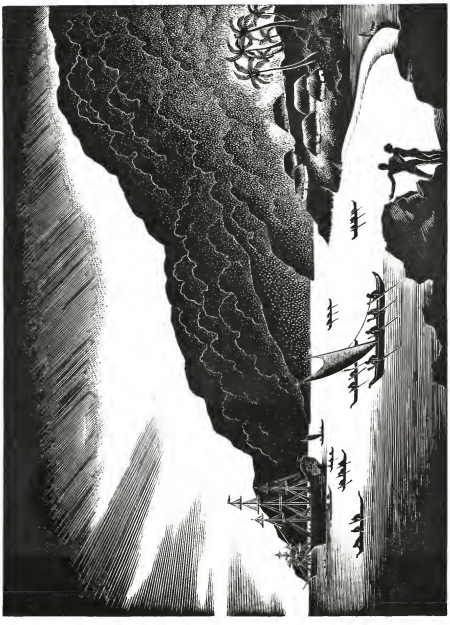
Frankly, what the man in the store did *not* tell you was this:

Many inferior lamps, offered at "bargain" prices, use the same amount of current as good lamps, yet they produce much less light when new and grow dimmer and dimmer as they burn. The longer they last, the more they cost your eyes and your pocketbook.

General Electric MAZDA lamps retain, throughout life, most of the brightness they had when new. They deliver *all* the light you pay for . . . Many inferior lamps, in order to give as much light as G-E MAZDA lamps, would have to burn out very soon . . . Remember that the next time you are offered "bargains" in lamps. Always insist on lamps that bear the monogram. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS



Dole Pineapple Juice

FROM HOSPITABLE HAWAII

From the time when sailing vessels brought the first mainlanders to these exotic isles, Hawaii has been famous for its hospitality. Now pure, unsweetened DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice adds a note of *real* Hawaiian hospitality to mainland menus . . . morning, noon and night! Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii. Sales Offices: 215 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Wood-block adaptation by Paul Landacre from an early oil painting depicting hospitable Hawaiians greeting mainland sailing vessels arriving in Kealakekua Bay on the Kona Coast, Hawaii.

PLANT NOW

[Beginning on page 59]

EVERGREENS, SHRUBS AND TREES

Evergreens of the coniferous type should be planted as early as possible so their root system will take a good hold before winter sets in. Water frequently until the ground freezes.

Deciduous shrubs and trees are planted late in the autumn so that the foliage may ripen of its own accord, and the wood ripen and harden to withstand the cold. Order them early, and prepare the soil well ahead. Two-year, field-grown shrubs are best. Trees should be larger, if you want an immediate effect.

The larger stock will arrive with the root system enclosed in burlap with a ball of soil. Make the hole large enough to take the ball comfortably. Before filling in, cut the cord and drop burlap away from the plant.

• • •

"WE'RE BUILDING A NEW HOUSE"

[Beginning on page 66]

owners. If you are harassed with troublesome short-term mortgages, possibly second mortgages, too, get in touch with your bank or the financial institution holding them, and see if you can't have them rewritten into a long-term, insured mortgage loan.

The FHA program is designed for people like Don and Mary, with moderate incomes. The most you can borrow is $16,000.

Among Mary's and Don's new neighbors are the Blackwoods, who have been needing an extra bedroom and another bathroom for the last three years. Edie Blackwood, too, went to the FHA office, and discovered that she could get a "modernization loan" from any one of the various types of lending institutions which are approved by the Housing Administration, for any amount at all up to $2000, with the privilege of repaying it by the month.

Perhaps you don't want to remodel, but just repair your home. Maybe your floors need refinishing. Are your basement stairs safe? Does the rain reach your wall paper? Does the chimney look unsteady, or the fireplace smoke? Is there unfinished space in the attic for needed bedrooms or a game room? You can put in heating plants or bathrooms, new plumbing, lights and wiring. On this sort of loan you can refinish walls and woodwork, remodel the kitchen, install a new oil burner or automatic refrigerator or any other electrical appliance that can be classified as a fixture in the house.

Indeed there's added zest in buying or repairing a home nowadays in the knowledge that every dollar thus spent is that much gasoline in the economic engine carrying us toward more prosperous times.

But that, to most of us, is just part of it. The very word "home" evokes the deepest sense of security and content . . . . now available on truly easy terms!

• • •

THE FIRST LADY

[Continued from page 65]

One day a young woman on the Associated Press who was covering one of her activities was bitten by Mrs. Roosevelt's Scottie, since banished to a kennel. Mrs. Roosevelt, horrified at her dog's behavior, insisted on taking the bitten one to a hospital for treatment. It began to grow late, and the girl had not turned in her story.

"I'm going to call the A. P.," Mrs. Roosevelt announced firmly. "I think I ought to telephone your story in."

Despite protests she marched to the telephone, startling the man on the city desk so completely that he lost his presence of mind and gasped: "Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Roosevelt—don't bother."

When she is on a trip her friends receive picture postcards with long messages signed, "Love, E. R.." or "Aff'ly, E. Roosevelt." She has a temperament which overflows into small, gay, generous acts. She loves to send things to people. For one friend who was ill there arrived flowers, and with them for no reason at all a dozen tiny Japanese saki cups. The card read: "Get well soon. We miss you. I found these silly things in San Francisco."

SHE is a true Roosevelt when it comes to taking exercise. Younger women who go walking with her—she is fifty—have hard work keeping up with her long stride. She does calisthenics every morning and can touch the floor without bending her knees. She got one of her less hardy friends, who is rather stout, out on a vacation, and wrote home cheerily to another friend: "I've made So-and-so walk a lot, and she's not sure she likes that." But when it comes to her husband's hobby, which is salt water, she weakens. After all these years she still dislikes boats and sailing—"What *can* one do on a boat?" And fishing—"Fish are such slimy things." She never gets sick in the air but is not immune on the deep, and, all in all, would as soon let Franklin do his sailing without her. But this doesn't prevent her taking pride in his exploits as a skipper.

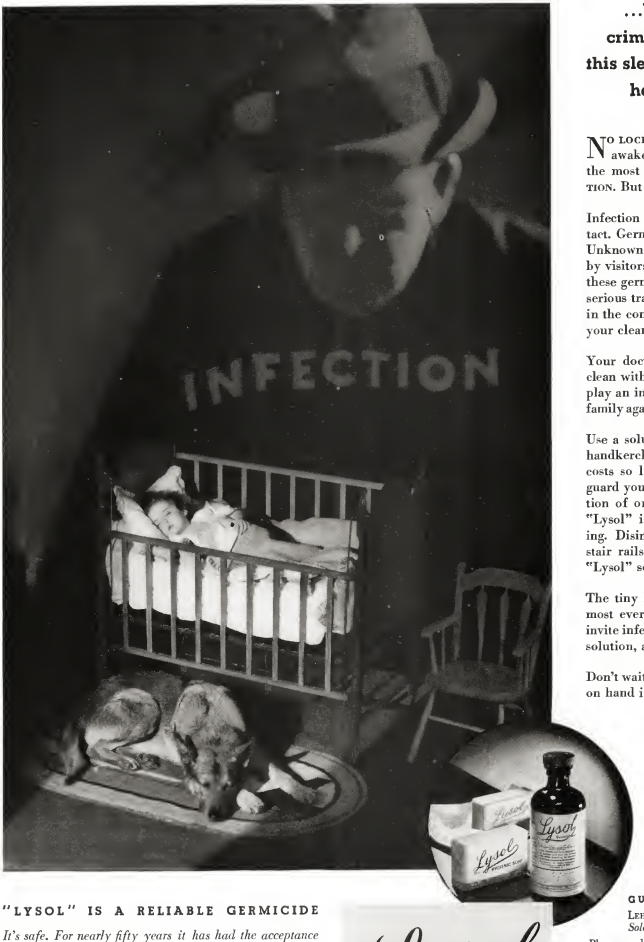
CLOTHES used to bore her and perhaps they still do, but friends now say with pride that her dresses are attractive and carefully chosen and so are her hats. Daughter Anna receives credit for the return.

Blue remains her favorite color, and she also likes soft, brownish mixtures. She has some handsome jewels which have come to her from her family, including a diamond necklace which she sometimes wears to State receptions. She values such things in proportion to the sentiment attached to them. She always, or nearly always, wears a small locket bearing the imprint of her children's teeth, the watch, quaintly pinned to her bosom, which was Franklin's wedding gift, and her large diamond engagement ring.

It has been suggested that she ought to leave off her rings when she visits the very poor, for fear of arousing resentment. But this she refuses to do, believing that the humble are quick to detect a sham, and that they would rather see her as she really is.

STYLE and BEAUTY

THE WATCH-DOG NEVER BARKED



...Yet the most dangerous criminal in the world threatened this sleeping youngster...Let "Lysol" help to protect your home!

NO LOCKS are strong enough—no watch-dog wide awake enough—to protect your loved ones against the most dangerous criminal in the world...INFECTION. But "Lysol" will help keep it out!

Infection may spread disease from any chance contact. Germs sneak into every home, rich or humble. Unknown to you, germs are carried into your home by visitors, tradesmen, or even by yourself. Neglected, these germs may lead to pain, sickness, or even more serious tragedy. But there is one simple, effective aid in the constant fight against infection. Use "Lysol" in your cleaning—especially in the children's room.

Your doctor will tell you that keeping your house clean with a reliable disinfectant like "Lysol" should play an important part in your efforts to protect your family against the infection which constantly threatens.

Use a solution of "Lysol" in laundering your family handkerchiefs, underwear, towels, and bed linen. It costs so little, and is worth so much in helping to guard your family against infection. Even in a solution of one part of "Lysol" to 200 parts of water, "Lysol" is an effective germicide for general cleaning. Disinfect telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, stair rails, and other possible germ carriers with a "Lysol" solution on your cleaning cloth.

The tiny bruises, cuts and scratches that happen almost every day in a household of growing children invite infection. Cleanse them promptly with a "Lysol" solution, according to directions on the package.

Don't wait for an emergency. Keep a bottle of "Lysol" on hand in your medicine cabinet at all times.

NEW! LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added cleansing and deodorant properties of "Lysol". Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Your favorite drug counter has it.

"LYSOL" IS A RELIABLE GERMICIDE

It's safe. For nearly fifty years it has had the acceptance of the medical profession throughout the world. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals in every country. Its continued leadership is based upon the confidence of the most prominent doctors. No other general antiseptic enjoys such absolute trust or is so widely recommended.

Lysol Disinfectant

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. LY-30
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© 1950, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Have you ever given your face a pick-up treatment? Here's news about brand-new facial masques that perform small miracles for tired, sun-wrinkled complexions

MASQUES *by*

HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

Here we are at the tag end of summer. Long, lazy days behind us; ahead of us an existence somehow more intense and serious. We'll be working our minds harder in our jobs, at school, in club work and fall entertaining. Why not start off *your* autumn season with renewed beauty?

For this I call your attention to the new masques. In smart salons they call them "pick-up" treatments, and women have been going in for them with increasing enthusiasm. Time was when applications of the overdrying mud-pack variety were the only masques we knew about. But these new preparations are different. They're gently stimulating, working small miracles to clear up the weary, neglected complexion. As harmless as your favorite lubricating cream, they shrink up surface pores, give your skin a super-cleansing, slough off loose, dead skin cells, sometimes actually bleach a little. When you feel that tingling film dry on your skin, when your droopy muscles are coaxed back into a firm, serene expression, it does "lift" and brighten your whole face. Around your eyes the skin seems less slack. What if the effect *is* temporary? It's worth it to look fresh and young for a party. Here's how a masque works. Try it before your next big date: After your skin is clean, smooth the preparation over face and neck. After a while—the time can be judged from the directions—wash off the masque. Though modern-type masques are supplied with ingredients to keep them from drying the skin, it's the better part of wisdom to use an oil or lubricating cream afterwards. Women with delicate skins will use masques as pick-ups before an evening party. But young women with oily skins, or older women with leathery complexions, can apply them oftener, say two or three times a week, except where there is a red-veined condition.

Newest of these to come to my desk is a "mask cream," the product of a famous treatment house. As it dries, hold your finger tips at the temples to keep contours lifted. Then, after fifteen minutes or longer, wash it all off with warm water—you'll look as if you'd napped for hours.

Another masque, from a famous salon line, is made with strawberries, for their bleaching qualities. It brings a pleasant, rosy glow to the surface, and is specially suited to sallow, dull complexions. Still another is called "masque frappé" because its action, while stimulating and refining, imparts the added "coolness" of menthol. When it has dried completely, you remove it with pads of cotton soaked in cold water or skin lotion. One unusual and famous masque is an herbal one, a fine, jelly-like preparation containing more than twenty different herbs.

Other masques do a satisfactory job for many complexions with humbler ingredients, like egg or oatmeal. Cast your eye over any good toiletry counter, or talk to an experienced salesgirl, and you'll find just the masque to fit your purse and your own special kind of facial fatigue.

Its fragrance lends a *Subtle Magic* to your own allure!

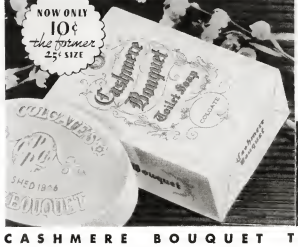
You step from your bath as fragrant as a lovely flower . . . glamorously surrounded by the subtle, clinging perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

And its enchanting fragrance lingers on long afterward . . . lending to your own allure a new and subtle magic!

You will be thrilled, too, by the marvelous care Cashmere Bouquet gives your complexion . . . its rich, luxurious lather cleanses so thoroughly, yet so *caressingly* . . . keeps your skin so beautifully soft and smooth.

And now this truly lovely soap . . . this Aristocrat of All Fine Soaps . . . costs only 10¢ a cake. And yet it is the same superb, creamy-white soap for which generations of women have gladly paid 25¢. The same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting . . . Made from the same matchless ingredients . . . Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Who could resist the luxury of such a soap . . . at such a low price! Why not buy at least three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet today? You will find it at the beauty counters of all drug and department stores.



NEW — CASHMERE BOUQUET FACE POWDER

Here at last is a face powder that really is different! Its unusually fine, velvety texture conceals blemishes and coarse pores . . . makes your skin look petal-smooth. Does not cake or clog. Five flattering shades to complement natural skin tones. Delicately scented with famous Cashmere Bouquet perfume. 50¢ at all drug and department stores.

CASHMERE BOUQUET TOILET SOAP

THE LORENZO BUNCH

[Beginning on page 20]

then abruptly she went to the telephone, called Ben Raphael, asked if he was alone and told him she'd be down immediately to see him.

Young Judy came in from her room. "Where you going, Mom?"

"Never mind. I'll be back in a few minutes."

BY THE time she'd reached Ben Raphael's apartment Kay's face was so grave that he showed a smiling alarm.

"You look as if you'd come to tell me the police are after me," he said.

"They ought to be," she told him. "What's your idea stirring up Irene—telling her about another woman's taking Ernie around looking at pictures and everything?"

Upon this, he was as grave as she. "Yes, I'm not behaving well, Kay. Sit down and I'll tell you. I've got myself bewitched. I'm glad to talk to you. I was going to call you up."

"You were? What about?"

"About what you're here to talk about—Irene Henderson, of course. I came to this country when I was thirteen years old and all I brought with me was twenty-eight dollars and a love of art. It's old-fashioned now to say the love of art is the love of beauty; but that's still the state of things in me. I don't care two cents' worth what Irene's soul is made of; all on earth I care about is that she will get old very, very slowly and not change any modeling or color before I begin to have trouble with my eyes. I've never had such feelings before and they made me behave badly. I want Irene to be happy, but she isn't. She's jealous enough of her husband without any aid from me."

"Yes, but why did you go and make that worse, Ben Raphael?"

"I don't excuse myself," he said. "But she'd have got that way, anyhow. I only helped her on a very little faster."

"Yes, you did." Kay looked at him angrily. "Pushed her right over to another man."

"Gillie Ives? Oh, I don't take that seriously. You've been talking to her this evening, have you?"

"No," Kay said. "This afternoon. You know what she as good as told me? Not more or less than that she hopes to get Ives wild enough about her to make his wife frantic. If his wife tries to take Irene's husband away from Irene, why I'm afraid Irene might even take Ives from his wife in revenge. You see what a revenge it'd be if she went that far—Irene with the rich husband, and Mrs. Ives and Ernie poor and on each other's hands. That's what's in Irene's mind, Ben Raphael, and who's responsible for it if you aren't?"

"No," he protested. "No, no, no! I think that's in her mind, but I didn't put it there. Do you think I want Irene to become Mrs. Gillespie Ives? Do you think—"

Kay interrupted him impatiently. "I don't care what you want Irene to be. That doesn't interest me. I want her to keep her husband. How much of a fool do you think that woman's making of Ernie?"

"A fool?" Raphael looked dubious. "I wouldn't say that, exactly. It's all on a very high plane. This young fellow—handsome, almost poetic-looking, yet manly—is sent out there to show her some hinges. Very attractive, very modest, yet laughing and frank. The lady shows him some pictures she's making; it's easy to become interested in such a young man, so honest, so receptive and appreciative. What a pleasure to educate him a little—even to dazzle him a little, too—and even to show one's friends this fine young man attached and dazzled! I don't think you'd call Ernie Henderson a fool, though, if you saw him there; he's very quiet, very dignified—you'd only see how much he looks up to her. She wouldn't be interested in a fool. She's anything but that herself, Kay."

"I don't care what she is," Kay said. "She ought to let him alone!"

Ben Raphael shook his head. "No, she's quite interested. So much so that I might have some news for you very soon. News that would take you out there to see for yourself, Kay."

"Out where? What are you—"

"Yes; I'm not joking. Suppose you're invited for tea among the murals at Mrs. Gillespie Ives's new studio at Foxglen Farms? Do you think you could live up to that?"

"How'd you get this way?" she asked. "Talk plain."

"Mrs. Ives invites anybody that comes into her head—look at me," he said cheerfully. "She keeps her own Oldwood circle separate, of course—yet she even asked me to dinner with some of them once. Well, it just happens now she's curious to see what Mr. Ernest Henderson's wife looks like."

"Oh, she is, is she?"

SHE'S been asking me about Irene lately," he said. "She puts on an air of carelessness, of course. I told her Irene was quite pretty, and so she asked me if I thought she would be interested in seeing the murals. I said I was sure of it. She didn't want to make a point of asking Mrs. Henderson alone, so she said perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Henderson had friends who'd like to visit the studio, too."

"So?" Kay blew out an audible breath of hostile, brief laughter. "Wants to see Ernie's wife and the kind of people he lives among, too, does she? She expect to invite the Lorenzo bunch out there?"

"No, no—though I'd like to see it!" He laughed. "Just a specimen or two will explain the type to her, you see. She asked me who were Mr. and Mrs. Hendersons' most intimate friends, and I mentioned you and Roy; so I

EYE KIT

a luxury-necessity for comfort and beauty—holds four good items

think maybe you and your husband'll have an invitation before long."

Kay, troubled, shook her head. "We wouldn't go."

"No," Raphael said. "I can't imagine Roy's going; but you would, I hope. Irene Henderson in the house of Mrs. Gillespie Ives would need support. You'd go, wouldn't you?"

"No." Kay rose and confronted him sternly. "If Irene goes out to that woman's house, something'll happen. You know that as well as I do, and yet here you are fixing it up, helping it to happen. What for? Why didn't you try to stop it?"

"Me? Stop Mrs. Gillespie Ives from asking Irene out there once she's decided she wants to know what Mrs. Ernest Henderson looks like? You don't know the lady! There's only one thing I can do about it."

"Only one?" Kay said contemptuously. "What's that?"

"To beg you to be there with your friend. She'd need you, and you're the only friend she's got—except me."

"Except you!" Kay laughed out the two words harshly, seeming to throw them in his amiably persuasive face. Then she walked to the door, where she added a farewell of sardonic meaning. "Except you! Good night!"

PURPLE SHADOWS

for mystery and allure —grand on blondes or in-between types

TOKAY it was but too evident that she was Irene Henderson's only friend, and that when one is any human creature's only friend, great staunchness in friendship is needed. Irene's voice had been sweet when she'd called back over her shoulder, in the corridor, "We're pals from now on, though, aren't we?" More, just before that, when she'd all at once changed, and, no longer frigid and hostile, had put out a hand and made a friendly moment, she had a great effect. Kay was touched, and it was in her nature never to forget an appeal that touched her.

Irene, too, remembered that moment of friendly emotion; its warmth remained within her, and thenceforth, without more words, she counted upon this friend. When the two next saw each other, some days later, her manner recognized the change that had taken place between them. Outspoken even startlingly, she revealed herself for the first time; and to Kay it was as if some shrouded stranger had suddenly thrown off a muffling veil to show all trustfully a frank and mischievous face. Irene was in high spirits, rushed in upon Kay at noon and hurried her off to eat in the "luncheonette" alcove of the drug store in the next block.

There, in partial seclusion, Irene chattered confidentially about everything, sniffed a big clump of violets she wore—an offering from Ben Raphael—and laughed immoderately as she talked of him and his gifts to her. Her beautiful eyes were even more brilliant with mischief, however, when she spoke of her husband. "You wouldn't believe the nerve of that man, Kay!"

"Yes, I would. I'd believe anything about Ben Raphael because—"

"No, no! I mean my own precious Ernie. Last night he came in with the expression of a boy scout. Just rich! I wish you'd been there."

"You mean you had a talk?"

"I mean I had a listen!" Irene cried. "He had the talk. Regular little lecture. We ought to face life together, make the best of it together; ought to reason out things together, be utterly frank with each other and learn to understand each other." Irene uttered a hoot. "Never struck him he might be a little bit late!"

"No, that needn't be," Kay urged. "He was right."

"Wait! That's not all of it. He wanted to be frank with me; said he had nothing to be ashamed of, but rather something to be proud of—something his wife ought to be glad of, because it opened up higher opportunities for both of us to lead a finer kind of life. He'd wished all the time I'd allowed him to tell me how often he was seeing Mrs. G. I. because there was nothing I'd really mind if I only understood, and now he felt he'd truly won her friendship and he wanted me to meet her, too, and do the same. Did you ever?"

"But he was trying to be straight with you," Kay said. "He wanted—"

"Wait! Here's a laugh! He went on to say that when I'd met her I'd feel just the way he did about her, and together we'd get to going with a finer kind of people. The Lorenzo bunch were all right in their way, and Roy and you in particular he would always remember kindly; but, after all, when something better was calling to us we mustn't miss these higher opportunities. The laugh is that when we first moved up to the Lorenzo, I wasn't too strong for the bunch, and he sat up pretty near all night crying about it. Isn't that a laugh?"

Kay didn't laugh. "He spoke as if you were going to meet her?"

"Yes; and again this morning. I didn't say anything at all last night: I just let him talk. I thought about what Ben Raphael'd said to me—how if she ever got anxious to see what I look like. I'd better watch out. Guess I can afford to, that. This morning before he went downtown Ernie did a little preaching, so I just said, 'All right, Ernie, if she wants to meet me, tell her to go right ahead; I'll meet!'"

"I wouldn't, Irene."

"I would!" Irene said merrily. "She wants to know what I look like, and that's just what I'll be pleased to show her. Maybe I could show her something else, too. It might do her a little good to find out how it feels to have *her* husband running after some other woman." Irene lowered her voice to an unctuous whisper. "Honest, Kay, I've got him eating out of my hand—I wouldn't have dreamed I could ever do it. Why, they're just like anybody else—those big society fellows."

"Yes—just men."

IRENE was radiant; her eyes were shining like a happy child's. Indeed, she might have been a child chattering of triumphant innocent mischief.

[*Continued on page 74*]

Neither Blonde nor Brunette—

(above) Miss Faith Corrigan, brown-eyed but fair-skinned, uses Pond's Rose Cream Powder. (below) Mrs. M. Bon de Sousa, medium blonde hair but creamy skin, uses Brunette.

What shade powder shall I use?

Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin, now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new powder shades.

Consult your Skin, not your Hair, Optical Machine Answers

BROWN EYES—brown hair—and a skin as white and transparent as a baby's. Medium blonde hair—dark brown eyes—and a skin with that creamy undertone that belies the glints of gold in the hair.

Two of the many contradictory types you see all over this America of ours.

Most girls would class the first as a brunette, and the second as a blonde. But a *brunette* powder would dim the sparkle in the first girl's skin. And a *blonde* powder would make the second girl's look chalky and sick.

THE FIRST THING to do in choosing a powder is to *study your own skin*. Is it fair? Or dark? Is it dull? Sallow? Does it need brightening up? Or toning down?

Whatever it is, there is a Pond's powder shade that will bring to it just what your skin lacks.

With an optical machine, Pond's analyzed the coloring of over 200 girls—every type. They found the secret of the sparkle in dazzlingly blonde skin is the hint of *bright blue* in it. The creamy allure in brunette skin is due to a touch of *brilliant green* hidden in it.

They found what each girl's skin needed to give it life! And they blended these colors *invisibly* in their new powder shades.

Send for these shades *free* and try them before your own mirror:—

Natural—makes blonde skin transparent.

Rose Cream—gives radiance to fair skin.

Brunette—clears creamy skins.

Rose Brunette—warms dull skin—adds sparkle—tones down ruddiness.

Sun-Tan (Dark Brunette)—gives a lovely, sunny glow.

Send in the coupon and we will send you enough of each shade for a thorough five-day test. Notice how smoothly this powder goes on—never cakes or shows up. How natural it looks on. And it stays that way *for hours!* Fresh—*flattering!*

5 different shades FREE!

MAIL COUPON TODAY (This offer expires November 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. J84, Clinton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

NAME_____STREET_____

CITY_____STATE_____

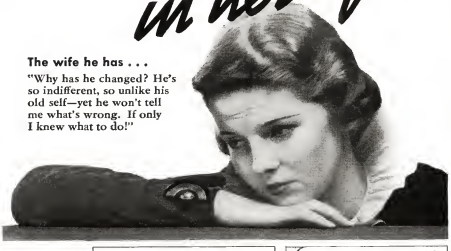
Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

The girl he courted . . .
"When Bill was dating me every night, nothing was too much to do for me! My least whim was law to him."

The girl he married . . .
"On our wedding day, he promised he'd spend his life making me happy. I was sure our marriage couldn't fail."

The triangle in her life!

The wife he has . . .
"Why has he changed? He's so indifferent, so unlike his old self—yet he won't tell me what's wrong. If only I knew what to do!"



Romance was slipping until—

BILL, YOU DON'T EVEN KISS ME GOOD-BYE ANY MORE
HAVE TO HURRY—LATE FOR THE TRAIN
FUNNY I SHOULD SEE THIS AD NOW—"WIFE THINKS ROMANCE HAS FLED... CARELESS ABOUT PERSPIRATION ODOR IN UNDERTHINGS"... H'MM, I WONDER!

I'M GOING TO PLAY SAFE, ANYWAY, IT'S SO EASY TO LUX UNDERTHINGS EVERY DAY— LUX TAKES AWAY ODOR, SAVES COLORS
BILL'S LOVE REVIVES
HOW ABOUT IT, HONEY— FOR DINNER AND A SHOW? LET'S PRETEND WE'RE JUST ENGAGED!
BILL, WHAT FUN! YOU'RE JUST AS NICE A HUSBAND AS YOU WERE A BEAU!

AVOID OFFENDING——*Underthings absorb perspiration odor. Protect daintiness!*

Wives risk happiness when they neglect daintiness. Luxing underthings after *each* wearing takes away perspiration odor completely, yet keeps colors like new. Avoid cake-soap rubbing—soaps with harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

THE LORENZO BUNCH

[Continued from page 73]

Kay saw one difference, however—that children can sometimes be controlled—and with Irene she wasted no more breath upon either persuasion or remonstrance.

When they separated after lunch, Irene stopped at the corner for a bus. "No, not keeping a date," she explained. "This is the stage where the scarcer the dates, the more they like you. G'bye!" And she called back from the door of the bus, "Bet I know by tonight what comes next! I'll tell you then."

SHE did more than keep this promise. That evening Kay was alone, as Parker had left on the day before for the meeting of the Knights' officials in Toledo, and Judy was at a dancing class. Irene spoke over the telephone. "You and Roy there, Kay? No, I forgot—he's out of town, you told me—but I mean is any of the bunch there? If not, why, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Henderson would like to come up and give you a big time for a few minutes."

"No, nobody's here," Kay said.

When Irene and Ernie arrived, some moments later, Irene was giggling, but her husband's handsome face expressed an anxious gravity.

"I'm sorry Roy's out of town, Kay," he said. "I don't suppose there's any chance of his getting home by tomorrow?"

"Yes, he said when he left that he'd be back tomorrow evening in time for dinner, Ernie."

"I'm afraid that'll be too late."

"Too late for what?"

"I'd better explain," Ernie said. "I have an invitation for you and Roy, I—" He hesitated, glanced at his wife, whose all too brilliantly smiling face plainly perturbed him. "I—ah—it just happens, Kay, that lately I've made a number of new friends in town here—ah—lovely people, very lovely people—"

"Get ahead," Irene interrupted. "Tell her about tomorrow."

"I'm trying to, Kay, perhaps you remember my mentioning one evening that—that in a purely business way I'd met a Mrs. Ives who—"

"Yes," Irene said. "She remembers that, Ernie."

Ernie's color heightened. "I—it just happened that I was of some slight service to Mrs. Ives in helping her to select some hardware for her studio, and that she's the kind of woman who's very appreciative of—of anything one does—You see, Kay, Mrs. Ives has been very, very kind and—uh—and I—it happens that I've had the privilege of seeing something of her and later of meeting some of her friends. She's been very kind indeed, and naturally she's the sort that would want to take the same interest in my wife that she does in me."

"Yes," Irene said. "Naturally."

"Please, Irene." Ernie gave her a pathetic look of protest. "I mean Mrs. Ives is the kind of a woman that you can't appreciate until you know her, Kay. All this being so much in the papers that seems to have prejudiced Irene, but—why, Mrs. Ives is so prominent she can't avoid it, and it gives a wrong idea of her. She—"

[*Continued on page 80*]

The Easy Way to
Check Under-Arm PERSPIRATION
for a week at a time

. . . AND PREVENT RUINING YOUR REPUTATION AND YOUR DRESSES

A bath *may* keep you fresh and sweet for an hour or so. Strong smelling soaps, toilet waters or perfumes *may* cover up and hide body odor for a short time. But how would you like to find a way—a quick, easy way—to prevent body odor for two to seven days at a time—prevent it from even starting?

You can do it by using that crystal-clear, odorless new deodorant called Perstop. It comes in a new type of self-applicator bottle, which has a patented sponge neck. No cotton to use—there's no rod applicator. You simply pass the bottle neck itself over the arm-pit and you have protection against perspiration and odor for as long as a week. The bottle cannot spill, nor can the liquid run down the side of your body because exactly the right amount for your arm-pit comes out.

Get Perstop from your druggist or department store today. You will find it easier and quicker to use—you will be amazed at the complete protection it gives for days.

Regular size 29 cents —large economy size 50 cents. Or send 10 cents for a trial size to Feminine Products, Inc., 465 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Perstop
THE EASY WAY TO STOP PERSPIRATION

HIGH SPOTS IN FASHIONS

◆ A High Spot In Suit Fashions: The princess silhouette. The newest of the new for suits that have longish jackets.

◆ A High Spot In Shirtwaist Fashions: A shirtwaist frock in velvet. This is a Mainbocher idea, and a grand one.

◆ A High Spot In Tailored Frocks: Off-the-shoulder yokes, and they are simply reeking with feminine charm.

◆ A High Spot In Skirts: Fan-shaped gores. But any skirt flared at front is a high spot in this Autumn's mode.

◆ A High Spot In Sleeves: Butterfly puffs, to which the young will flock like homing pigeons.

◆ A High Spot In Color Contrast: Wine with pale yellow, wine with dark green.

◆ A High Spot In Wool Dresses: Velvet touches. Velvet on the dress somewhere.

◆ A High Spot In Dark Dresses: Satin areas up around the shoulders. Also black satin, and printed satin dresses.

◆ A High Spot In Hats: Turbans. And berets, which are starting all over again.

Marian Corey.

FALL SUITS have longer jackets. Even short jacketed ones are a fraction longer, while their skirts are several fractions shorter. The tweed one here has a belt only across the back. No. 8420.

PRINCESS LINES distinguish the coat of the copper brown suit at the right. It, too, is belted at back. Its wide tailored collar is something new to find combined with revers. No. 8422.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

VELVETEEN for accents, is an outstanding Autumn fashion. Velveteen revers, velveteen bows, and, as shown here, a velveteen vestee in a wool dress. It looks new. No. 8424.

SHIRTWAISTERS continue to be the big dress. There is always something new about them. In the wine dress it is its satin top with satin buttons. No. 8431.

BLACK SATIN dresses are here again. This one has four little low flares in its skirt. They look like set-in godets, but are really all in one piece with the skirt gores. No. 8410.

WILD REDS of every shade are coming over from Paris. The red dress, opposite, is as interesting as its color. Its round yoke is important, also the little tucks. No. 8409.

VELVET for tailored dresses is an idea of Mainbocher's, and they look quite different from the velveteen dresses. The brown velvet frock opposite has fan gores. No. 8426.

PLEATS turning inward, are the special thing about the green dress. They accent slimness. These pockets look as though the skirt sections ran up on the bodice. No. 8427.

SHORTER AND WIDER, AND SMARTER

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

IT'S SMART TO WEAR VELVETEEN WITH TWEED

SUITS AGAIN for Fall. Their jackets are growing slightly longer. This one is held in snugly by a belt across the back. In Paris they wear velveteen blouses with tweed suits like this one. No. 8425.

WINE TWEED is coat news. What colors go with it? Blue, beige, amber, grey, black. The flare, the small collar, and the double breasted buttoning are three of this coat's very excellent points. No. 8406.

AMBER is another new tweed color, and brown velveteen is quite marvelous with it. This great-coat can button up to the neck. Its deep armholes make it comfortable over big sleeved dresses. No. 8430.

A COAT SUIT in plaid wool and velveteen. That stand-up collar turns into a scarf which buttons down on the coat. The skirt has a slit, or a pleat if you'd rather have it, at each side. No. 8435.

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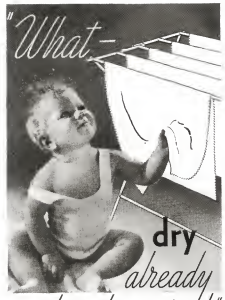

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By Elisabeth Blondel

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THE LORENZO BUNCH

[Continued from page 74]

Irene interrupted him. "Isn't that terrible, Kay? Think how she must suffer, always struggling to avoid it and not being able to! Suffers 'most all the time, does she, Ernie?"

AT THIS, goaded beyond endurance, Ernie turned angrily upon his mocking wife. "How do you know what she suffers? How do you know what a woman suffers—with a husband like hers—"

"What?" Irene's smile was instantly gone; she looked all blank inquiry. "Has she a husband? I never heard."

"No, probably you wouldn't," the young man retorted hotly. "Not in the Lorenzo!" Then he turned apologetically to Kay. "I beg your pardon; I don't mean that, Kay—it's just that Irene always knows how to make me mad, and when I think of as high a type of woman as Mrs. Ives having had to live for years with a man like her husband—"

"Having had to just for the money, you mean?" Irene inquired. "You been seeing much of him, Ernie?"

"I have not!" he said indignantly. "I have not and I don't wish to."

"No, of course not, Ernie. In the first place, he'd be an interference; and in the second place, why should you, since what you say shows she must have been telling you all about him and done some noble suffering all the time she was telling you!"

"Irene!" he cried, stung to the quick. "This is simply insufferable!"

"Didn't I tell you we were going to come up here and give you a big time, Kay?" asked Irene.

Ernie also turned to Kay. "I'm sorry to let you in for this. She said we must come up and tell you—she seemed friendly and I thought she'd keep on being that way."

Irene showed a brief, humorous compassion for him. "Why don't you simply go ahead and tell Kay what we came for, Ernie?"

"I was trying to; but you insisted on insulting—"

"Yes," she said. "You were trying to, Ernie; but you switched to how noble Mrs. Ives is, and how she suffers over her husband and having her picture in the papers. Now just sit down quietly and try to tell Kay about the invitation."

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He passed a handkerchief across his forehead, breathed heavily and achieved some composure. "Mrs. Ives told me, Kay, she'd be glad if I'd bring my wife, and any friends I might care to, out to see a new studio she's built. She said Ben Raphael had mentioned a Mr. and Mrs. Parker as friends of mine, and she hoped you'd care to come with Irene."

"So's to be less embarrassing," Irene suggested. "Just having the wife alone out there to look her over would certainly be—"

"Can't you let me finish?" he said. "The way she's acting," he explained desperately to Kay, "I'd simply say, 'We won't go!' except I'm sure she'll get the same feeling about Mrs. Ives that I have as soon as she knows her a little, and after that she'll understand me better and share my—"

"It's tomorrow," Irene interrupted. "She told him to get us out there tomorrow about four. Admission free. What are you going to wear, Kay?"

"I can't go," Kay said. "I can't."

"Oh, please!" Ernie begged. "She's having just a very few people and she really was anxious to—"

"Really anxious?" His wife inquired. "Then I can't go, either."

EYELASH COMB

for separating mascara'd lashes and making them curl upward

"What? Irene, you told me this morning—"

"Changed my mind. Kay doesn't want to and neither do I." Irene rose and walked toward the door. "Tell you what you do, Ernie, call her up and tell her to come here, instead."

"What?"

"Yes, tell her to drop in here at the Lorenzo along about noon. Go ahead, call her up now on Kay's telephone; I'll wait."

ERNIE jumped up and began to pace the floor again. "She can always do it! Always, always!"

"How about it?" his wife asked, in the doorway. "She's the one wants to see us, not us her. What's the matter with her coming to the Lorenzo instead of Kay and I dragging all the way out to Foxglen Farms. What you so upset about? Isn't it her place to call on us first?"

He appealed again to Kay. "Please, you'll accept? You'll—"

She shook her head. "No. I couldn't."

"Sure not," Irene said cheerfully. "Me either. Listen, if you're not going to call her up, why, I got some beauty sleep to get in and I'm going to bed." She gave Kay a sly glance of happiest understanding.

The badgered husband's voice had become husky. "You can't treat me this way! You said you'd go and you've got to! You told me you—"

"No; it'd bore me," Irene said, yawning; kissed a hand roguishly to

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Kay and then disappeared into the hallway.

Ernie hurried after her; and Kay heard his voice speaking in passionate remonstrance even after the door to the outer corridor had closed. It wasn't difficult to imagine, later, what would be taking place in the Hendersons' apartment three floors below. Ernie would be arguing and beseeching, and upon the lovely face of Irene there would be just faintly the traces of a hidden smile—to hear herself despairingly entreated to do what she meant to do. . . .

THIS imagining of Kay's was proved correct by Irene's eager telephoning, next morning. "Ernie's just gone downtown. You ought to see him—all hollow-eyed and pretty-need and fuming at the mouth. He still thinks we're not going today. Rather cut off his right hand than tell her his wife declined the invitation! Going to call me up at noon for my semi-final decision. I'll have a little more fun with him before I get obliging. What you think I better wear? Listen, if you wear your brown—"

"No, no!" Kay interrupted hurriedly. "I can't go. I meant what I told Ernie. I can't."

"You got to; you go to back me up. Wait, I'll come up there."

When she came, she was overwhelming. "You got to go, Kay. It's a big day in my life. *He's* going to be there. I had a phone talk with him downtown yesterday afternoon, and he said it was terribly boring, but he had to look in on his wife's tea tomorrow. So you see he hadn't told him she was going to ask me. I'll be a suprise for him, and I'll love being one, too! I got to have backing, though; I might lose my nerve if I get out there alone. You know how it is—all by yourself you get the jitters; but if you got *somebody* you *count* on with you—"

"I know; but I can't."

"You can! I know what you mean, Kay. You mean Gillespie Ives is one of the names from the old Griswold days that Roy Parker gets upset about—it's one of the names you don't even like to mention before him, and so you wouldn't like to have Roy think you'd been out to Gillespie Ives's house. Is that it?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then you needn't tell Roy. We said we'd be pals, didn't we? Roy Parker himself asked you to stand by me, didn't he?"

"Yes, but he didn't mean—"

"I *got* to have you," Irene cried. "Listen, we'll be back before Roy gets home, and you certainly don't have to tell him about it, do you? Nobody else'll tell him. Don't go back on me; tell me you'll go."

"No. Instead, tell me you won't."

"What!"

"Don't go," Kay said. "I don't deny it looks like she's after poor Ernie; but you stay home, let him go out there alone, and when he comes back, just be nice to him and laugh, as if he'd been doing something a little silly but you only think it's funny. If you want to put her in a hole that'd do it."

"Kay, you aren't going to turn me down, are you?"

Kay looked up at her helplessly. "Isn't there any way of stopping you from going out there, Irene?"

"No! Never! If I have to go alone, I will. But don't turn me down. Tell me you'll go with me!"

A man of heart will do much for a comrade; but what a woman of heart will do for any cause or creature she has befriended is astonishing. "All right," Kay said, "I'll go."

[*Continued in* OCTOBER McCALL'S]

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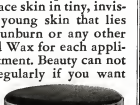

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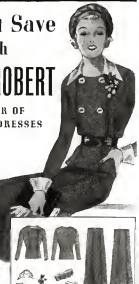
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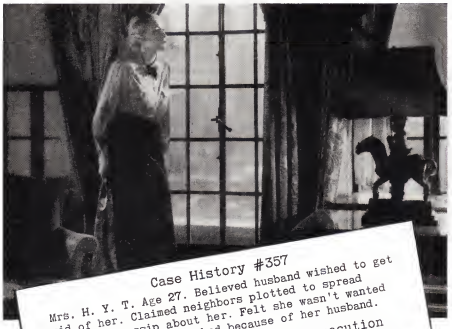
WOMEN AS THE PSYCHIATRIST SEES THEM



Case History #357

Mrs. H. Y. T. Age 27. Believed husband wished to get rid of her. Claimed neighbors plotted to spread malicious gossip about her. Felt she wasn't wanted at parties, but was asked because of her husband.

DIAGNOSIS: Delusions of persecution

CURE: Complete—when cause of fear was discovered (in this case, the unfounded belief that her husband was ashamed of her in social groups.)

Case History #358

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CHEERFULLY, we give this "start early" advice, convinced that it will be received graciously. These darling sampler pictures, 329, for instance, can you help falling in love with them at first sight? Maybe it's the touches of red, maybe it's the action in them—somehow they are definitely different from the general run of samplers. Beguiling in black cross-stitch on white linen, or in white on block or dark blue linen. They will fit frames about 8 x 11 inches.

322

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329

BY ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

Buy patterns from McColl dealers, or by mail, prepaid, from the McColl Co., Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on the last page.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

WINGED FROCKS FOR EVENING

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For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

SATIN AND VELVET

DROP SHOULDERS, of which a few have been seen here and there from time to time, are now very important. They give softness to a tailored frock as the green velveteen dress, above, proves. No. 8441.

SHORTER SKIRTS are definitely here. But if you prefer the ten-inches-from-the-floor line, you can have it in the velveteen dress above, *center*, and use the cut-away hem to give it the new shorter effect. No. 8407.

PRINTED SATIN frocks in dark colors are quite lovely. You'll notice that the satin dress, here, has large soft half-length sleeves, for elbow sleeves are going to be worn all Fall. Nice for afternoon. No. 8433.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

LELONG'S most popular dress is the one just above. The original was made of black satin. Its armhole is quite deep, but its real appeal is the drapery of the front, arranged in a kind of low bodice-cowl. No. 8439.

FAN GORES make very pretty skirts. This is one of the new ways to flare them. Two other interesting things about the fan-gored dress, above, are its satin accents and its deep square armhole sleeves. No. 8432.

SATIN TOPS do a lot for a dress. But the satin-topped dress here is smart in its own right From its Japanese lantern sleeves one deduces that the big sleeve is more important than ever for Fall No. 8444

AND SATIN IN SPOTS

IMPORTANT TO YOUTH

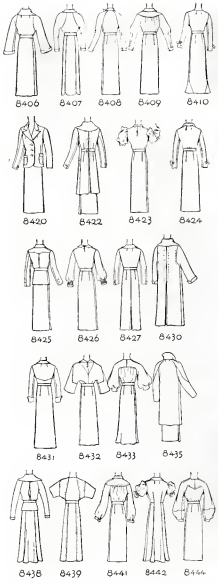
For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

WAVY SEAMS are used by Rosine-paris to decorate her new frocks. This wool shirtwaist dress, above, ends its yoke in a wavy line and emphasizes the up-curves by groups of shirrings. No. 8408.

PRINCESS DRESSES with shirtwaist details are shown at Lanvin's. The dress above is one of them. It has a very flaring skirt, slanting buttonholes, and long sleeves if you prefer them. No. 8442.

JACKET DRESSES—that is, blouse-and-skirt dresses that look like suits, are perfect for campus wear. This one by Rochas can be considered a suit any time you want to add a blouse. No. 8438.

BUTTERFLY SLEEVES are brand new. This butterfly sleeved dress is definitely a pretty-girl frock. If you are going to college this Fall, you should have it, preferably in velvet or satin. No. 8423.



No. 8406. Size 36, 3½ yards 54-inch material, lining, 3 yards 39-inch.

No. 8407. Size 36, 4 yards 39-inch material or 3 yards 54-inch.

No. 8408. Size 16, 4¼ yards 35-inch material, 3¾ yards 39-inch or 2⅝ yards 54-inch.

No. 8409. Size 36, 4⅝ yards 35-inch material, 4½ yards 39-inch or 3⅛ yards 54-inch.

No. 8410. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 35-inch material, 3⅛ yards 39-inch or 2½ yards 54-inch, contrast, ½ yard 35 or 39-inch.

No. 8420. Size 16, 2⅞ yards 54-inch material, jacket lining, 1⅝ yards 39-inch.

No. 8421. Size 16, 3½ yards 35-inch material, 3⅛ yards 39-inch or 4⅜ yards 44-inch organdy.

No. 8422. Size 36, 4 yards 54-inch material, coat lining, 2¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 8423. Size 16, 4½ yards 35-inch material or 3¾ yards 39-inch, or with nap, 3⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 8424. Size 36, 3½ yards 39-inch material or 2¼ yards 54-inch, contrast, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 8425. Size 16, 3¾ yards 39-inch material or 2¾ yards 54-inch, jacket lining, 1⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 8426. Size 36, 4½ yards 35-inch material or 4⅛ yards 39-inch.

No. 8427. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 39-inch material or 2¾ yards 54-inch, necktie, ¼ yard 35 or 39-inch.

No. 8430. Size 36, 4 yards 54-inch material, lining, 3⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 8431. Size 36, upper waist, 1½ yards 39-inch material, lower waist, skirt, collar, cuffs, 2½ yards 39-inch or 1¾ yards 54-inch.

No. 8432. Size 36, waist and sleeve insert. 1⅛ yards 39-inch material, skirt, waist side front and back, 3 yards 39-inch.

No. 8433. Size 36, 4½ yards 35-inch material, 4⅛ yards 39-inch or 2¾ yards 54-inch, or with nap, 4½ yards 39-inch, contrast, ⅓ yard 39-inch.

No. 8435. Size 36, coat, 2¾ yards 54-inch material, lining, 2¾ yards 39-inch, skirt, scarf collar, 1⅜ yards 54-inch.

No. 8437. Size 36, 4⅞ yards 35-inch material or 4½ yards 39-inch.

No. 8438. Size 16, jacket, 1½ yards 54-inch material, skirt, collar, pocket bands and cuffs, 2⅛ yards 54-inch, necktie, ¼ yard 35 or 39-inch.

No. 8439. Size 36, 4⅛ yards 35-inch material or 3½ yards 39-inch.

No. 8441. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 39-inch material or 2⅞ yards 54-inch.

No. 8442. Size 16, 4⅝ yards 35-inch material or 4⅛ yards 39-inch, bow, ⅜ yard 35 or 39-inch.

No. 8444. Size 36, 3½ yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 54-inch, contrast, 1⅜ yards 35-inch or 1½ yards 39-inch.

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BIG TIME ALL THE TIME

[Beginning on page 12]

"Oh, heck," Jack groaned. "Wish it was this time tomorrow evening, don't you, scorpion?"

The scorpion said yes, she did. "We should have had someone in," she decided. "The Drakes. We're sitting here thinking too much. Oh, Jack—what is he like?" she wailed. "Is he nearsighted, by any chance? I seem to feel he's coming out here with a magnifying glass just to look at my finger nails."

"He has a pretty keen eye," Jack teased half-heartedly. "You get that stuff on straight, woman."

"We are silly, aren't we? What say we take Mike out and run him up and down streets till we're too tired to think?"

"Good idea," Jack approved.

Fine idea! Officer Mike leaped at the door.

THE thing, you know, is practically in the bag," Jack panted on Buckingham Road a half hour later. The gusty spring air had done things for them. "Or is it?"

"Well, what if it isn't?" A wave of bravado washed over Barby with waves of scent from new spring gardens. "We'll still have each other—"

"—and the bills."

"—and Officer Mike."

"Whoops!" Jack was on the telephone at one o'clock the next day.

"What say?" This was the day of days and Barby had one hand in a frozen salad and the other in half a dozen places.

"I say whoops," Jack repeated. "What do you think?"

"I think you're keeping me back," she said candidly. "and I have a million things to do."

"Well, wait till you hear this! Just had lunch with Stickney and he tells me old Thompson is a dog fancier. Get that? A dog fancier!"

"I have it. I'm a dog fancier, too, but I fancy only one dog. He's trying to bite my apron off right now."

"And listen! The dogs Thompson particularly fancies are—guess what?"

"You guess," Barby moaned. "I'm halfway through the stuffed tomatoes and the salad's at the whip stage."

BELAY that," Jack's voice was hilarious. "This means something. Mr. Darrell R. Thompson is Long Island's foremost fancier of wire-haired terrier dogs. He sits in judgment at shows and stuff like that. We're practically sitting in the seats of the mighty right now, because when he sets eyes on Officer Mike—"

"Oh, Jack. That is something. I was wondering what we'd talk about."

"Well, look here— How does the cur look today?"

"He's in fine fettle. He looks like an angel. He's acting like a devil, too. He wants to talk to you."

"Hello, hello," Jack shouted. "Hello, you ape. Now listen, Barby, give him a bath."

"But he just had one Monday—"

"Well, give him another. Do that, will you?"

"Of course," Barby babbled. "I have nothing else to do. Do hang up, will you? Goodbye, goodbye."

[*Continued on page 88*]

TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ... at our expense!

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"I read an advertisement of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE 10-day trial offer."
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Of what avail the most careful coiffure, skillful facial, or correct ensemble, if, after all, you don't *feel* the part? And whether you know it or not, you are very liable to look the way your feet feel:—tired all over, because your feet are tired. Simply a case of "foot-fag" keeping you below par—robbing you of vitality needed to make your personality bloom with well-being. You (and the world, too) will wear a brighter face when you walk in the Charmed Circle of properly fitted Vitality shoes. They are made to make your foot feel at home—and styled to make you feel in the forefront of fashion. May we urge you to prove their Smartness, Fit, Vitality and Economy?

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● Your whole personality is revealed at its best by a radiant, vivacious face and an erect, poised figure; but tired feet can mar the effect of both. Step into the Charmed Circle of Vitality Shoes and you walk with vitality, *free from "foot-fag"*.

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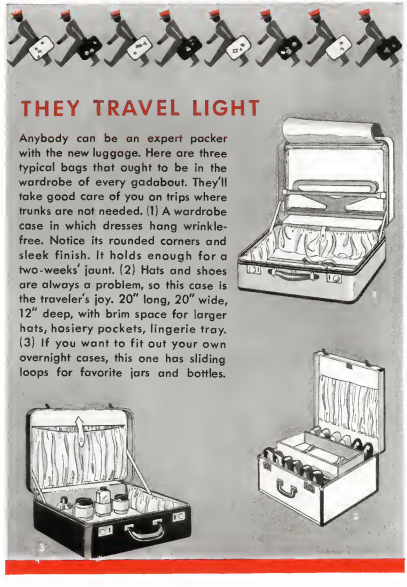
THEY TRAVEL LIGHT
Anybody can be an expert packer with the new luggage. Here are three typical bags that ought to be in the wardrobe of every gadabout. They'll take good care of you on trips where trunks are not needed. (1) A wardrobe case in which dresses hang wrinkle-free. Notice its rounded corners and sleek finish. It holds enough for a two-weeks' jaunt. (2) Hats and shoes are always a problem, so this case is the traveler's joy. 20" long, 20" wide, 12" deep, with brim space for larger hats, hosiery pockets, lingerie tray. (3) If you want to fit out your own overnight cases, this one has sliding loops for favorite jars and bottles.

BIG TIME ALL THE TIME

[Continued from page 87]

It did seem, from the moment that Darrell R. Thompson stepped somewhat stiffly in, that the machinery of the little house moved on oiled hinges. The dinner was perfect. Barby was looking her prettiest, and Jack his most attractive. Affable—that was written all over Jack. It was Officer Mike, however, who crowned the occasion.

"You're outdoing yourself, pup," Barby whispered to him in the kitchen. She'd removed plates from the sparkling table without a hitch. The dessert now. Just apple pie with cheese—but what an apple pie! "And did the old curmudgeon unbend when he saw you?"

The question of what to talk about had disposed of itself miraculously. Enter Officer Mike—and it was as though a button had been pushed, flooding the old man's nature with something like benevolence. "Whoops!" Jack's eyes signaled Barby guardedly. "And more whoops," Barby's eyes signaled back.

THEY couldn't refrain from beaming openly when old Thompson got down on his knees on the hearth rug. He didn't seem now to be able to keep his hands off Mike and Mike submitted with just the right mixture of interest and dignity. "I know I'm all right," Mike was obviously thinking. "You don't have to tell me!"

Did they have a tape measure? They had a tape measure, and Barby and Jack practically fell over each other getting it. New and strange rites were being performed now. Well, if he thought he was going to find a flaw in Officer Mike—Barby and Jack watched anxiously, however. Their grins spilled when the old gentleman at length sat back on his heels and said. "By gad!" with a certain vehemence.

"Sure." Mike toyed with the tape measure in a bored fashion. "I could have told you."

"By gad." Mr. Thompson said again. "Where did you get him, Tenny?" He listened carefully.

"H'm. Got his papers, I suppose?"

Jack had his papers. He retrieved them from a desk drawer.

"Just as I thought. Harrumph—"

MIKE'S papers had never been pored over in this fashion before. They'd been tossed into a desk drawer, truth to tell, and forgotten.

"Never exhibited him, heh?"

"Never thought of it."

It was ten by the clock when the bomb was exploded.

"Say, Tenny, what do you want for this dog?"

"Wouldn't part with him for all the gold in Christendom," Jack said thoughtlessly.

There was a silence.

"No. I mean seriously." Thompson broke the silence and his words had a clipped and distinct quality.

"Why, I— We—" Jack floundered helplessly.

Barby looked at Darrell Thompson and away again—and back. It wasn't possible— Was it possible? Strain and silence and something declaring itself, unmistakably, in that silence. He couldn't mean— This

childish, spoiled old man. Barby's eyes wavered to Jack's and away again. Jack and Barby looked at Mike. There was no mistaking it. It was just as though words had been spoken. Old Thompson was waiting.

"Don't be stupid, my good young people," he might have been saying. "I have something you want. You have something I want. Just an exchange of courtesies."

Mike yawned in that strange silence and looked from his god to his goddess. "Well, if you're going to waste a whole evening on a codger like this, don't expect me to be interested. I've done my part." A yawn. "When's he going home?"

"Well, don't decide right away, Tenny," Thompson said. There was a certain surface suavity. Undertones to indicate he was offended. "I'll pay a good price for him."

"It isn't a question of price," Jack managed.

"No, indeed," Barby said faintly.

"As I say, don't have to decide tonight. Good kennels. Best care. Reminds me of my Royal Pup Bart. Lost him last year. Stupid vet. Well—" Thompson looked at his watch. "I've got to be getting on. Tell you what you do, Tenny. Give me a ring at my office tomorrow afternoon. Any time before four. Harrumph." Another look at Officer Mike. "Let me know about the fellow." He was being off-hand.

"Harrumph—" he said again at the door. "Lovely evening. Don't know when I've enjoyed an evening more. What date is this, Tenny—the eighteenth, isn't it? Have to be getting things into shape pretty soon."

Have to be getting things into shape for the first of the month, that meant. The first of the month the new Wayco man would take over.

Call me tomorrow. Let me know about the fellow. Gone now.

Barby and Jack looked at each other.

"The beast!" she moaned. "People don't do things like that."

Jack wet his lips. "I'll put Mike to bed. Come on, ape. Downstairs for you." Jack's voice was too loud.

IT'S this way, Barby," he said as he came back to the living room. "A dog's a dog, but a—a man's whole future is—is— Well, what I mean is we always told ourselves we weren't going to let ourselves go batty over a dog—over Mike. That's why we put him down in the cellar to sleep when he'd got over being a pup, if you remember."

"I know." Barby's voice wasn't any more natural than Jack's.

"Something like this Wayco business won't turn up every day." Jack's voice was hard.

"Nor even every year." Barby forced the words out.

"So, if you agree—"

"I—agree." Barby clasped her hands. "But we—won't talk about it. Not at all. I can't bear that. We'll just—go to bed, shall we?"

HOW'S YOUR WILL POWER TODAY?

Need a will power tonic? Read our September Style-Beauty News leaflet. It will pep you all up, make you keep yourself looking your lovely-best. To get it right away, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request to

SERVICE EDITOR, McCALL'S, DAYTON, OHIO

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LEMON RINSE FOR HAIR IS *Odorless*

Removes dingy shampoo-film; leaves hair and scalp so completely clean

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Harmless as plain water, the lemon rinse is mildly acid—thus cuts soap as water alone cannot.

What To Do

After soapings, rinse hair twice with warm water. Then rinse with the juice of two Sunkist Lemons in a washbowl of water. Rub well into the scalp. Rinse finally with plain water if you choose.

This *natural* beauty method gives brunette hair new lustre. Blonde, new highlights. Auburn, new life and fire. And all hair is more manageable. Waves stay in longer.

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Discusses care of the skin, complexion, cuticle, scalp and teeth. Gives weight control suggestions and formulas for inexpensive cosmetics to be made at home. Send coupon now!

California's juiciest lemons are wrapped in tissue trademarked "Sunkist." Keep a dozen on hand.

WHAT LEMON RINSE DOES—Microscope shows soap curds still clinging to hair at left after two plain-water rinsings. Hair at right, from same head, shows its true lustre after one lemon rinse. Untouched photomicrograph from test under actual conditions by W. F. Herzberg, Ph. D.

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It was ten minutes later that Barby, in a faded robe and worn mules, clattered down the stairs in the dark. "Meant to defrost the refrigerator," she'd told Jack, "and forgot." She sat in the dimmed light of the white-washed furnace room and her hand was on Officer Mike's neck. "It's for Jack," she murmured. "You understand it's for Jack, don't you? I said what I thought he wanted me to say, and what I thought I ought to say. We can't have Jack's head down and his shoulders sagged, can we? We have to have Jack's head up and—and—" Words failed Barby. Tears fell on Officer Mike's nose and he licked at them silently. "Besides," she wailed, "you may like it on Long Island. Promise me you'll like it—"

"Barby—" Jack cleared his throat in the darkness upstairs—"did you try the back door? Don't think I locked it. Read about a sneak thief only last week over on Ammister." He was fumbling for his slippers....

Strange words, these. Jack was saying in the furnace room a few moments later. Mike himself, as one man to another, blinked at them. It was a lucky thing Barby wasn't there to hear, his eyes reproved. These words ripped and tore in low explosive strings. Fossil figured in them, but fossil was mild in comparison with the rest. "Well, it's for Barby, old Rain-in-the-Face." Jack slumped down at last upon an upturned box beside Mike's basket. "This isn't what I meant to let her in for, is it, Sleepy Eye? No clothes, no maid, no future. Do you get it, Mike?" Jack got up swiftly and went up the stairs and snapped off the light.

BARBY didn't know how she got through the morning and she didn't know how she was going to get through all the mornings to come.

"I think," she said to Officer Mike after lunch, "that after a year after you're really gone. It—it can't be worse. Oh, Officer, don't look at me."

The clock crept up to two, and up to three. At three-fifteen Jack walked in. There wasn't much doing at the office, he explained elaborately, wincing at Mike's name. There were a lot of things that needed doing around the garden.

"The bonemeal came—it's in the cellar," Barby said, with an effort. "Look at him, Jack." Her voice threatened to quaver. "He'll jump out of his skin if you don't get out there soon. Jack—" her back was carefully turned now and she was furiously busy—"you—you did it?"

"I—well—that is, not yet. Before four o'clock, he said." Jack kicked at the screen door. "Maybe I thought it would be easier that way." He turned miserably, but he couldn't find Barby's eyes. "Guess it won't be, though," he muttered. "It's only three-thirty, anyway." He started whistling then, and his whistle was shrill.

"What time is it, Barby?" he called, a little later.

"It's three forty-five," Barby said carefully. "It's a quarter to four."

"Is the clock right?" Jack wanted to know as he strode in. His eyes were on the telephone.

"It is right." Barby heard the dial on the telephone click seven times. "Is Mr. Darrell Thompson in?"

"Jack! Jack!" A spring snapped and Barby sprang up. "Don't, don't—" she was clinging to his arm now. "Please, please—"

Jack looked as though a thousand-pound weight had been lifted from his shoulders. "Do you mean it? Just a minute—" he shouted into the phone —"Barby, do you mean it?"

[*Continued on page 90*]

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By *Lady Esther*

Every man instinctively plays the part of a beauty contest judge.

Every man's glance is a *searching* glance. It brings out faults in your skin that you never think would be noticed. Even those faint lines and those tiny bumps that you think might escape attention are taken in by a man's eyes and, many times, magnified.

How does *your* skin meet the test? If it is at all dry or scaly, if there is a single conspicuous pore in your nose or even a suggestion of a blackhead anywhere on your face, you may be sure that you are gaining more criticism than admiration.

Many common complexion blemishes are due to nothing less than improper methods of skin care. You want to be sure to *really* clean your skin. You don't want to be satisfied merely to remove the surface dirt. You want a method that will reach the imbedded dirt. At the same time, one that will *lubricate* your skin and counteract the drying effects of exposure to the weather.

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The care your skin needs is supplied in simple form in Lady Esther Face Cream. This cream does more than merely "grease" the skin. It actually cleanses. It reaches the hidden, stubborn dirt because it is a penetrating cream. There is nothing stiff or heavy about Lady Esther Face Cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin and gently and soothingly penetrates the pores.

"Going to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt, it breaks it up and makes it—*all* of it—easily removable. At the same time, as Lady Esther Face Cream gently cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaliness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and supple.

When you give the skin this common sense care it's remarkable how it responds. Blackheads and enlarged pores begin to disappear. Those faint lines vanish. The skin takes on tone—becomes clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

Make This Test!

If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, just do this: Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then, when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

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Let me prove to you, at *my* expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too, in *actual* daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

With the 7-day tube of cream, I will also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. As you test the cream, test also the shades of face powder. Find out which is your most becoming, your most flattering. Learn, too, how excellently the cream and powder go together and what the two do for the beauty of your complexion.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (16) **FREE**

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Please send me without cost or obligation a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your face powder.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

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BIG TIME ALL THE TIME

[Continued from page 89]

"Of course I do. Just tell him—"

"This is Tenny, Mr. Thompson," Jack's voice sang. "Been thinking about the dog. I'm sorry, but my wife and I have talked it over and we can't part with Mike."

Jack was silent, listening. Barby clung to his arm. Jack's eyes met hers and a comical ruefulness came into them. "I'm awfully sorry," he repeated. "You see—"

"Yes—"

"I am sorry, Mr. Thompson."

"Yes—"

"If I do— But I won't change my mind."

"Well. Yes. Goodbye."

JACK let the phone slip slowly into its cradle. "Brrr—" He shivered. "Did you get that nip of frost? Yippee!" he was shouting then. He'd caught Barby's hand and they pranced about the hall. They pranced through the living room and dining room and kitchen and the little house rocked. "I don't care." Jack sang. "Let him keep his old job!"

"I don't care. I don't care." Barby was breathless.

Mike was scratching down by the garage and his ears twitched. More rough-house is what it sounded like. He hurtled toward the house.

"Just listen to that." The placid face of Mrs. Gray, next door, lit up with a smile. "I'll bet Mr. Tenny got his new position. Just listen."

"I'm not hard of hearing, Mother." Mrs. Gray's daughter smiled, too. "It's nice to see something come someone's way. Look at that dog trying to jump through the screen door. Thinks he's missing something. There, they're letting him in."

"—and I thought you wanted to." Things had quieted down somewhat in the little house. Barby and Jack occupied one chair and Barby's head was on Jack's shoulder.

"—and I thought I should—in order to—to give you things."

There was a long and contented silence. Jack's foot reached out and scratched Officer Mike's back and the Officer looked up at the two of them, his heart in his eyes. Mike was the barometer of this little house and what he registered at the present moment was "All serene." There had been something in the air, but it was gone. There wasn't a bit of tension left and things were as they should be, Barby and Jack in one chair, murmuring things to each other at intervals. Now Jack's foot and now Barby's came out to scratch him.

"So we'll have to admit we're a couple of saps," Jack said. They hadn't stirred for a long interval.

"I don't think so," Barby said staunchly. "After all, Mike would never let us down. Never. Besides, what's money? There's loyalty. I wouldn't feel the way I did this morning for a million dollars."

"Nor I. First time today I've felt like a human being."

"We wouldn't have had a happy minute. You knew and I knew he'd die of loneliness out there."

"Hah! Good thing we came to."

"Do you know, Jack—" this was still later—"I was so upset I forgot to get anything in for dinner."

"That's all right." Jack searched in his pocket. "I have—let's see—ninety cents. We'll go slumming down to the hamburger car."

"Yes. We'll take Mike."

IN THIS box, gentlemen—" Barby's eyes shone as she put on an impromptu magician act for an attentive audience of two a fortnight later—"we have beige kid with snake-skin trim. In this box we have black patent leather T-straps, and in this brown kid with ribbon ties—"

"Grrrr!" Mike leaped at the tissue paper. He entangled himself in the string.

"Well, after all—" Jack scratched his head. "How did you do it? I haven't had a pay day yet."

"I revived one of the old charge accounts, silly. Which pair do you like best, darling?" Barby's eye gloated.

"The black," Jack hazarded. "No, the tan. Well, I don't know." He took a turn about the room. "Funny of the old fossil to sulk for two weeks and then give in, wasn't it? Stickney told me he was sulking. Asked me what I'd done."

"Not funny at all." Barby had a beige shoe on one foot and a brown on the other and she stretched her legs luxuriously. "Just a business man first and a dog man second, that's all. Knew he couldn't find a better man than you."

"The old fossil," Jack said wonderingly.

"The old darling." Barby corrected conscientiously.

PRICE LIST OF NEW McCALL PATTERNS

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, Room 1181, The Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., Spring and Mitchell Streets, Atlanta, Ga., 710 Commerce Street, Dallas, Texas, 60-62 Front St., West, Toronto 2, Can., Park Avenue, North Circular Road, London, N. W. 10, Eng.

No.	Sizes	Price
8402	1-6	.25
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8408	11-17, 12-20	.45
8409	12-18, 36-42	.45
8410	17-18, 36-42	.50
8411	2-6	.25
8412	6-14	.35
8413	30-50	.30
8414	36-42	.35
8415	8-14	.35
8416	34-46	.35
8417	6-14	.25
8418	34-46	.25
8419	4-14	.25
8420	11-17, 12-20	.45
8421	11-17, 12-20	.45
8422	12-18, 36-42	.50
8423	11-17, 12-20	.45
8424	12-18, 36-46	.45
8425	11-17, 12-20	.50
8426	12-18, 36-42	.50
8427	12-18, 36-46	.45
8428	6-14	.35
8429	1-6	.25
8430	12-18, 36-42	.45
8431	12-18, 36-42	.45
8432	12-18, 36-42	.50
8433	12-18, 36-42	.45
8434	6-14	.35
8435	12-18, 36-42	.50
8436	2-6	.25
8437	12-18, 36-42	.65
8438	11-17, 12-20	.45
8439	13-18, 36-42	.50
8440	2-6	.25
8441	12-18, 36-42	.45
8442	11-17, 12-20	.45
8443	6-14	.35
8444	12-18, 36-42	.50
8445	6-14	.35
8446	2-6	.25
8447	6-14	.35

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326	14-16-18, 38-40-42 Blue	.30
328	Blue	.25
329	Yellow or blue	.35
330	Yellow	.35

WHAT EVERY WASHING MACHINE OWNER NEEDS

CAN I WEAR MY NEW DRESS TO SCHOOL TODAY, MOTHER?
LET'S KEEP IT FOR SUNDAYS WHILE IT'S NEW. YOU KNOW IT WILL NEVER LOOK AS NICE AFTER IT'S WASHED
BETTY'S CLOTHES ALWAYS LOOK BRAND-NEW, EVEN WHEN THEY'RE OLD. HER MOTHER USES RINSO
SO THAT'S IT. I WONDERED WHY HER WASH ALWAYS LOOKED WHITER AND BRIGHTER THAN MINE...WHEN WE BOTH HAVE THE SAME KIND OF WASHING MACHINE. RINSO'S HER SECRET... I MUST TRY IT
MONTHS LATER...
THINK HOW OFTEN I'VE WORN THIS BEST DRESS AND IT STILL LOOKS LIKE NEW
YOU WERE A SMART LITTLE GIRL TO TELL ME ABOUT RINSO...

For easier tub washing, too.
SOAKS clothes whiter—*safely!*

If you do not own a washer, there's even more reason to use Rinso. For Rinso's creamy, lively suds SOAK clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling. Even stubborn cuffs and edges come clean with a little gentle rubbing between the fingers. Colors stay fresh, bright, gay. And clothes washed this safe, gentle way last 2 or 3 times longer.

Speeds up dishwashing

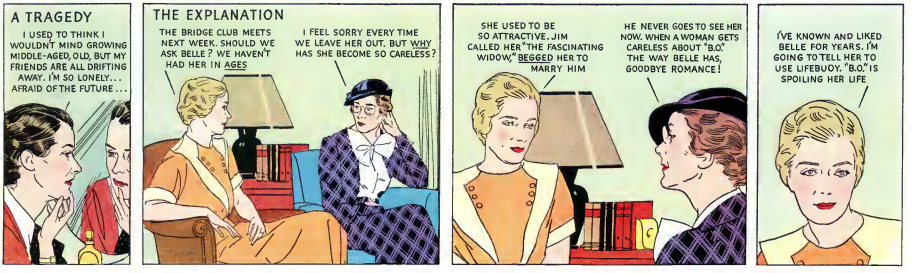
Rinso suds—so rich and lasting even in hardest water—make dishwashing and all cleaning easier. Rinso is kind to hands. Keeps them smooth and white. Recommended by makers of 34 famous washers. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG household package.

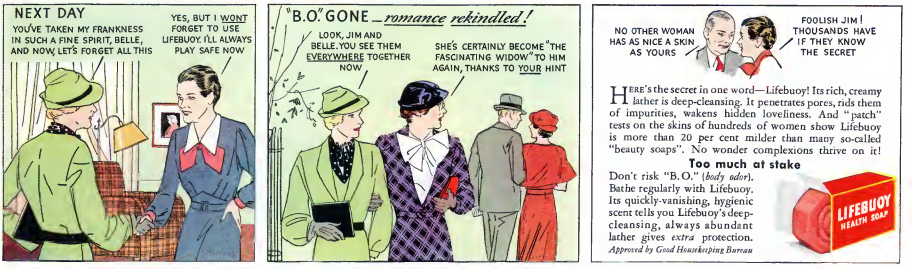
A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso The Granulated Soap

The biggest-selling package soap in America

HOW BELLE ONCE MORE BECAME "THE FASCINATING WIDOW"


A TRAGEDY
I USED TO THINK I WOULDN'T MIND GROWING MIDDLE-AGED, OLD, BUT MY FRIENDS ARE ALL DRIFTING AWAY. I'M SO LONELY... AFRAID OF THE FUTURE...
THE EXPLANATION
THE BRIDGE CLUB MEETS NEXT WEEK. SHOULD WE ASK BELLE? WE HAVEN'T HAD HER IN AGES
I FEEL SORRY EVERY TIME WE LEAVE HER OUT. BUT WHY HAS SHE BECOME SO CARELESS?
SHE USED TO BE SO ATTRACTIVE. JIM CALLED HER "THE FASCINATING WIDOW," BEGGED HER TO MARRY HIM
HE NEVER GOES TO SEE HER NOW. WHEN A WOMAN GETS CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." THE WAY BELLE HAS, GOODBYE ROMANCE!
I'VE KNOWN AND LIKED BELLE FOR YEARS. I'M GOING TO TELL HER TO USE LIFEBUOY. "B.O." IS SPOILING HER LIFE


NEXT DAY
YOU'VE TAKEN MY FRANKNESS IN SUCH A FINE SPIRIT, BELLE, AND NOW, LET'S FORGET ALL THIS
YES, BUT I WON'T FORGET TO USE LIFEBUOY. I'LL ALWAYS PLAY SAFE NOW
"B.O." GONE—*romance rekindled!*
LOOK, JIM AND BELLE. YOU SEE THEM EVERYWHERE TOGETHER NOW
SHE'S CERTAINLY BECOME "THE FASCINATING WIDOW" TO HIM AGAIN, THANKS TO YOUR HINT

HERE'S the secret in one word—Lifebuoy! Its rich, creamy lather is deep-cleansing. It penetrates pores, rids them of impurities, wakens hidden loveliness. And "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps". No wonder complexions thrive on it!

Too much at stake

Don't risk "B.O." (*body odor*). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy's deep-cleansing, always abundant lather gives *extra* protection.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

She passed this INTELLIGENCE TEST–100%

Good health insures you against "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
WRONG • RIGHT
Young people never have dingy teeth and tender gums
WRONG • RIGHT
Your gums will take care of themselves...don't bother...
WRONG • RIGHT
You need IPANA plus MASSAGE for firm, healthy GUMS
WRONG RIGHT

HOW intelligent are *you* about your teeth and gums?... Do you believe, for instance, that when "pink tooth brush" first appears, you need pay no attention to it?

Your own dentist will tell you, emphatically, not to ignore "pink tooth brush"—to get after it at the very first sign. For he knows that "pink tooth brush" is a warning of unhealthy gums. And he knows that tender, ailing gums may be the first downward step toward gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

Sensitive, unhealthy gums are common. But what can we expect — when our soft, creamy foods continually deny them the work and exercise they need to keep them naturally firm and healthy! No wonder they grow flabby and tender!

START WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE

Use the modern method that dentists advise. Massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a little Ipana into your gums with brush or fingertip. And note how new circulation starts. How much livelier your gums feel.

Switch to Ipana and massage today. You will be pleased by the new whiteness of your teeth — the cleaner, healthier feel of your gums, and by the arresting new beauty of your smile. And, big or little, all the family will enjoy its delicious, refreshing taste.

Avoid "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" *with Ipana and Massage*

IPANA TOOTH PASTE